121

Easyriders

Ⓓ 04107

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

$2.50
July 1983

Harley Wins Tariff Beef

Tearin' Up Daytona

Beer Bar Tricks

Harley Wins Daytona

Broads, Bikes, Fiction!

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Easyriders

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Staff: Office Dog: Rufus. **Office Cats:** Big Red, White Rat, Willard. **Executive Janitor and Connection:** Spider. **Subscription Complaints:** Cathy Gibson. **Troubleshooter:** Tom Kimzey. **Arbitrator and Bill Collector:** Two-Ton Tony. **Office Mouse:** Sharon Bleichner. **Southern Mouse:** Shirley Yarber. **Mother Superior:** Izzy Petty. **Resident Nympho:** Miraculous Mutha. **Chick with the Figure(s):** Paulette. **Outside Rover Back:** Rip. **Print Man:** Bob Wilcox. **Contributing Photographers and Party-Timers:** Billy Tinney, Kim, T-Bird, Wino Joe, David, Mike Lichter, Jim Shaffer. **Cartoon Editor:** Asp. **Production Director:** Gregg Daniel. **Production Assistant:** Phil Lozano. **Compositors:** Alex Lopez, Theresa Lapinski. **Products Manager:** David Kelly. **Advertising Associate:** Lizette Hotinger. **Graphic Design:** Matt Foster. **Tech Editor:** Wrench. **Overworked Editor:** Louis Bosque. **Fred's Sweetie:** Brenda Trolinger. **Projects Art Director:** Denise Pierson. **Art Director:** Michele Ficks Hellman. **Art Assistants:** Billy Thornbury, Yukari Lee. **Artists:** David Mann, Tom Kuntze. **Assoc. Editors:** Lin Schonberger, Kim Peterson, E.K.B. **Editorial Secretary:** Carie Lyle. **Man About Town:** Matt Kern. **Proofreader:** Shelly. **Porno Dept.:** Siuol Yezmik. **Wordhead:** Frank Harding, (1915-1982). **Photo Editor:** Pete Chiodo. **Circulation Director:** Sanford Meyers. **Editor:** Frank Kaisler. **Events Director:** Joe Teresi. **Editorial Director:** Lou Kimzey.

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The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale June 28th.

Cover photo of Missy by Pete Chiodo

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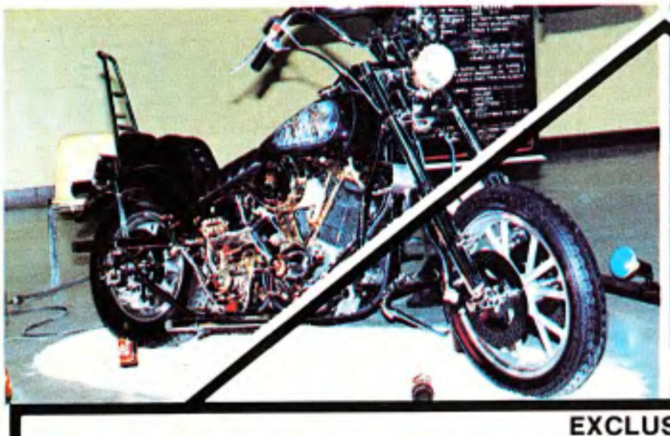

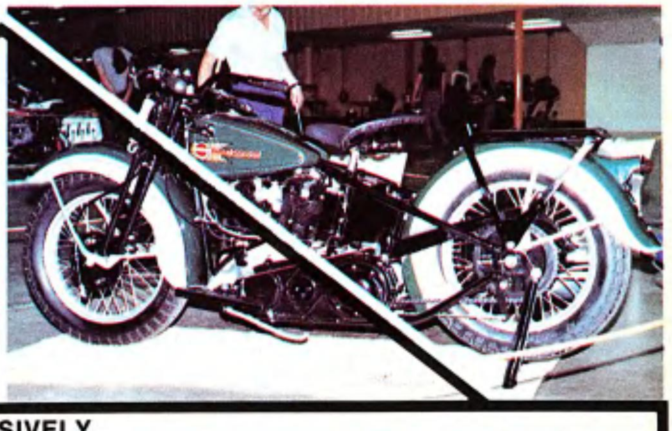

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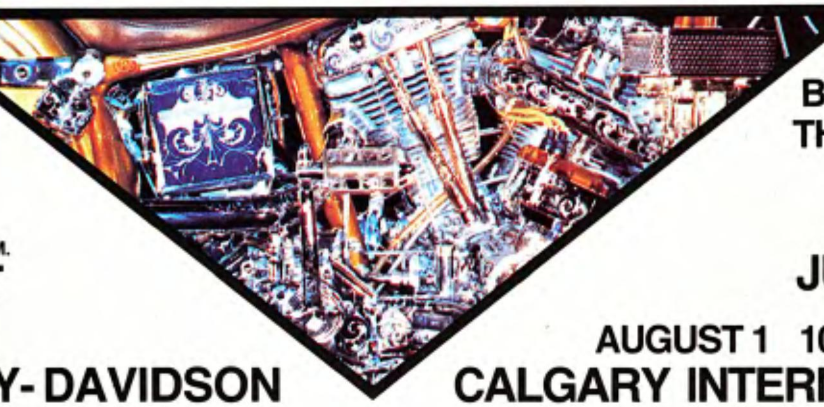


FRIDAY, JULY 29
12:00 NOON - 11 P.M.

SATURDAY, JULY 30
11 A.M. - 11 P.M.

SUNDAY, JULY 31
(Main Level) 11 A.M. - 9 P.M.
(Lower Level) 12:00 Noon - 6 P.M.

SWAP-MEET

MONDAY, AUGUST 1
"FIRST EVER IN CANADA"

"THE HARLEY-DAVIDSON NATIONALS"

BIG 4 BUILDING ON THE CALGARY EXHIBITION GROUNDS

JULY 29 - 31

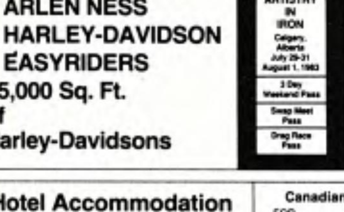
AUGUST 1 10 A.M. - 4 P.M. CALGARY INTERNATIONAL RACEWAY

GRUDGE RACES

4 P.M. - 6 P.M.

Rock & Roll Band at Show All Weekend

CAMPGROUND



FOR INFORMATION WRITE
4911 - 13 AVE. N.W., CALGARY
PHONE (403) 286-3055
— $5.00 Per Night
— Rock & Roll Band
— Food Concessions
— Liquor
— Service Bays

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$12,000.00 CASH SHOW MONEY

$5,000.00 CASH RACE MONEY

T-Shirt Booth

WET T-SHIRT CONTEST

FRIDAY	9:00 P.M.	FIRST PLACE	$150.00
SATURDAY	9:00 P.M.	SECOND PLACE	$100.00
SUNDAY	6:30 P.M.	THIRD PLACE	$ 50.00

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25,000 Sq. Ft. of Harley-Davidsons

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August 1, 1983
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CLASSES — ALL CLASSES HAVE 1st, 2nd, 3rd PLACES

		SPECIALTY AWARDS		DRAG RACES	
RADICAL BIKE		BEST BIKE	$1000.00	STREET	
FULL BIKE		BEST CANADIAN BIKE	$ 500.00	TOURING (windshield & bags)	
SEMI BIKE	FIRST PLACE	OUTSTANDING BIKE	$ 800.00	HOT STREET	
CUSTOM BIKE	$350.00	OUTSTANDING PAINT	$ 300.00	DRAGSTER	
MILD BIKE	SECOND PLACE	OUTSTANDING DETAIL		FIRST PLACE	$600.00
COMP BIKE	$250.00	MOTOR	$ 250.00	SECOND PLACE	$400.00
TOURING BIKE	THIRD PLACE	FRAMES	$ 250.00	THIRD PLACE	$200.00
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ANTIQUE BIKE		OUTSTANDING RAT	$ 200.00	LOW ET IN EACH BRACKET	TROPHY
SIDE CAR		LONG DISTANCE FIRST	$ 250.00		
3 WHEEL BIKE		SECOND	$ 150.00		
		THIRD	$ 50.00		

EXHIBITORS REGISTRATION DEADLINE JULY 15 83
— Registration Fee $50.00 $86.00 Value INCLUDES
— 2 weekend passes to all 3 events (Show, Swap Meet, Drag Races)
— Parking
— Artistry in Iron Belt Buckle
— Artistry in Iron Participation Certificate
— Show Card (Class)
— Display — 8 - 8.10 - 8.10 - 10.10 - 20.20 - 20
— Power $20.00 Extra and must be ordered in advance
— Set up Thursday, July 28, 12-9 p.m.
— Exhibitors Meeting 9:30 p.m. Big 4
— Exhibitors Party Saturday, July 30, Big 4 Building 11:00 p.m. - 2:00 a.m.
— Awards Sunday, July 31 8:00 p.m. - 9:30 p.m.
— Tear Down Sunday 9:30 p.m.
— Classes assigned at Registration
— Please enclose self-addressed envelope SHOW APPLICATIONS & INFORMATION

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Calgary, Alberta T2G 4B7
USA
ARTISTRY IN IRON
25545 Seaboard Lane
Hayward, California 94545

SWAP MEET BOOTH
GENERAL PUBLIC $25.00 10 - 10
COMMERCIAL $35.00 10 - 10
SET UP 9 a.m. - 11:30 a.m. Sunday, July 31
BOOTH DEADLINE July 25 83
OPEN TO PUBLIC 12 noon to 6 p.m.
MOVE OUT 6 p.m. to 8 p.m.

Please enclose self-addressed envelope
BOOTH RESERVATION & INFORMATION
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Calgary, Alberta T2G 4B7
USA
ARTISTRY IN IRON
25545 Seaboard Lane
Hayward, California 94545

DRAG RACES
REGISTRATION DEADLINE JULY 15 83
$12.00 RACE FEE
MOTORCYCLE MUST BE INSURED
TIME TRIALS 10:00 a.m. - 12:00 noon
RACES 12:00 noon - 4:00 p.m.

Please enclose self-addressed envelope
DRAG RACE ENTRY FORM
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ARTISTRY IN IRON
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Calgary, Alberta T2G 4B7
USA
ARTISTRY IN IRON
25545 Seaboard Lane
Hayward, California 94545

The police officer noticed the motorcyclist coming down the road with no helmet on. The policeman, being drunk (on duty!), promptly shot the motorcyclist in the head as he went by. What the fuck—he wasn't wearing a helmet.

Hard-times file: Animal control officers were sent to his pad on the complaint that he was eating his dog. Upon arrival, they found the dog's skinned carcass in the bathroom on the toilet seat and the hide in the bathtub. He told the police he had been eating the dog meat because there was no other way for him to survive. The animal control officers were also wondering where the dude's roommate had disappeared to—and found him in the refrigerator. They found a hunk of human shoulder blade with muscles attached and a larynx covered with skin that appeared to have been shaved. Seems he ate any meat.

Drug-enforcement-fails file: The U.S. Customs Service spent half a million dollars on a machine to sniff out drugs, but the only thing it worked on was oregano. It couldn't sniff out coke, heroin, or marijuana—only oregano. So much for the feds wasting our bucks.

A woman was depressed because her estranged husband was seeing another woman. Wanting to get even, she went to his car and cut the brake lines. When he got in it and started it, he flew forward and collided with a Mercedes-Benz and a brick house. But get this: The wife got off because she didn't intend to do any harm—except to him!

A dude was convicted of assault for using a wooden paddle on the ass of his wife's lover. After fining the dude $400 in penalties, the judge said if the dude had paddled his wife, instead, he would have cancelled the fine.

Two young chicks were asked if they would put out a little for $25. They were so insulted that they cruised around in their car and shot 195 car windows with an air rifle to show ''what it would be like to be fucked with.'' You figure it—I'm tired.

Horny woman file: A 61-year-old grandmother raped her 13-year-old grandson for two months before he blew the whistle on her to his mother. So what? I don't know, except it shows how horny women can get.

This would happen only in Pennsylvania. A deputy who was an escort in a funeral procession stopped his motorcycle in the middle of a railroad track and held up his hand to flag down the oncoming train. The train engineer, being a good dude, slammed on the brakes—only it took him 300 yards to bring the train to a stop. Before the engine could stop, it wiped out the motorcycle, which was sitting on the tracks. When the train finally stopped, the angry officer pulled out his gun and ordered the crew to get out. Armed with his .357 magnum pistol, he also ordered three crewmen to lie face-down on the tracks. A local grand jury indicted the officer for wrecklessly pointing a weapon at the startled crew. Shows that you can't treat everyone like bikers!

What's-it-going-to-lead-to dept.: An 11-year-old girl who wanted to go with the school band to another city was supposed to sell some M&M candy to raise the money, but she got the munchies and ate all the M&Ms. So what is an 11-year-old to do? She sold pot instead and was busted! So watch out—you never know what an M&M habit might lead to.

Two ''very drunk'' men were walking down the road and fell down a 40-foot embankment. They were too drunk to crawl up the embankment, and they were even too drunk to get hold of the line that had been dropped down to them by the police. The only way they could get the two drunks up was with a scoop basket. As for injuries, ''They were too drunk to even get hurt.'' Ahh, those are the days.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider

WORDMONGER

It's April, Isn't It?

☐ Stayed home from work today — too much party last night, lousy head (on my shoulders, that is). So I went to the corner "Quik Rip" to get a six-pack of relief, spotted an *Easyriders* (April '83), back to my death bed, opened it, head still shitty.

Sipping a brew, I thought I saw a 240-lb. broad and read about a "free" Harley. Looking at "Male Call," it appeared to be upside down or downside up, and the pages seemed backasswards. Seeing the cover clearly now (I thought), the girl had a sack for a head, but then I noticed the date. Yep! April, it read.

Shit, what a nightmare! Or are you fucking with my head? It's only February. Isn't it?

Jady
Des Moines, Iowa

☐ What the hell are you fuckers trying to do to my head? I was readin' your rag (April '83), and the fuckin' page numbers were going down instead of up. My brain's fried enough.

J.D.M.
Denver, Colo.

☐ At first I read it when I was stoned. But I read it again when I was (somewhat) straight, and I don't know how come you would want to play such a fucked-up joke on a poor scooter tramp.

Buzz
Brooklyn, N.Y.

☐ I should have known because of all the other April *Easyriders*. Damn, I've been reading this fuckin' rag for four or five years now and should have known. All right, I admit it, ya caught me with my pants down, pricks!

A bag of dope, four bottles of Bacardi, and nine days later, I'm still fumbling through that damned magazine. Fuck you, Spider, and the whore you rode up on.

Rik
Plainsboro, N.J.

☐ Just wanted to thank you for your April issue. Believe it or not, it's really easy to read. I'm left-handed.

Moon
Burns, Tenn.

☐ I just picked up my April issue of *Easyriders* and what the fuck do I find? You put the fucker together backwards.

Crazy Ron
Minneapolis, Minn.

■ No shit!

☐ It took me three days to figure out why the damned thing was backwards!

Stix
Moseley, Va.

☐ Send me some of that good shit you were fucked up on when you produced the April issue.

Mad Steve
Halifax, Va.

☐ Smoked a few joints, picked up your April '83 issue, and started reading. Skipped over the first page and kept on reading. Let me tell you something — as stoned as I was, I read 3/4s of that fuckin' rag and couldn't figure out why the fuck everything was backwards. I thought maybe you'd been smoking that funny stuff again. Well, after smoking another two joints, I turned to the front page and read your fuckin' looF lirpA. Now I know you've been smoking that shit again!

Li'l Mama
Long Beach, Calif.

Good Drugs

☐ What the hell are you trying to do to me? I tried reading the April issue the way I read most rags. Then I thought the drugs were better than I had anticipated. I finally ended up reading it poʍu ndsıpə. I guess the drugs were good — it definitely worked.

B.C.
Grand Forks, N.D.

☐ You didn't fool me. I never saw last year's April issue, but I knew what was up as soon as I opened the cover and saw all the ads. Different, but is it worth the chuckle? Must take you people longer to get the issue ready for the printer.

Hope Two-Ton Tony is happy that a feature was finally done on his kind of woman, since it was at the expense of the rest of us readers and the photographer as well.

Thanks a lot for the Grateful Dead article. It was a nice surprise to see a story about "The Greatest Show On Earth" in *Easyriders*.

Darryl Goss
Framingham, Mass.

Crazy Spider

☐ Spider, you're a very sick man.

Beck
N. Adams, Mass.

■ But I'm hung.

After-dinner Drink

☐ In reference to the article "Come Again" in the April issue, I've tried the Snickers bar and it really works! Thanks for the advice.

But try this, too: If you have a problem swallowing and/or tasting, try a little V-8 juice with it. I get a glass of V-8 juice ready. Then, after my ol' man comes, I hold it in my mouth. Then drink some V-8 juice to chase it down!

Li'l Cherokee
Omaha, Neb.

Hip Parrot

☐ I cut out the pages of your April mag and showed my wife the pictures of the green-winged macaw all dressed up. We raise parrots and she got a real charge out of the picture.

Skip
Hollywood, Fla.

☐ I think you fuckin' outdid yourselves in the "It's Incredible" department. That puttin' parrot is so far out that it's in! I've shown it to everyone. My kid even took it to school.

Bruce and Linda
Pasadena, Calif.

Pot Sauce

☐ In your April rag, J.U. of Hempstead, N.Y., talks of sauteing grass in butter and using the filtered remains for sauce. Using oil base is no good. The body absorbs only a partial amount from oil bases. This goes for oil-based vitamins, as well. Saute the stuff in a water base — then everything ingested in the tube between the mouth and the asshole will be fully absorbed. You get twice the benefit, the same as from water-soluble vitamins. Oral mainline.

Brokedick
Jackson, Wyo.

Harley Ad

☐ I've heard of "re-cycled" beer cans, but a "re-cycled" Harley? That Harley ad in the April issue has to be a joke.

Chris Vee
Spokane, Wash.

Mirror-Imaged

☐ Caught you again. Check out page 62 of the April rag. The center pic on the right side is mirror-imaged. There goes this month's raisin' pie!

P.A.C. Man
San Jose, Calif.

☐ All right, you bunch of fuckheads, I could take the backwards issue and the upside-down writing — even that fat slob was a real gutbuster. But when I noticed only two staples, instead of three, holding my rag together — that's taking April Fool's too far.

Guts
Minot, N.D.

■ We didn't do it. Must have been the printer.

Arizona Moon

☐ About your "Arizona Moon": you really pissed me off this time. Who's the needle-dick who painted over all the faces in that dynamite moon shot?

Roger Rotton
Mingo, Ohio

☐ Who the fuck colored in all the people's hair with a

Inventory Adjustment Special.

DIRECT FROM U.S. OPTICS™ QUALITY SUNGLASSES AT FACTORY PRICES

Metal Frame Sunglasses Feature • Impact resistant lenses • Handcrafted • Polished glass lenses • Hardened metal frames •

A — **Sale $12.95** Only ~~$14.95~~

The Classic
Black metal frames, gray lenses.
A $30.00 value only ~~$14.95~~ $12.95. 2 pairs for ~~$28.00~~ $25.00.

E — **Sale $12.95** Only ~~$14.95~~

Black Metal Frames
Thin and durable black metal frames.
Aviator teardrop style lenses.
A $25.00 value only ~~$14.95~~ $12.95. 2 pairs for ~~$28.00~~ $25.00

I — **Sale $6.95** Only ~~$7.95~~

World Famous Pilot's Glasses
These precision flight glasses are now available to the public for only $7.95. If you could buy them elsewhere, they'd probably cost you over $20.00. Specify gold or silver frames. A $20.00 value only ~~$7.95~~ $6.95. 2 pairs for ~~$14.00~~ $12.00

B — **Sale $8.50** Only ~~$9.95~~

Rich Tortoise Shell Style
Classic style, large gradient lense.
A $20.00 value only ~~$9.95~~ $8.50. 2 pairs for ~~$18.00~~ $16.00

F — **Sale $12.95** Only ~~$14.95~~

Change-A-Matic Flight Glasses
Features lenses that darken outdoors and change back to lighter tints indoors. Specify gold or silver frames. A $30.00 value only ~~$14.95~~ $12.95. 2 pairs for ~~$28.00~~ $25.00.

J — Only ~~$9.95~~ **Sale $8.50**

Aviator Teardrop Flight Glasses
Flexible cable temples, gold frames.
A $20.00 value only ~~$9.95~~ $8.50. 2 pairs for ~~$18.00~~ $16.00.

C — **Sale $9.95** Only ~~$10.95~~

Mirrored Lens Flight Glasses
Unexcelled glare protection, gold or silver frames.
A $25.00 value only ~~$10.95~~ $9.95. 2 pairs for ~~$20.00~~ $18.00.

G — Only ~~$14.95~~ **Sale $12.95**

Change-A-Matic Aviator Glasses
Gold frame, flexible cable temples.
Lenses darken outdoors, change back to lighter tints indoors. A $30.00 value, only ~~$14.95~~ $12.95. 2 pairs for ~~$28.00~~ $25.00.

K — **Sale $8.50** Only ~~$9.95~~

Standard Aviator Glasses
Traditional stems, gold frames.
A $20.00 value only ~~$9.95~~ $8.50. 2 pairs for ~~$18.00~~ $16.00.

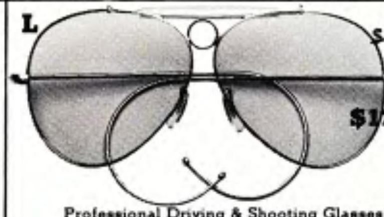
D — **Sale $8.50** Only ~~$9.95~~

Girl Watcher
Gray mirrored lenses, black frames.
A $20.00 value only ~~$9.95~~ $8.50. 2 pairs for ~~$18.00~~ $16.00.

H — **Sale $12.95** Only ~~$14.95~~

The Sportsman
Sports-graphic on black metal frame.
A $25.00 value only ~~$14.95~~ $12.95. 2 pairs for ~~$28.00~~ $25.00

L — Only ~~$14.95~~ **Sale $12.95**



Professional Driving & Shooting Glasses
Wide angle amber lenses brighten visibility.
Gold frames. A $30.00 value only ~~$14.95~~ $12.95
2 pairs for ~~$28.00~~ $25.00

Style #	Quantity	Frame Color	Price
A		Black	
B		Brown	
C			
D		Black	
E		Black	
F			
G		Gold	
H		Black	
I			
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K		Gold	
L		Gold	

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pencil on the "Arizona Moon" shot? If I send a self-addressed envelope, how about sendin' me some of those drugs!

Wild Bill
Maplewood, Wis.

■ Some faces showed so we touched them up. Great photo, though.

☐ Just finished lookin' through your April issue. Then I went back through it again, figuring you bunch of loaded suckers would pull some weird shit. As usual, ya did. I'm referring to the "Arizona Moon" with the Huns. Did some of them want extra hair, beards and/or glasses? Were they that ugly? Your touch-up artist bored? Big joke? What?

J.R.
Honolulu, Hawaii

☐ Worst job of retouching I've ever seen!

The Blonde Tomboy
Bullhead City, Ariz.

Sinners Club

☐ This is in response to the inmate in the New York prison (Bo) who wanted to know if there were any clubs called Sinners. There is, so find another name to use. This club was formed back in the early '60s and has chapters in Michigan, Indiana, and Wisconsin. So look at some other names to use.

Loosey, Prez
Sinners MC
Holland, Mich.

☐ We wish to advise Bo in the N.Y. prison that there's already a Sinners MC in Wisconsin. His head was in the right place when he thought up the name, but he's 17 years too late.

Sick Harpo
Milwaukee, Wis.

Sensuous Mama

☐ Just picked up the April issue and looked for your luscious ladies. I found the most dazzling fox I've seen in all my life. Man, your Susie Scoot is the most sensuous mama I've ever laid eyes on.

C. Dunn
FPO San Francisco, Calif.

Tony's Babe

☐ Man, Tony's dream girl (?) was a two-bagger if I ever saw one — but what the fuck do I know?

Dirty Ed
Lexington, Ky.

☐ Hey, you guys out there, I just read the April '83 issue and admired the female on pages 51-53. She had guts, man, pure guts! I'm also a fatty, as many of you guys call us, and I just love bikes and the guys who ride them. But why is it that when I want to write to a guy from "Male Call" or "Choppershopper" I'm always let down by those two little words, "no fatties." Is it so uncool to be seen with a blimp riding pillion? Okay, maybe we can't be Marilyn Monroes or Ol' Ladies of The Month, but we have a heart, personality, brains, tits, and a pussy, too, you know. The only difference is there's a few more pounds to hang onto. I could probably give head and screw just as good as the 36-24-36 chicks in the mag. Come on, guys, give us fatties a chance. I'm just a fun-loving fatty who wants to have fun, but no one wants to know me 'cause I'm not the right shape. What about a Fat Ol' Lady of The Month? Keep up the great mag.

Big El
Perth, Scotland

☐ It looks like Mutha in the flesh. Did you guys bribe her with extra raisin pie to finally show us what she looks like?

Art
Denver, Colo.

■ We know what she looks like and we'll *never* inflict her on anyone.

Spider's Scoot

☐ Just a line to compliment you on Spider's scooter. Nice, real nice.

But I was wonderin' why the fuckin' tire was flat. Has that whore Mutha been packin' on the fender?

Bonz
Pocatello, Ida.

☐ Such a fine-looking ride as the one Spider's ma was on, with flat tires? That's a beautiful ride, but it's like lookin' at a thoroughbred horse with broken legs.

Loon
Manchester, Tenn.

☐ But what's with the flat tires? It looks like he let Two-Ton Tony's tomato, from page 51, sit on it.

Big Ed
Marquette, Mich.

■ We were funnin' around.

☐ In the photo of the reflection in the tank, is that also Spider's mother?

Easy Money
Lincoln, Ill.

Growin' A Bike

☐ I fuckin' hate it when you dudes fuck around with your rag (April Fool's). It's all fucked up.

Speaking of fucked up, does Patrick Keenan do some really weird drugs when he writes stories, like "Magic Seeds"? Growin' a motorcycle and a fuckin' helicopter, of all things.

I guess if you do enough acid or enough 'shrooms, anything seems possible.

In any case, your rag's as good as ever, but let's keep the stories a bit more lifelike. I like fiction, but growing a fuckin' bike? Come on.

D.B. Foster
Regina, Saskatchewan

Tattoo

☐ Tell me whose tat shop that was in Dave Mann's April centerspread. I don't wanna go to anyone who can't spell "property."

Uncle Bob
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

☐ Where the fuck did Dave Mann learn how to spell! Just got the April '83 rag and flipped to the centerspread. The poster is righteous as hell, but ya don't spell property P-O-R-P-E-R-T-Y.

Other than that you've got a #1 rag.

Lizard
Lenoir, N.C.

☐ I could sure do some of my lock-up time with a bag of that shit you guys get off on.

Billy Cozart
Smithfield, N.C.

☐ Oh well, what the fuck, people who get tattoos are fucking assholes, anyway.

Needles
New Hyde Park, N.Y.

☐ I'm an admirer of Dave Mann's art and have seen some damned good work, so I can cope with this. Just keep him away from the raisin pie for a week or so.

Bogart
Deerlodge, Mont.

■ You can expect anything with our April issues.

Misfits Still Alive

☐ To the stupid asshole from Macon, Ga. — the Misfits are alive and well in Sacramento, Calif., as well as in Santa Rosa and other northern California cities. We have never disbanded and never will. Misfits forever!

Hardon
Sacramento, Calif.

Road Dogs MC

☐ This letter is for the Texas bros needing info on a club name. Well, the Road Dogs were formed two and a half years ago. Before we were busted, we were a small motorcycle club but were proud of our title. Just because we're down, it doesn't mean we're dead.

German
Rapid City, S.D.

Anti-helmets, Again

☐ Okay, Connecticut, it's time to wake up and be counted again.

Rep. Chris Niedermeier and Senator Dibella, co-chairmen of the transportation committee, are proposing two bills to bring the helmet law to our state again: Bill 5571, an act requiring a helmet while operating a motorcycle, and Bill 5223, an act to establish a penalty for failure to wear required headgear while operating a motorcycle.

You can voice your disapproval of these bills by writing to:

Rep. Chris Niedermeier
and Senator Dibella
Transportation Committee
210 Capitol Avenue
Hartford, Conn. 06115

Let those who ride decide!

PLJ
Brookfield, Conn.

Harley-Davidson Beef

☐ Harley-Davidson wants Reagan to raise tariffs on imported Japanese bikes. That will bring prices on Jap bikes up. Then Harley has a 30-million-dollar project they want to get started on. Where are they gonna get the 30 million? You got it. Raise the price of the Harley-Davidson motorcycle "again."

Natalie
Rochester, N.Y.

☐ Enclosed are a number of forms to be sent to R. Reagan concerning saving our greatest national heritage, Harley-Davidson.

"Rebel" Fetterman
Mercer, Pa.

☐ By printing that article, you've given all of us scooter trash a chance to show sup-

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1 Ladyfingers (1600 fc)	1 Brick	$6.35	32 pcl	$162.50
2 T-Bomb (640 fc)	1 Brick	$6.40	24 pcl	$122.90
3 T-Bomb (1280 fc)	1 Brick	$11.50	12 pcl	$109.90
4 T-Bomb (2000 fc)	1 Brick	$17.90	8 pcl	$99.10
5 Black Cat (480 fc)	1 Brick	$5.90	32 pcl	$126.75
6 Black Cat (1600 fc)	1 Brick	$18.00	10 pcl	$142.60
7 M-60 (box of 72)	1 box	$15.00	20 box	$239.00
ROMAN CANDLES				
8 5 Ball Chinese Candle	1 doz	$4.50		
9 8 Ball Chinese Candle	1 doz	$6.00	12 doz.	$60.00
10 10 Ball Candle w/report	1 doz	$8.50	12 doz.	$86.90
SMOKE AND NOVELTIES				
11 Colored Smoke Balls	6 doz	$8.10		
12 Tank w/report	1 doz	$5.00		
13 Bee Hive	4 each	$4.00		
14 Booby Traps	1 doz bxs	$2.50		
15 Auto Foolers w/report	1 doz	$5.50		
16 Red Rat Chasers w/report	1 Brick	$7.00		
17 Jumping Jacks 48/12 (576)	1 Brick	$11.90		
SPARKLERS				
18 -8 Colored Sparklers	1 doz bxs	$3.60		
19 -10 Gold Sparklers	1 doz bxs	$4.25		
FOUNTAINS				
20 Ground Bloom Flowers	3 doz	$5.10		
21 Chinese 5" Fountain Asst	1 doz	$5.40		
22 -3 Cone Fountain Asst.	1 doz	$8.50		
MISSILES AND AIRPLANES				
23 5" Missiles w/effect	1 doz	$5.00		
24 Whistling Gemini Missiles	2 doz	$5.40		
25 Giant Missiles	1 doz	$14.90		
26 Small Sunflower Airplane	2 doz	$3.60		
27 Satellite Airplane	2 doz	$3.10		
28 Bomber Helicopter w/report	1 doz	$7.90		
29 Night Flying Plane	1 doz	$6.90		
30 Giant Chinese Airplane Asst	1 doz	$12.90		
31 Giant 2 Stage Silver Jet	1 doz	$15.25		
NIGHT DISPLAY SHELLS				
32 Chinese 4" Assortment	1 doz	$4.50		
33 Chinese 5" Assortment	1 doz	$11.90		
34 Chinese 7" Assortment	1 doz	$15.90		
35 48 Shot Color Pearl Shell	2 each	$6.00		
36 News Transmitter	2 each	$6.00		
37 Saturn Missile Battery 25 Shots	2 each	$6.00		
38 Frightened Birds	2 each	$6.00		
39 Large Garden In Spring	2 each	$11.90		
40 -Lg. Chrysanthemum or Peony	1 each	$11.90		
SKY ROCKETS				
41 Black Cat Bottle Rocket w/report	1 gross	$5.40		
42 Chinese Bottle Rocket w/report	1 gross	$4.90	25 gross	$105.00
43 Whistling Moon Rocket w/report	1 gross	$13.90	gross	$90.00
44 1 oz Rocket w/report	1 doz	$3.25		
45 Chinese Rocket Assortment	1 doz	$[illegible].00		
46 4 oz Rocket w/effect	1 doz	$9.35		
47 8 oz Po Sing w/effect	1 doz	$10.80		
48 8 oz Rocket w/report	1 doz	$13.90		
49 Giant Chinese Rocket Assortment	1 doz	$11.80		

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Olde Glory
Fireworks
Box 2863
Rapid City, SD
57709

Name ____
Street Address ____
City - State ____
Signature ____

port for the thing closest to our hearts — Harley-Davidson.

T.L.
Artesia Wells, Tex.

☐ This shit about Harleys being the best, sucks. Jap bikes are king and have been since folks discovered that a 305 Super Hawk would blow away an Electra Glide. Harley's crying to the government is like a kid's hollering about someone swiping his candy. It's just simple logic. Why pay $6000-plus for a Harley, when for $4000 you can buy a Jap bike that will blow the Harley's shit away?

Jay
Ft. Forth, Tex.

☐ The other day I was sippin' some barley pop with a bro when he starts this shit about being a gung-ho American 'cause he rides a Harley.

Man, did he piss me off, 'cause while he sat there braggin', he spilled his barley pop all over his gook-made leather jacket and got so much of it on his gook-made jeans that it looked like he'd pissed his pants.

Moral to this story: Either you buy American or you don't. Buying a Harley ain't enough. You got to go all the way and buy everything made in America — and that means leathers, jeans, boots, every damned thing you buy.

The government won't stop the flood of imported crap that is causing unemployment, so we are all going to have to band together and refuse to buy anything that isn't made in the good old U.S.A.

The result will be that the dipshits who sell that junk won't have a market and will quit bringing it to the U.S.A.

Wipe-Out
Sioux City, Iowa

☐ I'm really disturbed by your stand that super-outrageous import tariffs should be put on Jap and Euro bikes.

Pig Al
Riverton, N.J.

Evel Hype

☐ Does everyone still remember when Evel Knievel attempted to jump the Snake River Canyon?

How many of you said he pulled his parachute? And that he chickened out?

Well, I got news for ya, bros. On March 2, 1983, Evel was on a television show called "Lie Detector." He won the polygraph test hands down.

Now I, for one, owe the man an apology because I said to everyone he was a lowlife coward.

Tramp
Mankato, Kan.

■ Jumpin' rivers is a hype. Television shows are a hype.

Fake Staffers

☐ Hey, you crazy fuckers, I wanna know what's goin' on here (among other people). Last July 25, 26, and 27, there was an anniversary gig at the Reading Motorcycle Club in Oley, Pennsylvania. There were about four or five dudes traipsin' around claimin' to be from *Easyriders.* They were snappin' pictures of everything that had tits (bikes, too).

So what we all wanna know out here is, were they for real or were they just a couple of douche bags tryin' to shoot all the tits they could?

Missy and The Purple Parrot
Reading, Pa.

■ Ask any alleged photographer from *Easyriders* to show you his press card. Some free-lance photogs do shoot photos to submit for possible sale.

Kite To Male Call

☐ Please do me (and others, I'm sure) a big favor. Do something about the "Male Call" column. It's a pretty nice way to find good people to pass the time with, but there are a lot of things wrong with it. Number one, and the reason I'm writing: Just got back the umpteenth letter from some tramp whose mail is restricted. Number two: Tell the ladies who do write not to swear they want to hop in his drawers, be his ol' lady, etc., and then jump on their horses and ride off into the sunset. Those guys depend on those kites and getting dumped hurts even more when you're slammed down.

A Li'l Sis
Rockville, Md.

■ Everyone on a restricted list knows that they are, so they shouldn't waste other people's time.

Let Those Who Ride Decide

☐ I'm writing to let you know that your mag was there when I needed it. We have safety meetings at work every two weeks (thanks to OSHA) to make sure no one uses the hair dryer in the bathtub or lets their kids get into the good drugs in the medicine cabinet, etc.

Before the last meeting even started, they were talking about bikes not being safe and how people should wear skid lids if they ride and how all bikers are assholes for going between traffic when it's bumper-to-bumper because it's so dangerous, etc., etc. Well, being the only one who rides in the whole bunch, you can imagine how pissed I was. Telling me that, for my own good, I should wear a helmet and all the other bull you hear from straights. So during the next two weeks, I went through all the *Easyriders* we had in the house and got some good articles out of them. I now have thirteen pages of info about helmets being good or bad for a biker. I don't know if it will do any good in changin' their minds or not, but I feel a lot better for standing up for myself.

Karla Kandel
Marina Del Rey, Calif.

Comp Sub

☐ I received your letter and complimentary issue of the rag and would like to thank you for turning us on to a free subscription to *Easyriders.*

Jail Librarian
Hamden County
Springfield, Mass.

We Help A Little

☐ My ol' lady works for the DMV up here in Vancouver. The other day a guy came in looking for information on the helmet laws in Canada. After unsuccessfully looking for the info in their files, my ol' lady sent the guy down the street to buy *Easyriders.*

Ron Chayko
Vancouver, B.C.

Daydreaming

☐ I'm a 37-year-old housewife, have never been on a Harley (my dream) nor have I known any bikers in my life, but deep inside me there's this fantasy about bikes and bikers. Thanks to *Easyriders,* each month you help me escape my humdrum world. Thanks, *Easyriders;* you have given me lots of wild and crazy dreams, and if you can't dream, what's life all about, right?

Annie
Wainwright, Alberta

Didn't Like Her

☐ I've been hardcore scooter trash goin' on 20 years now, and I've been readin' your rag for a couple of years. In all those 20 years, I've seen it all: wars, parties, runs, and rip-offs. But never

Continued on page 102

Easyriders

"So I got a little oil on the rug — big deal!"

EDITORIAL

It's late spring going on summer. All across America, bikers have dusted the winter cobwebs off their scooters and hit the road. And all across America, blind and careless cagers are turning the highways red with biker blood — and walking away from the carnage after receiving little punishment beyond a fine and a lecture.

Sometimes, in fact, judges don't even bother with the lecture but throw the killers an understanding wink instead. We could easily fill the whole magazine with examples, but we'll just give you a few classic ones.

Take Prince George, Virginia, for instance. In Prince George, a 54-year-old woman drove out of her driveway so fast that the biker she hit and killed was thrown 47 feet from the point of the collision. The prosecution charged her with involuntary manslaughter; it seems the district attorney didn't believe her claim that she was unable to see, in the prosecutor's words, "a motorcycle the size of the judge's bench."

General District Judge C.C. Connelly, Jr., however, was more impressed with the defense assertion that "these things happen." Connelly dismissed the manslaughter charge and fined the woman $60 for reckless driving. The parents of the fallen 19-year-old motorcyclist had to be helped from the courtroom.

Things aren't any better in Canada. In Port Colborne, Ontario, a 34-year-old man was put on trial for snuffing a biker by pulling out to pass another cage despite the fact that the bike was coming toward him in that oncoming traffic lane.

The cager pleaded "not guilty" to a charge of "dangerous driving," but his attorney entered only one item in his defense. "Motorcycles," he told the court, "are notoriously hard to see."

Apparently, the court found the defense reasoning persuasive. Judge Marc Girard ruled that the accident was "disastrous. . .but does not warrant a jail term." He fined the cager $350 and suspended his license for three months. Of course, it's doubtful that the lifted ticket will bother the defendant too much. After all, he already has two convictions of driving while under a previous suspension.

And then we have the case of a Titusville, Florida, man who is accused of running down and killing a motorcycle cop last New Year's Eve. According to police records, the suspect had a blood alcohol level of .31, three times the legal limit, at the time he allegedly ran a stop sign and hit the motorcycle cop.

At this writing, the case hasn't come to trial yet, so we can't tell you what, if any, punishment this alleged killer will suffer. We can, however, hope that history will not repeat itself. You see, back in 1972, this same suspect was convicted of wiping out a 19-year-old GI home on leave. It seems the cager, in official parlance, "failed to negotiate a curve" and rammed the kid head-on.

His alcohol level at the time of that "mishap" was .30 and his punishment was a $250 fine.

Maybe you're wondering why we're layin' all this on ya. Well, we're gonna tell you —straight and out front. We're trying to get you mad — all out, stone-cold *enraged.*

Remember how mad we all got when the helmet laws came in? Remember how we got together and fought — a fight which has been won in many states and is still raging in others?

Well, it's time we faced the fact that this issue is at least as important as helmet laws. We've let ourselves be used for target practice too long. Driver awareness campaigns are fine, as far as they go, but it's time we let the straight world know that we are no longer going to tolerate people being allowed to kill bikers and go free.

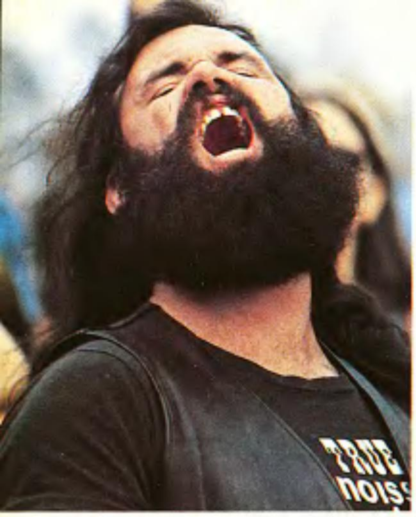
And if we get our shit together, we've got the muscle to do it. Many judges in this country are *elected*, most district attorneys are *elected*, all state legislators — who make the laws these highway killers are prosecuted under — are *elected*. Remember those helmet protests? Isn't it time that all ABATE chapters and other biker groups start letting their elected public servants know that bikers and bikers' families and bikers' friends are going to begin keeping track of which district attorneys charge killer-cagers with "careless driving" instead of homicide? That they are going to start supporting the electoral opponents of judges who fine killer-cagers $250 and send them home? Maybe it's time somebody organized a protest run to the courtroom of some misguided judge who thinks the crime of killing a biker doesn't "warrant a jail term."

Surely this is one issue on which everyone who rides a bike — one-percenter and 99-percenter, ABATE member and AMA member — can agree.

It's time for action against those who consider a run-down biker no better than a run-down dog. Let's take that action while we're all still alive to do it.

—The Editors

KILL A BIKER-GO TO JAIL



HARLEY

Would you believe that this year we finally made it to Harley Heaven?

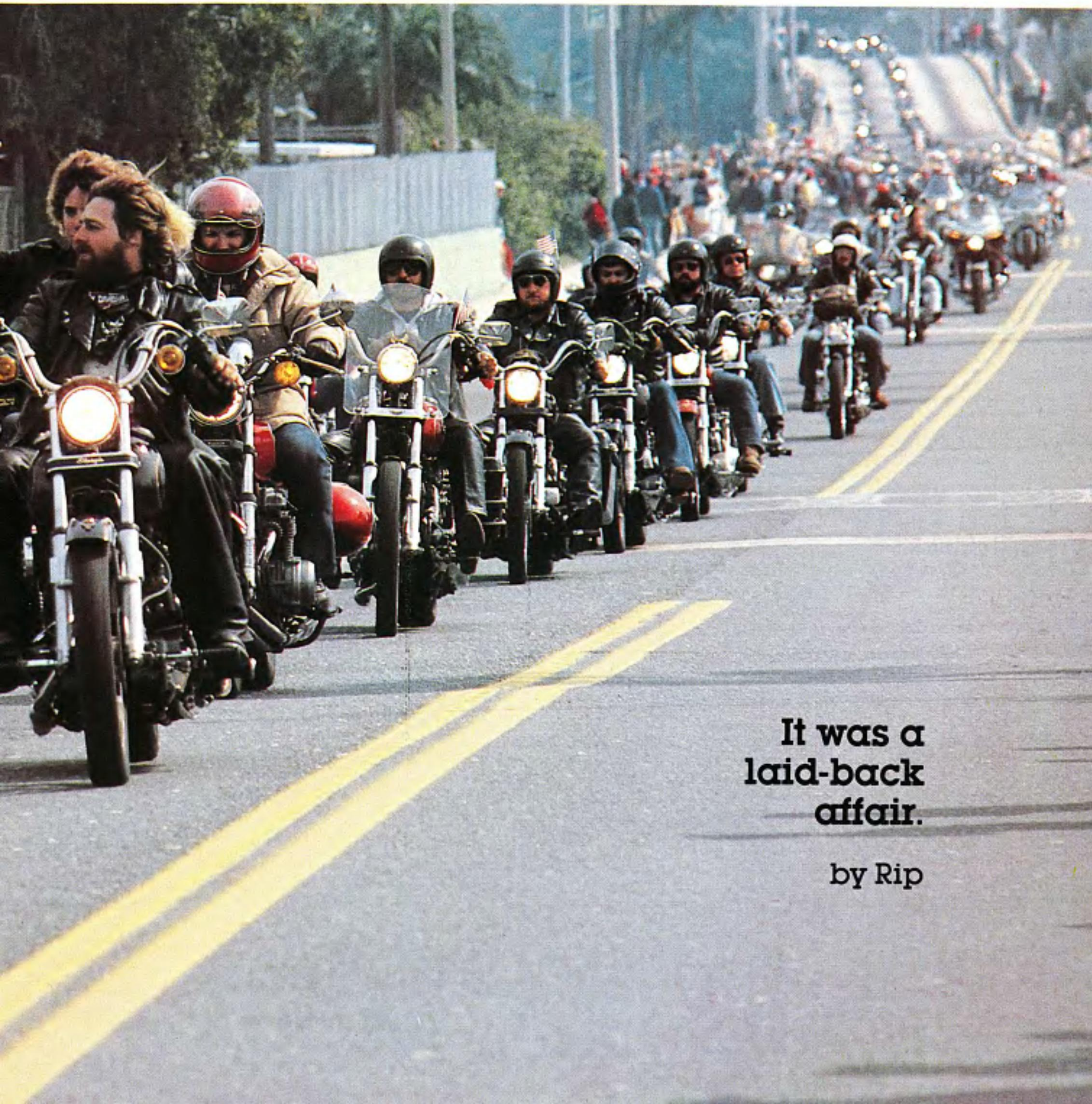
Usually when Spider sends us three down South, it's like a Three Stooges comedy. By the time Sunday's big race rolls around, we're generally face-down, hid out in some motel room talking to a pillow (or a toile seat), but this year we were there to see what it was really like. And let m tell ya, it was tits — I mean lotsa fu

Kenny Roberts, just another scooter rider from Cal, really kicke

HEAVEN

ass. Kenny was just too smooth for the pack, taking the high line and then shooting down to pass two or three bikes at one time. I think the crowd would have been more excited if he'd been aboard some Milwaukee iron, but like I always say, ya can't have everything, can ya?

As usual, the parade started at the Daytona Hilton, headquarters for all the Harley factory types. It took about an hour an' a half from the time the first bike got to the track, till the last one was squeezed



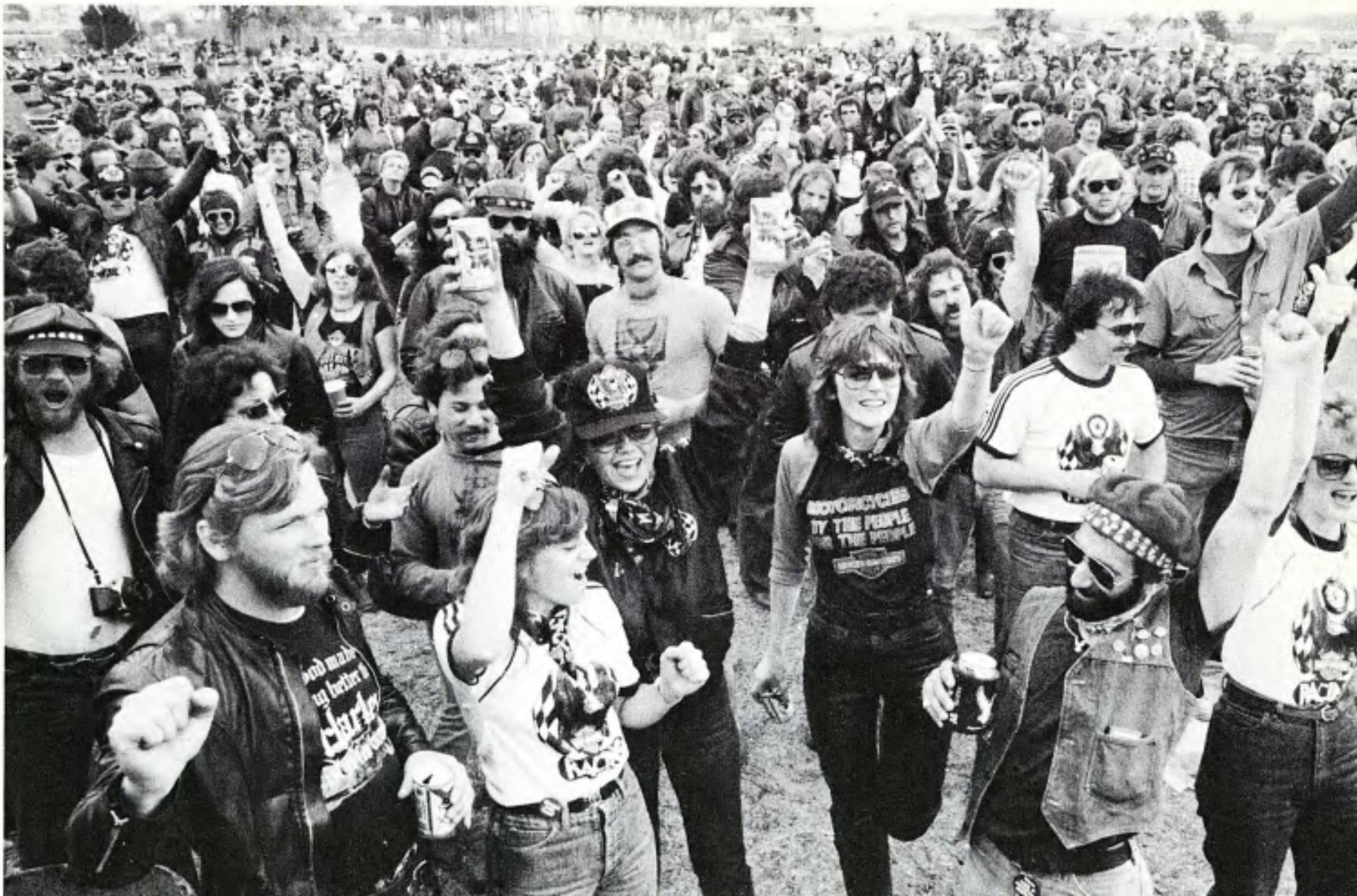
It was a laid-back affair.

by Rip

in the lot provided for us scooter pilots. In case ya don't know, Harley Heaven is set up on the backside of the track near the thrill-packed chicane. We had the entire area to ourselves so we could hoot an' holler and generally act like rowdy assholes to our hearts' content.

We got to eyeball some thrills and spills as a couple of riders unloaded in front of us, and we got to watch some lucky dude's dream come true when Willie G. and Clyde Fessler gave away a new Sporty in a special drawing.

Getting back to the parade: It was lead off by Daytona's finest — riding Harleys, I might add — followed by a color guard and some factory reps and riders. Following them were some of the finest bros and sweetest super-ripe honeys you could ever hope to meet. Stooge One, Moe, had dusted his butt on some Tennessee moonshine, so we poured him in a sidehack, told him



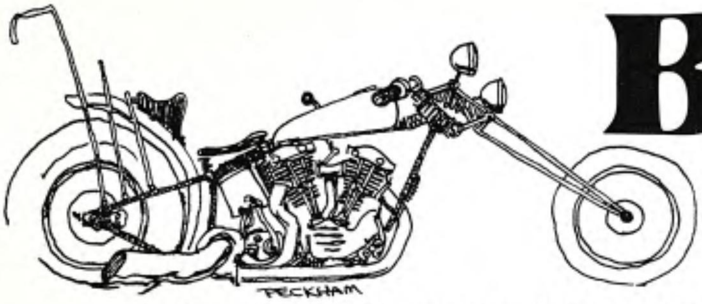
Photos by Mike Lichter, Kim Peterson, Rip, Frank, Jim Shaffer and Spud

to keep clear of sharp objects and open flames, and set him to work snappin' pictures. Bro Stooge Larry, meanwhile, was stumblin' around the parking lot with his eyes bugged out and his three cameras goin' full bore.

Among the amenities of Harley Heaven were groceries for the troops and a kick-ass rock 'n' roll band that played before and after the race. The after-race show was interrupted momentarily when a police chopper pilot saw a female taking off her top. But after a while, the cops apparently decided the sighting was bogus and that the pilot must have been hallucinating and the show went on.

We hung around for a while taking pictures and shooting the shit but we finally had to split — we were burnt out. I'm not snivelin', you understand, but after more than a full week of boneroo partying and picture-takin' we had to lay our bodies down for some R&R. However, like proverbial bad pennies, we'll turn up next year to see what Harley Heaven '84 has to offer.

— Curly, the Stooge



Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Legends

Watching masters at their work makes it difficult to believe that they, like the rest of us, were once novices. It's hard to imagine Kenny Roberts falling off a tricycle, but even King Kenny had to work his way to the top of the racing world. And although he's now a veritable legend among Harley-Davidson owners, Willie G. Davidson wasn't born with the talents needed to design a new motorcycle. Craig Vetter made a few mistakes on the way to becoming motorcycling's best-known and perhaps most talented creative genius. And I suspect that even wizened sages like *Road Rider* magazine's Roger Hull had to learn the hard way that you don't pack a rain suit in the bottom of your saddlebag.

—Bill Amick
American Motorcyclist

Everybody Pays

According to the testimony of the manufacturers, the catalytic converter equipped motorcycles will be heavier by as much as a 20 lbs., have much hotter exhausts, and cost hundreds of dollars more than comparable models available in other states. Of course the California Air Resources Board, which imposed the standard, has suggested that this cost be spread over motorcycles sold in all 50 states.

—*Cycle World*

Idiots

Magazines are expressions of the people who create them, and there are a lot of idiots expressing themselves these days in magazines. Frankly, it takes very little talent to fill editorial pages in motor-culture magazines; anyone can do that in exactly the same way anyone can paint a car: they get the colored stuff to cover the bare metal. From a far and uncritical distance, the color looks the same, no matter who's doing the painting.

—Phil Schilling
Cycle

Drunk Riding

Other studies show that motorcyclists who have been drinking are involved in many more single-vehicle accidents than sober riders. The drinking rider also is overrepresented in accidents where another vehicle violates the motorcyclist's right of way. This points to a lack of awareness and judgment on the part of the motorcyclist; these two mental processes can be impaired after a single drink.

—*Street Chopper*

The Real Thing

That's why the Roadster gets my vote as the consummate cruiser-vee. Because if I have to surrender downright function just to have outright style, it's going to be on The Real Thing, not a genuine imitation. Anyway, since the extremely loyal H-D rank-and-file hasn't been asking for a better Harley, why should anyone try to build one? That's best left to the people in Milwaukee. And I'm not talking about the ones who brew beer.

—Paul Dean
Cycle Guide

Me, In Trouble

. . . 1) When you switch to "reserve" and the valve pulls out of the bottom of the tank; 2) When you're trying to make up time on a good road and find a police car *behind* you; 3) When you find an 18-inch tube in a box marked "21 inch" after you've sliced the old tube into rubber bands; 4) When your kill button *won't* short out.

—Ed Hertfelder
Cycle

The Golden Rule

In Sturgis, South Dakota, site of motorcycling's traditional Black Hills Classic, a public referendum which would have prevented the city from leasing facilities for use during the annual event or from supporting it in any way went down to overwhelming defeat in a recent city election. Reportedly the referendum came about through the zealous efforts of a single individual, a local minister. Evidently he does not always practice what he preaches; specifically, The Golden Rule.

—*Road Rider*

Dejectedly Walking

. . .there's a vital aspect of *The Way of the Chopper* that we haven't covered — until now: the chopper itself. Just as cowboys without cows seem silly, and a samurai without his sword loses his reason for being, a chopper rider without his chopper is only another pedestrian walking dejectedly toward the nearest bus stop.

—Tash Matsuoka
Rider

First Bike

I can clearly remember to this day, 20 years later, each and every bike that used to come to rest in that little corner of the campus parking lot. There weren't many of them, it's true, but that only made each the more vivid in my mind. There was the Beezer, a Triumph with a blue tank and one with a stripped black tank, a pair of Honda 250 Super Hawks, a Ducati (which never *ever* started), a really slick little Yamaha 250 and a really gruesome Honda 250 Dream. There was also an uncharacteristically clean, nearly stock, metallic-green-tanked Sportster, and finally, parked down at the far end as if not quite invited to the party, a dour, black, industrial-strength, BMW R60 with an Earles fork.

—Ted West
Cycle Guide

Triple Life

The belt reappeared in 1980 on the Harley-Davidson Sturgis. Now in '83 it is on several Harley models, as well as a couple of Kawasakis. Belt technology has moved into the present age. The advantages of belt drive are the smoothness of operation, a long life and minimal maintenance, including the absence of any need to lubricate it. The Sturgis belts, made in cooperation with the Gates Rubber Company of Denver, Colorado, are advertised by Harley as requiring, ". . .on average, only three adjustments over their life span, and speaking of life span, they last three times longer than the chain."

—Clemente Salvadori
Road Rider

Two Four-Year-Olds

. . .you'll notice that Harley has none of that pull-back, stepped-up, doesn't fit-right exaggeration. Right now, the Shadow and Virago are like two four-year-olds playing dress-up, with the lipstick smeared all over their cheeks. But maybe when they grow up a little — like the 26-year-old Harley — they'll know how to dress right, too.

—Joe Kress
Cycle Guide

GOOD ENOUGH

"I realized that most of the reason we were gathered there at all had nothing to do with the rain. It was for reasons both invisible and real. It was those motorcycles."

by Roger K. Anderson

We were all sort of standing around the cash register in the Harley shop, waiting for something to happen, when Cookie shoved open the door, tossed back her hair, and walked in to buy some of those strawberry panties you can eat. I laughed when I heard that Bubba had started selling them. It was the week after a fight with his wife. Seems he'd forgotten their 14th anniversary.

Cookie, though, was a *good* idea, whoever thought of her. The truck she drove was about twice her age, and as I looked at it through the window, I expected it to collapse right there in a heap and die under a cloud of smoke. Cookie, however, still had some miles to go in those tight-fittin' jeans and she knew it.

It was Friday. Rain was coming down on everything, and there we were with the day off for some President whose real birthday was three days earlier. Not counting Cookie and Rusty, who was doing inventory down at the other end of the counter, there were five of us. It was a group I'd joined before: Jim, the mechanic — curly hair, strong arms, and dirty jeans; Jake, an old pear-shaped guy about 60 who makes his living pumping gas at the airport; Joey, a little pimple-faced guy who never says enough for any of us to learn more than his name; Bubba, the owner, and the only one who cleans his shoes; and me, just a guy who runs the bead blaster at a machine shop since losing two fingers and some nerve in an oilfield accident off the Texas coast.

Rusty stood up straight when Cookie twitched in. "I want a pair of those panties you can eat," she said, like no one was there. Joey's eyes opened wide and he missed his mouth with the Coke he'd started ten minutes before. Cookie didn't seem to notice. "It's my older sister's birthday."

Jake lifted his cap and ran his fingers over the top of his head, like to straighten his hair — only he didn't have enough to make it worth the effort. But it was his way of starting in. "I remember my 21st birthday. It was 1941. Had a party twelve miles outside of Barleyville, just beyond the dam." We'd all heard the story five or six times, but it was raining hard and where else could we go? "Got so drunk I could hardly walk, but I'll be damned if I was gonna ride

Continued on page 114

"'Gold has extraordinary properties which are being put to new uses every day. It is brilliant, malleable, ductile, almost unalterable and more dense than any of the common metals except platinum. . .' Bond smiled at Colonel Smither's eloquence. This man lived gold, thought gold, dreamed gold. . ."

Ian Fleming, *Goldfinger*

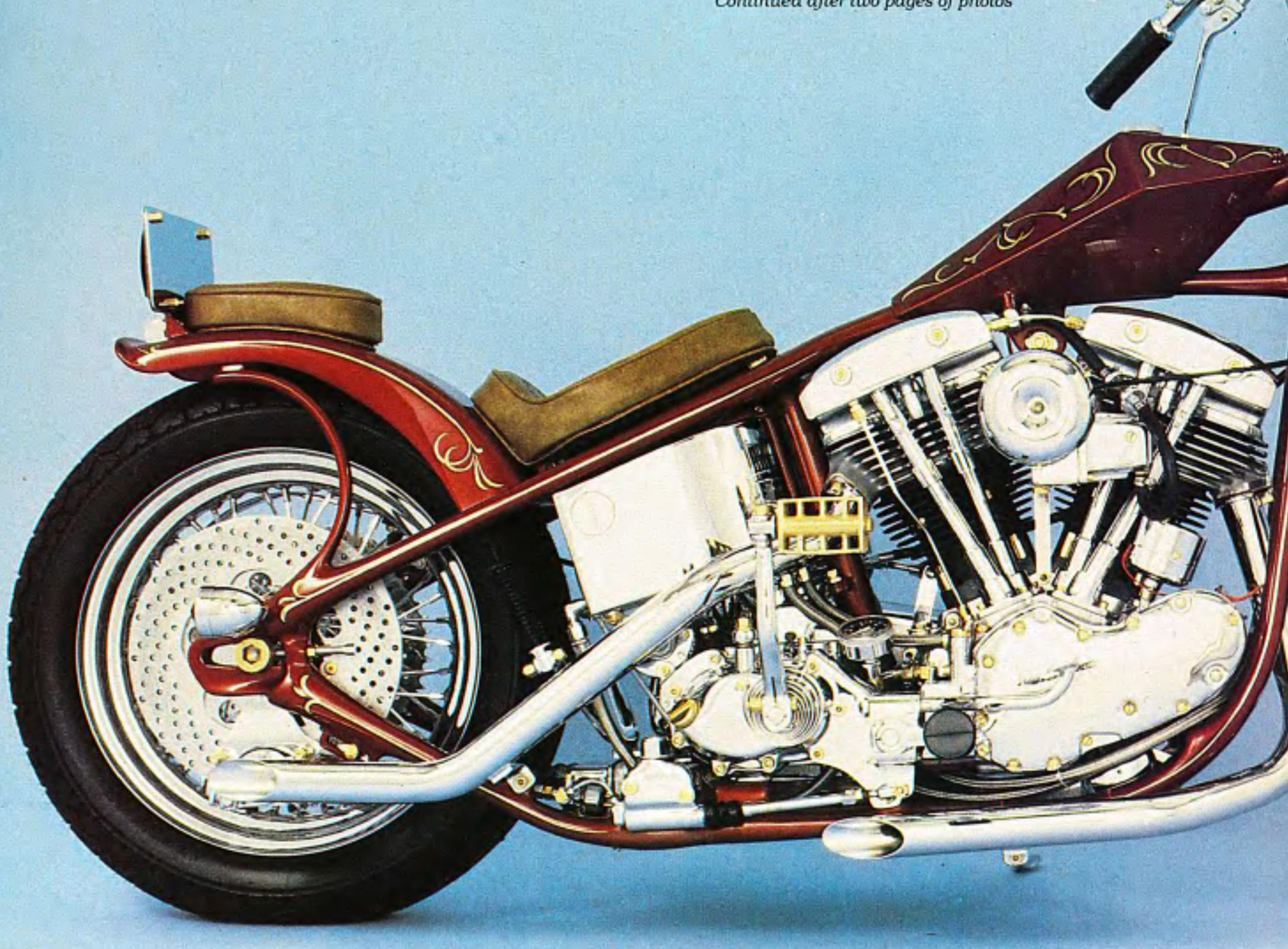
Gold Screamer

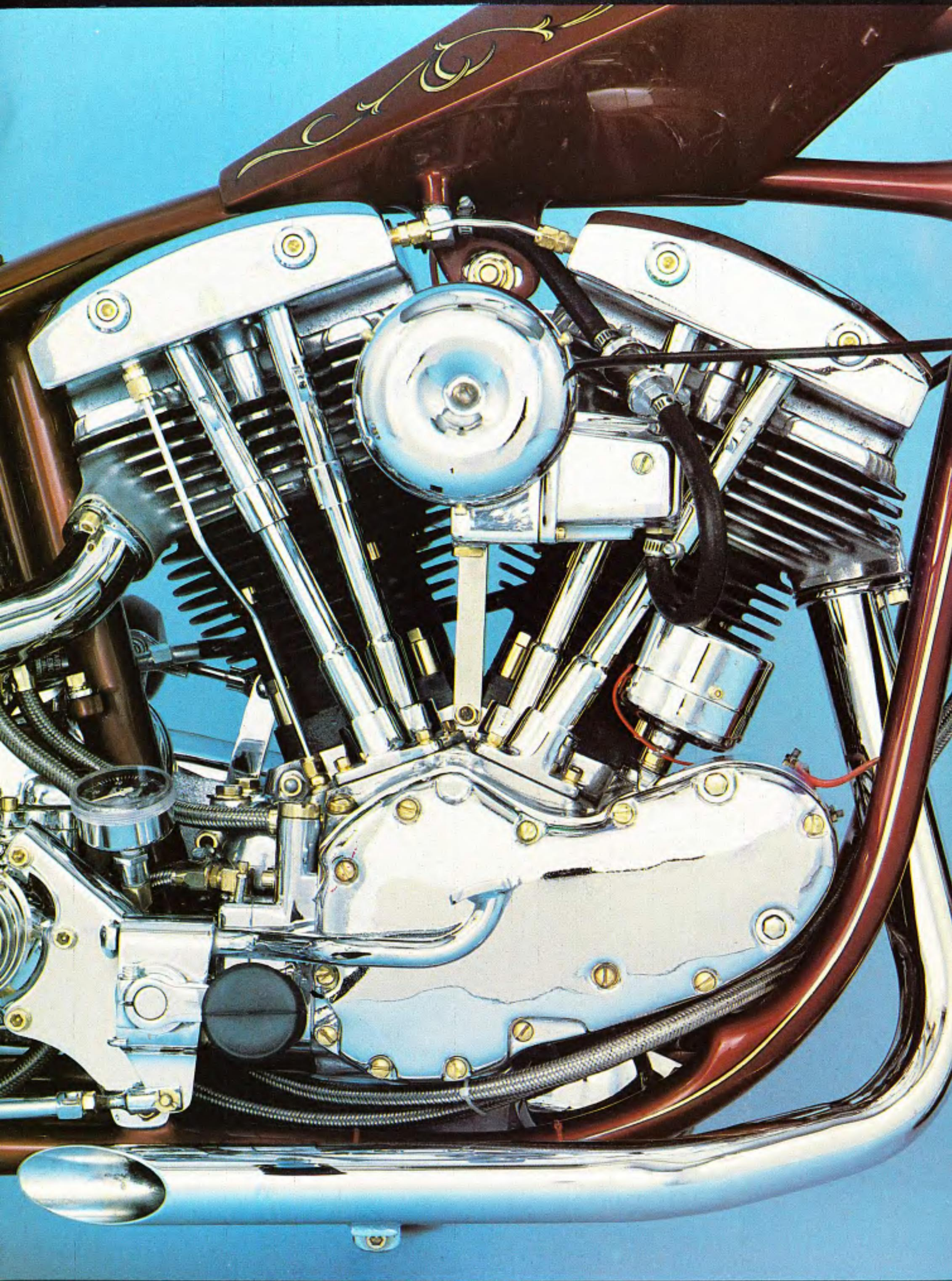
"Keerist!" I exclaimed, my eyes buggin' out and startin' to slide down my cheeks. "I hope you don't ever plan to ride it across any borders — you'd get busted for smugglin'."

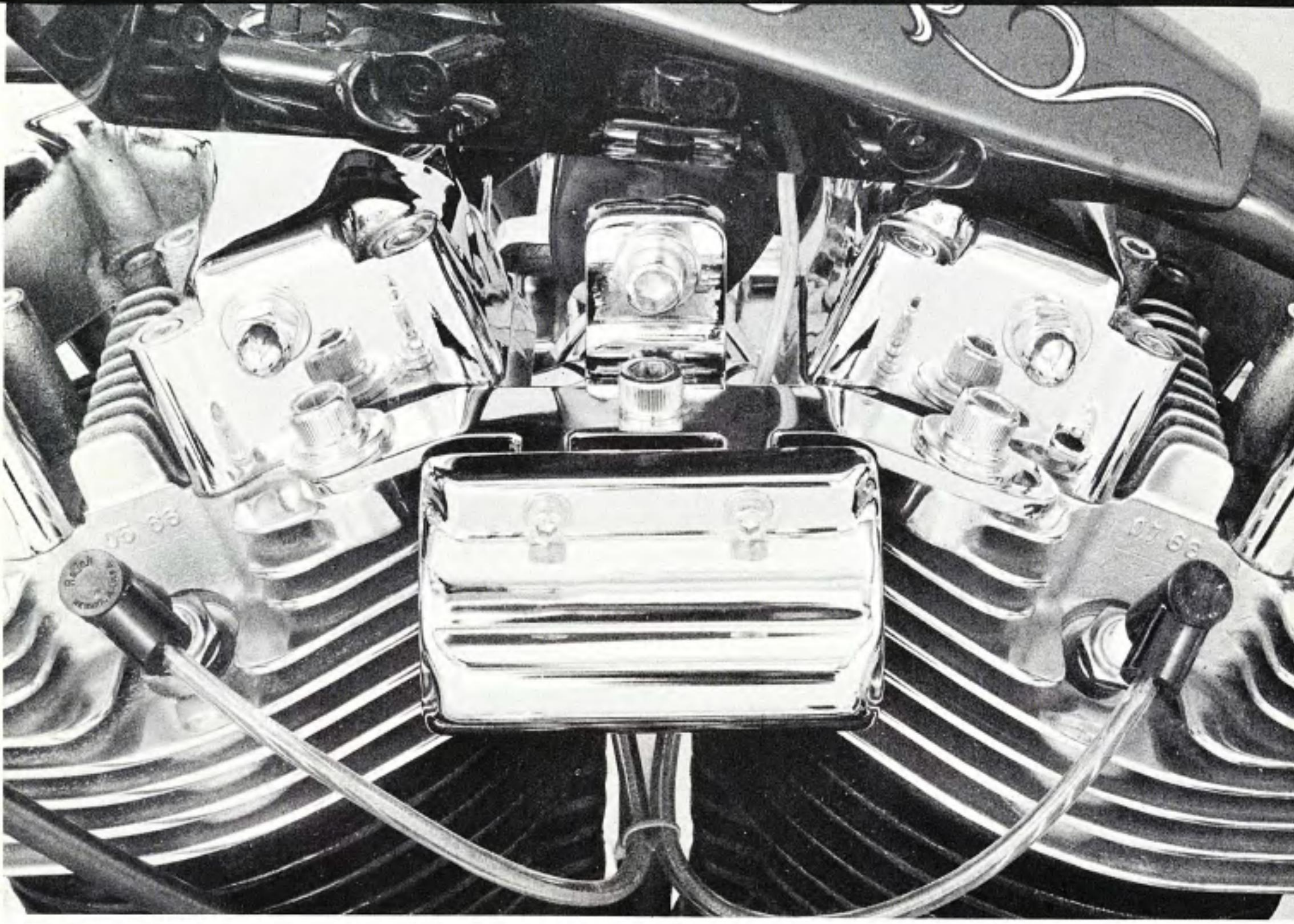
Gene laughed. He'd encountered this reaction before. "Actually, it's only $5000 worth of gold," he said. "Twenty-three-karat gold leaf, to be precise. Besides, I could outrun just about any border guard."

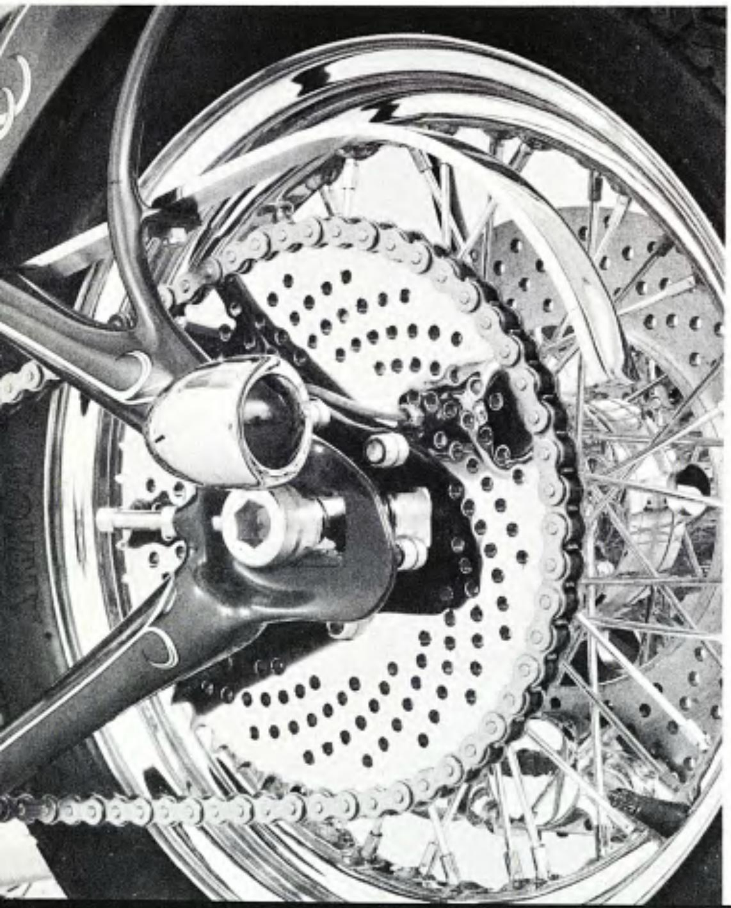
Not wantin' to get involved in a finely honed discussion of the pros and cons of bein' able to outrun the guards but not their bullets, I changed the subject. Still, facts are facts, and Gene's FL, with its 93-cu. in. bore and stroke, and top-secret heads, is a screamer — a bike designed to be a winner under all conditions, in a show or on the asphalt.

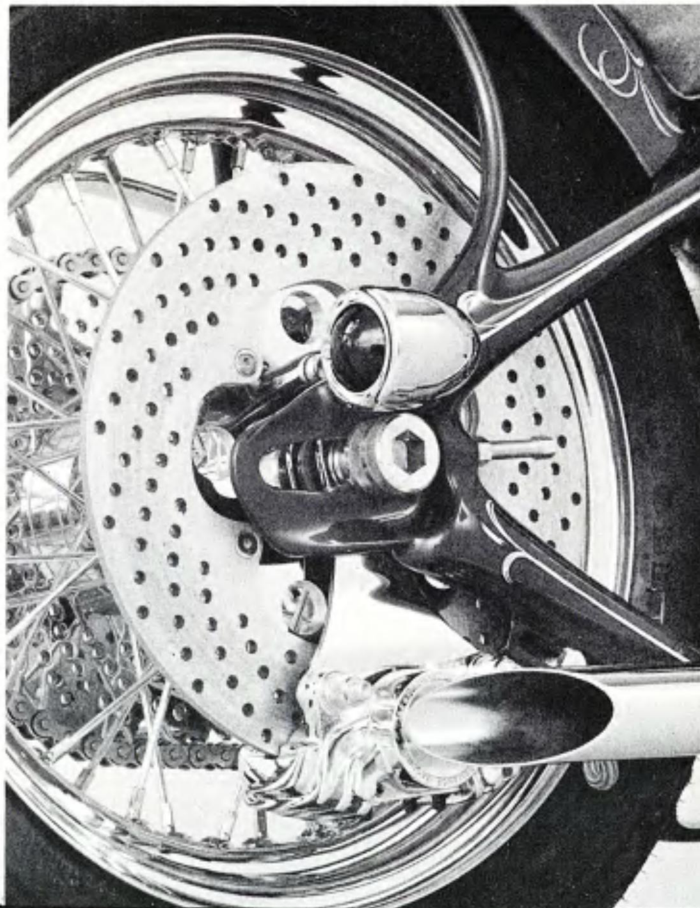
Continued after two pages of photos







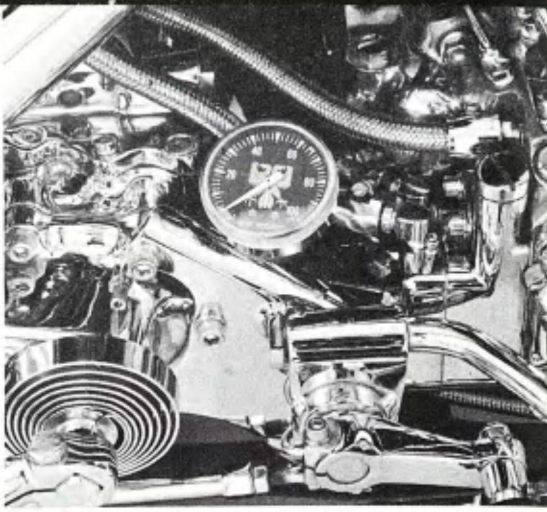




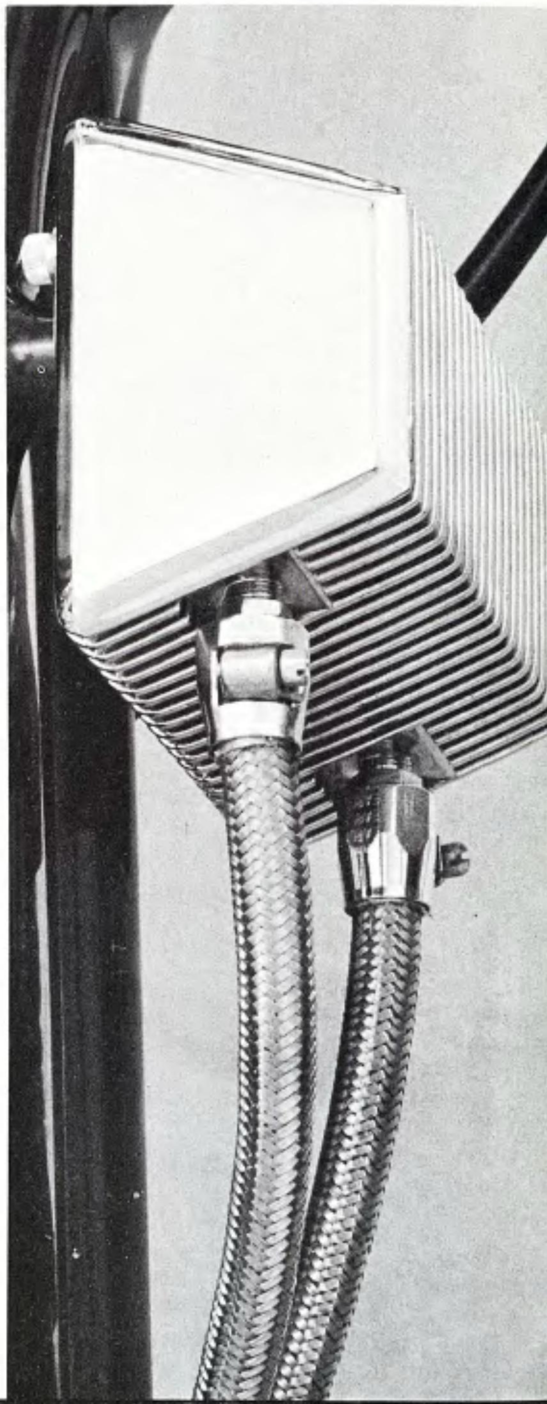
Well, what can ya expect? Gene works for the government as a sheet-metal model builder on — among other projects — the space shuttle. You think makin' a Harley fly is hard? Try puttin' men in space and bringin' 'em back down sometime.

Actually, Gene is as much an alchemist as he is a model maker — a modern-day Midas whose touch turns everyday metals to gold (or at least to custom motorcycle parts). Like those fenders, for example. They're handmade — not bobbed — and the flip of the rear is carefully matched to the flip of the front. Or take the gas tank. "I'd never seen one like that on a 74," Gene said, "so I just sat around and thought about it for a while and eventually I was able to build one perfectly proportioned to the frame." Gene clearly has your basic, crankin' gray matter.

It's this kind of creative work that Gene likes best about bike building.

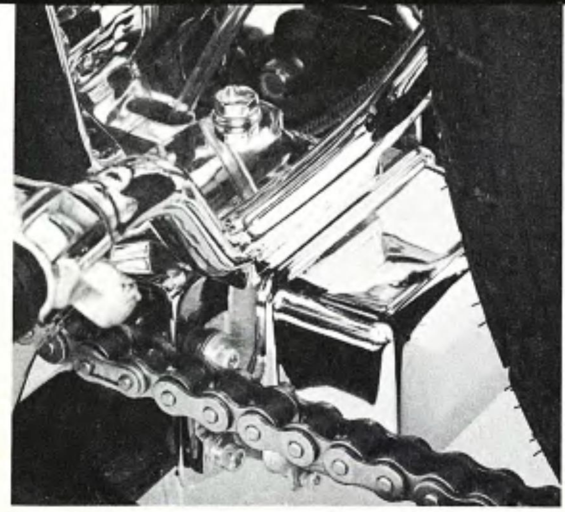


Photos by Mike Lichter



Owner: Gene Miller	**City:** Lanham, Md.	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: owner	Year: '69 front/'49 rear	
Year and make: 1969 H-D	Builder: owner	
Model: FL	Type: rigid	
Value: $12,000	Rake: 30 degrees	
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: some	
Time: 4 years	Other alterations: cherried	
Chroming by: Model Plating	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: Sportster	
Year: 1969	Risers: H-D clamp	
Model: shovelhead	Fender(s): custom front and rear	
Rebuilder: Butch Brinkman	Headlight: Paughco	
Ignition: points and condenser	Taillight: H-D	
Displacement: 93 cu. in.	Speedo: none	
Lower end: S&S 4½-in. stroke	Front pegs: H-D	
Balancing: S&S	Rear pegs: Sportster	
Pistons: S&S	Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: polished	Gas tank: handmade/owner	
Heads: tricked out	Oil tank: boat filler cap/owner	
Cam(s): S&S 495	Oil system: full return	
Lifters: solids	Primary cover: Drag Spec.	
Carb(s): S&S L-series	Seat: Doug's Upholstery	
Air cleaner: S&S air horn	Sissybar: welded in fender struts	
Pipes: drag pipes by owner	Height: frame to fender	
Muffler(s): none	Material: U.S. Steel	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: rebuilt	Type: H-D	
Year: 1969	Extension: 2 in. over	
Shifting: left foot	Builder: H-D/owner	
Engine sprocket: 23	Special features: shaved lower legs	
Trans sprocket: 23	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 51	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: owner	Hub: H-D	Hub: Hallcraft
Painter: Rick Houchens	Rim width: 1.85 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: brandywine red	Tire: Avon	Tire: Arrow
Type: lacquer	Brake: dual disc	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: gold leaf		

Other special modifications: Smurfs by Shorty's Trick Shop, wiring through frame, handmade chain guard.



"You sit down and look at stuff and see what you can make out of it," he says. "I get some of my best ideas for bikes just by looking at detailed mockups of the shuttle and other aerospace projects."

And that attitude, the way I see it, is one of the things that makes this particular scooter so interesting, so unique, I mean, here you've got a bike designed with ideas as new as the day after tomorrow and dressed with a material as old and mysterious as mankind. The romance of the Gold Rush and the precision of the space race both have a connection to this bike's looks. The grace of a thoroughbred race horse and the power of a rocket ship both contribute to the way it runs. What the hell else could ya possibly want?

A joint, a beer an'a broad? Oh. Okay. Go for it. Think I'll just sit and stare at all that gold for a while. — Bearbait

PERSONALLY, I

It's an old story: A biker goes into a beer joint frequented by known killers. Taggin' along behind him is the shortest-legged, slowest-movin', ugliest dog anyone in town has ever seen. The patrons laugh, but the newcomer tells everyone that his critter can beat any or all of theirs in a fight — if the money's right. The bets are placed. One after another, bikers, truckers, iron-workers, an' the local cops sic their dogs on 'im, but the ugly bastard not only beats 'em, he *eats* 'em.

When the fighting is over, somebody goes up to the biker as he's countin' the bread, and asks, "What kind of dog is that?"

"Well," the winner answers, "before we cut off his tail an' trimmed his claws, we called him an alligator."

Biker dogs ain't usually *that* tough, an' they sure ain't chopped alligators, but *not* messin' with 'em might just be the move that saves your life.

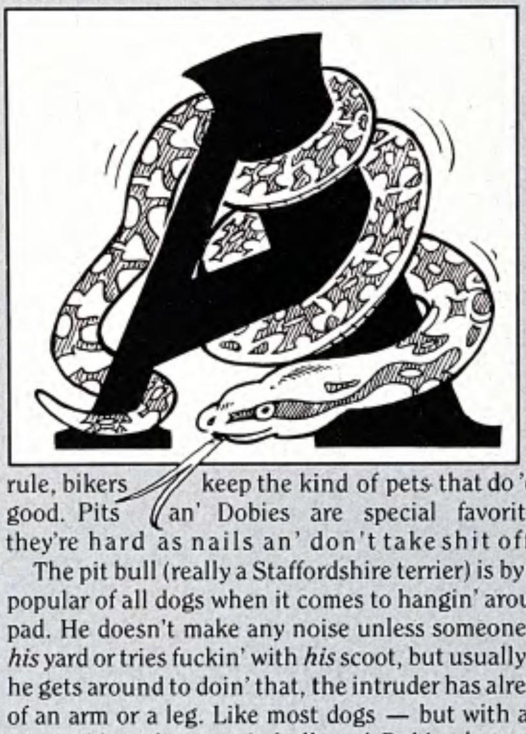
The most popular pets in America might not be what you bros would expect, but remember, bikers are a minority. They're hard guys an' individualists who don't tag onto regular shit like yer average citizen. Pets are pets; it doesn't matter whether ya have a cockroach in yer pocket that can twitter the "Star Spangled Banner" or whether ya keep an elephant in your bathtub. Nearly everyone either has, or has had, a pet, an' just so's you'll know we're impartial, we took a poll for ya.

In the bird department, parakeets tallied 71 percent; canaries, 17 percent; love birds, 7 percent; cockatiels, 2 percent; an' parrots, only 1 percent. Other birds accounted for the remainin' 2 percent. Chicks who're curious about that 2 percent can come over to the office; Spider has a bird ya might take for a swallow.

In the dog department, cocker spaniels rated 27 percent; boxers scored second, with 24 percent; an' beagles were 16 percent. Next, came collies with 8 percent. What the other 25 percent was, no one said. Most likely, they're pit bulls an' Dobies, which are considered too low on the canine scale to be mentioned by dog-show folks. Then again, maybe they were broads from Kansas City.

For men in general, dogs are the most popular pet. The first animal in history to be domesticated was the dog. This is proven by cave drawings from as far back as the Ice Age, depicting men and dogs working together for survival.

In the beginning, men an' dogs were enemies, attackin' an' killin' one another, but when the Ice Age forced 'em to huddle in the same caves for warmth, they became friends. Man, bein' the better hunter, shared what was left of his kills with the dogs, an' their friendship began. It's all a matter of record.



As a general rule, bikers keep the kind of pets that do 'em the most good. Pits an' Dobies are special favorites because they're hard as nails an' don't take shit offa nobody.

The pit bull (really a Staffordshire terrier) is by far the most popular of all dogs when it comes to hangin' around a biker's pad. He doesn't make any noise unless someone comes near *his* yard or tries fuckin' with *his* scoot, but usually, by the time he gets around to doin' that, the intruder has already lost part of an arm or a leg. Like most dogs — but with a much finer edge of hostility — pit bulls an' Dobies hate the sight of a uniform; they can smell pig meat a mile away, which means that by the time the fuzz has finally figured out how to get past 'em, the flushin' is completely finished.

One of our partners — a dude named Loner — bought himself a genuine junkyard dog. It was a pit bull with so many battle scars that his hide looked like a detailed map of downtown Detroit. The only time Loner an' his dog parted company was when the dog bit a railroad conductor on the ass in Columbus, Ohio — an' wouldn't get off the train until they reached Cleveland. And Loner had to lock the mutt in a closet whenever he wanted to ball some chick, 'cause the dog always thought he oughta get a piece of the action, too.

HATE PETS!

By Dr. Twatburger

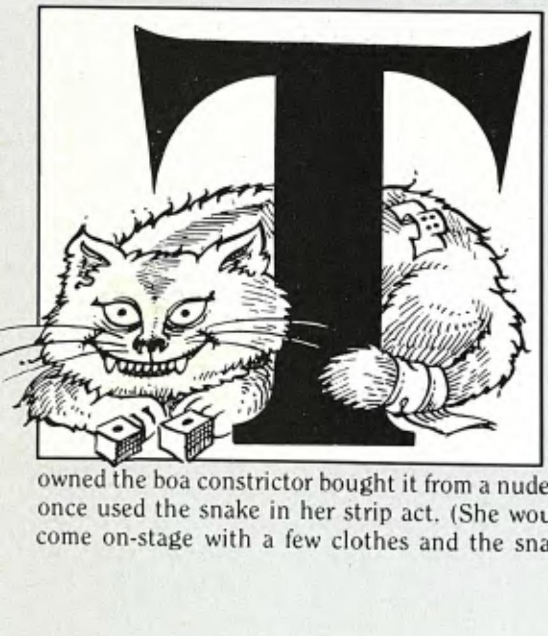
Loner tried to go straight for a while. He bought some gold-pannin' gear an' spent an entire year in the mountains of Nevada. When he got ready to return to civilization, he was a rich man. The only trouble was, he stopped in Reno for a six-pack, an' while he was in the store an old dude got too close to the open window of Loner's pickup. The dog stuck its head out the window an' ate off half the fucker's arm before being beaten loose with a two-by-four. It turned out that the old man was a local judge. By the time Loner got through payin' all the court costs and medical bills, he didn't have enough cash left to buy a pissant a pair of snowshoes.

There is another drawback to ownin' a pit bull, a Dobie, or any dog that needs lotsa fresh meat. The suckers fart a lot! Dog farts ain't like human farts. Sometimes they make a little noise comin' out, but most of the time they're real quiet an' sneaky. They don't even hiss. The worst time to discover you've got a fartin' dog is when you're drivin' along a crowded freeway with him, in your truck or cage, and the windows are rolled up.

First, your smoke goes out, kinda like it's starvin' for oxygen. Then the windows get a kind of glaze on 'em an' your eyes begin to water. When ya let out your breath, ya can't force yourself to take it in again. Ya look around at your dog, an' he's lyin' there waggin' his tail, wearin' a big, sweet grin on his face, an' the next thing you know, somebody kicks ya in the gut with a pair of size-fourteen boots. If ya don't pass out before ya get the windows down, you'll never know what genuine hallucinatin' is really like. Never — ever — be in a closed space of any kind with a fartin' dog.

Exotic pets abound in societies where people try to seem different from the mainstream. I've known dudes who owned ocelots, ducks, alligators, mountain lions an' even a fifteen-foot-long boa constrictor, to name just a few.

The dude who owned the mountain lion had to get rid of it when it bit his wife's tit. The dude who owned the ducks got down on his luck an' ate 'em all, but prior to that, he discovered that ducks are just about the best noise-makin' watchdogs (pardon the comparison) you can own. They quack an' squawk at the least sound or intrusion, day or night.



he guy who owned the boa constrictor bought it from a nude dancer who once used the snake in her strip act. (She would normally come on-stage with a few clothes and the snake wrapped around her body, and would then try to shimmy out of both. She usually ended her act with the snake between her legs, pretendin' she was hunchin' him.)

Gopher was the guy who owned the snake, an' he almost gave some old broad a heart attack when he pulled up beside her on his motorcycle, with the snake neatly wrapped around him, an' it stuck its head through the broad's car window.

One night, Gopher forgot to turn up the heat in the garage an' the snake croaked. He put it in one of them big brown shoppin' bags an' set it on the floor in the back of a friend's car. The friend, incidentally, was as enthusiastic about snakes as he was about the possibility of a nuclear bomb goin' off under his bed, so Gopher figured he'd set up a great gag.

While drivin' down a street in the center of town, the friend dropped his arm over the back of the seat. Feelin' the paper bag, he stuck his hand inside. The newspapers really loved that one. They had half a column about a screamin' dude who jumped out of his movin' car an' ran away through traffic. Not knowin' the snake had crapped out, a SWAT squad kept the car surrounded for two hours before they moved in.

ome people like horses, an' I don't blame 'em. Horses are real good grub (just ask the French, who routinely buy American nags that have outlived their usefulness). If they had kickstarters on 'em, they might be worth havin' around. Cowboys have always been written about as bein' fond of horses. Not so! Horses are rather low on the intelligence scale, an' there's been more than one cowboy who got his ass thrown off Old Paint an' consequently was left alone on the range. Horses are only a cowboy's means to an end, an' lots of 'em have already been replaced with motorcycles.

The proof of a cowboy's true feelings about horses can be seen in the movie, "The Culpepper Cattle Company." A greenhorn kid approaches a cowboy an' eyeballs his horse. "What's his name?" the greenhorn asks.

"Whose name?" the cowboy answers, lookin' around.

"Your horse's name, of course," the kid says.

"He ain't got no name," the cowboy says, amazed by the kid's stupidity. "Ya don't name somethin' ya might hafta eat."

While we're on the subject of eatin' pets, let's take a look at some strange social customs. Eskimos keep lots of dogs around. They use 'em to pull their sleds, *Continued on page 97*

Illustrations by Hal Robinson

THE DEVIL'S PLANTATION

I sat in the darkened bar hunkered over my drink, waiting for Danny to talk. So far the only sound in the sleazy joint was Elvis's singing "Rainy Night In Georgia" on the juke. The kid stared down at the scarred mahogany slab and occasionally took a sip of beer. That's okay — I can sit all night as long as the JD holds out.

Danny's reflection in the mirror behind the bar hit me like a sucked valve on a long run. I couldn't believe he was the same kid I used to know. His face was creased with deep lines and the two-day stubble of beard was shot with gray. Christ! His mug looked like a road map and he was carrying enough baggage under his eyes to qualify for a Samsonite commercial. A deep scar ran across his forehead and his eyes had the look of a man who has long ago given up on life. The kid wasn't more than twenty-five, but he looked like my father — and I'm forty-three! What the hell had happened to Danny Landis that had caused him to age like this in the two years since I'd last seen him?

I'd been working late that night down at the machine shop, trying to bring in some extra bread to offset this fuckin' recession. When I heard the rain start drumming on the corrugated metal roof, I figured I'd better get my ass home before it started pouring, so I locked the place up, and cursing myself for not bringing the truck instead of my panhead, I kicked the scooter over and headed for home. Raindrops clung to my shades, sending multi-faceted images of the slick, oil-soaked streets into my brain, and the overhead lights were bouncing rainbow-like helios off the pavement, creating a surrealistic, kaleidoscope effect not at all conducive to safe putting. When I yanked my Polaroids off, the big 74 wobbled precariously for a moment or two before straightening out again. That's when I noticed the green K-Model snugged up against the curb outside of Charlie's Joint.

If it hadn't been for that fuckin' dirt bike, I'd have been takin' a hot shower by then, instead of sittin' on a barstool waitin' for the kid to talk. Danny's reflection in the mirror bobbled back and forth in the wavy glass. It was almost like looking at somebody in a fun house — but there was nothing funny about Danny. His image shattered into sharply edged shards of old memories as my mind drifted back to the day I had first met the kid.

It was about three years ago and I had just come back from a run up to Wrightwood. I'd gone up there to party with a bunch of tramps I knew and on the way home, still feeling the effects of good dope and continuous hits of Jack, I'd gotten kind of sloppy in my drivin'. About that time a 100-percenter went wide on a curve, and swerving to miss the beater, I'd ended up ass-over-teakettle in the ditch. The bucket-head landed on top of me and damned if I could push it off. Luckily, I didn't suffer too much damage from the fuck-up, but I was seriously bent that I couldn't manage to push that damn scoot off my leg. The next day, I went down and joined Harvey's Gym in North Hollywood. I figured I'd build my strength up so the same thing couldn't happen again. Danny was a gym

Continued on page 85

By Preacher Man

DUFFY

Photos by Mike Lichter, Kim Peterson, and Frank

BATTLIN' TWINS

Against a speedin', chuggin' heart full of crank, I thanked the Mighty Guy in the Sky for delivering a nice, cool day to us, as my photog comrades and I made like hod-carriers, packin' seemingly tons of gear to our respective pre-designated areas, in order to capture the speed and thrills of the 1983 50-mile Battle of the Twins motorcycle race at the Daytona International Speedway.

This was Friday noon of Speed Week. An afternoon before we had been hunkered down in a campground on the fringe of Daytona Beach, examining sweeties and the like, when a bro chimed in something about some upcoming racing action the following day. Some of the dude's bros gave out a laugh, findin' it funny that we would want to check a race, much less cover it for the magazine. Undaunted, the dude continued, and alerted us to the fact that he'd just returned from the qualifiers where a Harley

factory guy, Jay Springsteen, was tearin' 'em up. It suddenly became a serious conversation.

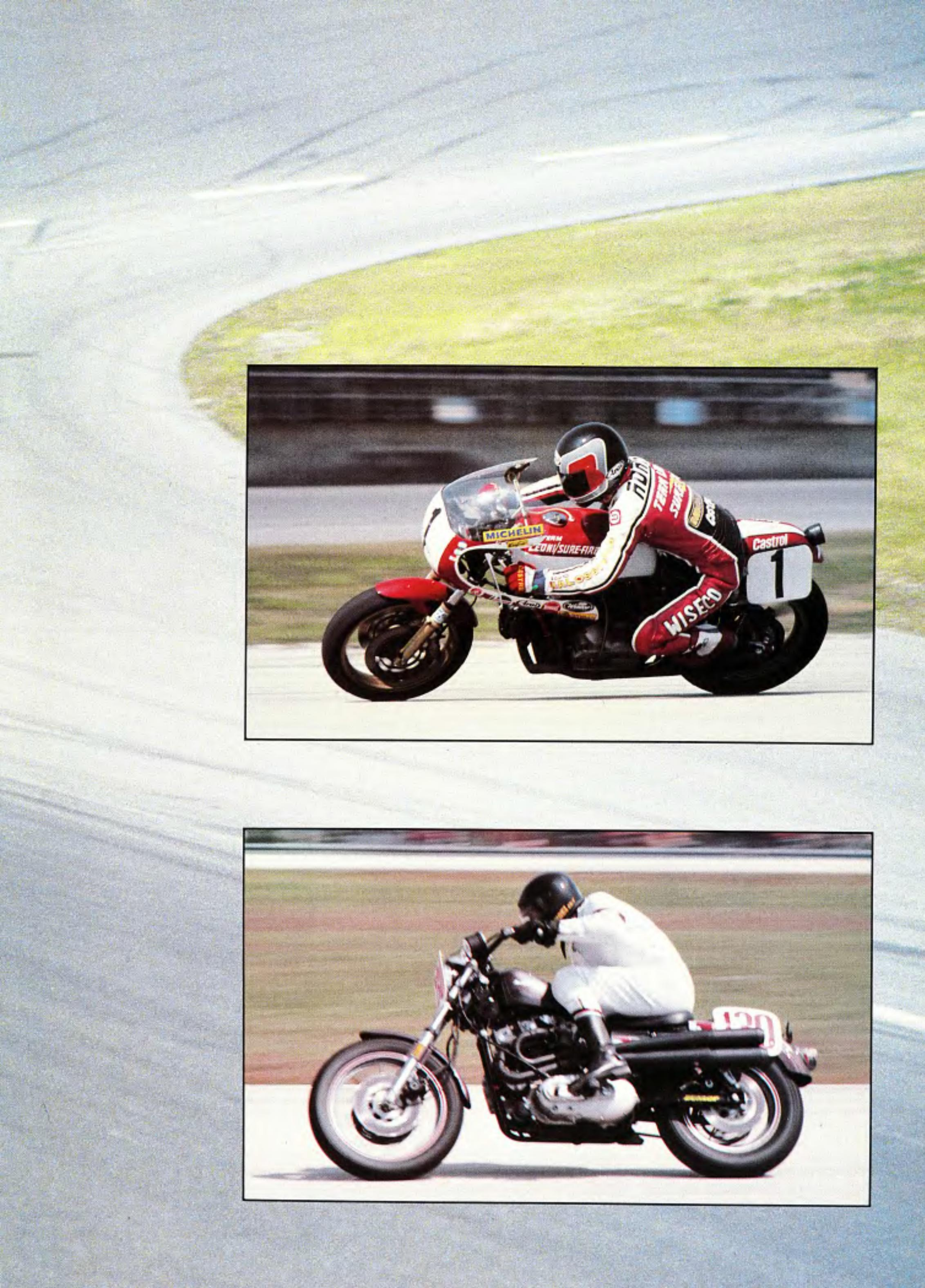
It was the first time Harley-Davidson had put one of their own in a race at the Speedway since 1969, when Cal Rayborn won that year's 200. Now Springer was going to challenge Jimmy Adamo, winner of the last two Twin thrillers. Adamo had won on a Ducati, which wasn't too hateful to us dyed-in-the-wool H-D addicts — but with one of our own goin' for it, well, we just had to be there.

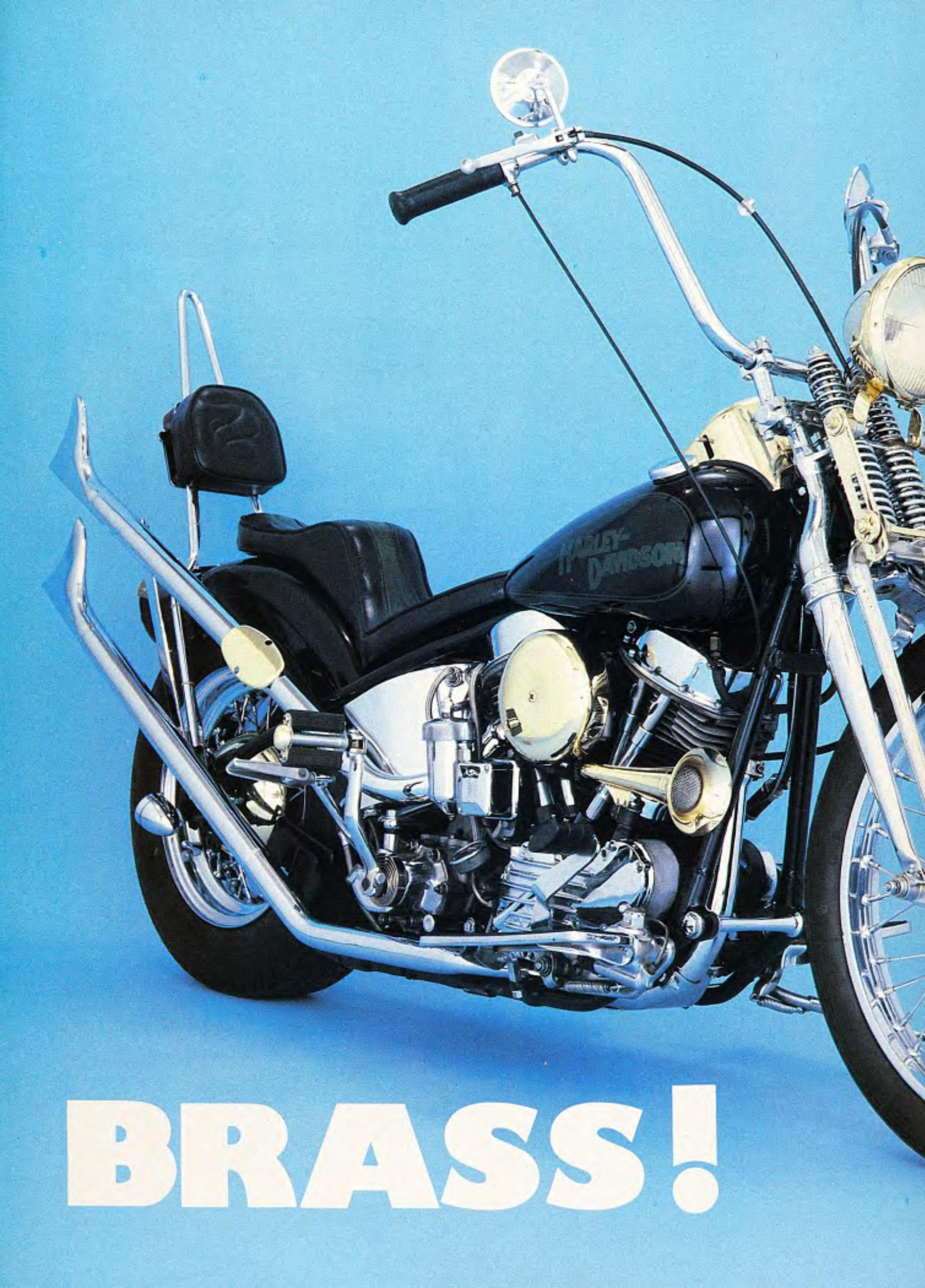
Jay Springsteen has been a dirt-track specialist during his racing career, and a very successful one at that; this was to be his first shot for glory on asphalt. The battle matched twin-cylinder bikes: Harleys, Triumphs, Ducatis, Nortons, BMWs, Moto-Guzzis, and Yamahas — all going for a total purse of $5000. Springsteen, 25 years old, from Lapeer, Michigan, was on the pole. That made it kinda surprising on the first lap, when Malcolme Tunstall, on a Ducati, slid around my corner in first place, with the pack behind him. Not to worry. The next time around, the familiar black-and-orange, sportin' number 9, was struttin' its stuff in first place.

Each of the following laps provided Jay with a wider margin, as the low-end power of the Harley easily outdistanced the competition. Thirteen laps later Springsteen coasted into the lap of victory and the Harley folks had themselves another champion.

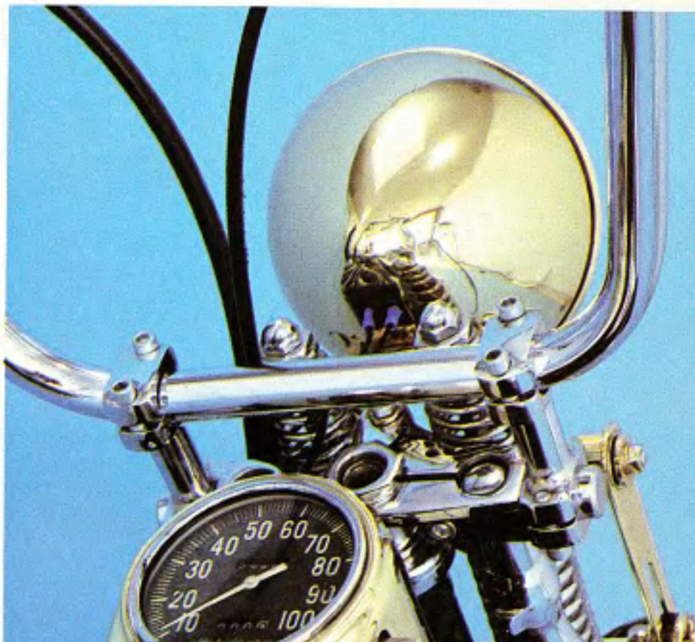
Harley wound up a big day by not only copping the Grand Prix victory, but also garnering the Manufacturers' Award when Gene Church won the Stock Class. One of the reasons that this is a popular race is that there are four classes of racing, so taking two out of four ain't too shabby. Now for that two-hundred miler. . .

— Rags


MICHELIN
Castrol
1
WISECO
120



BRASS!

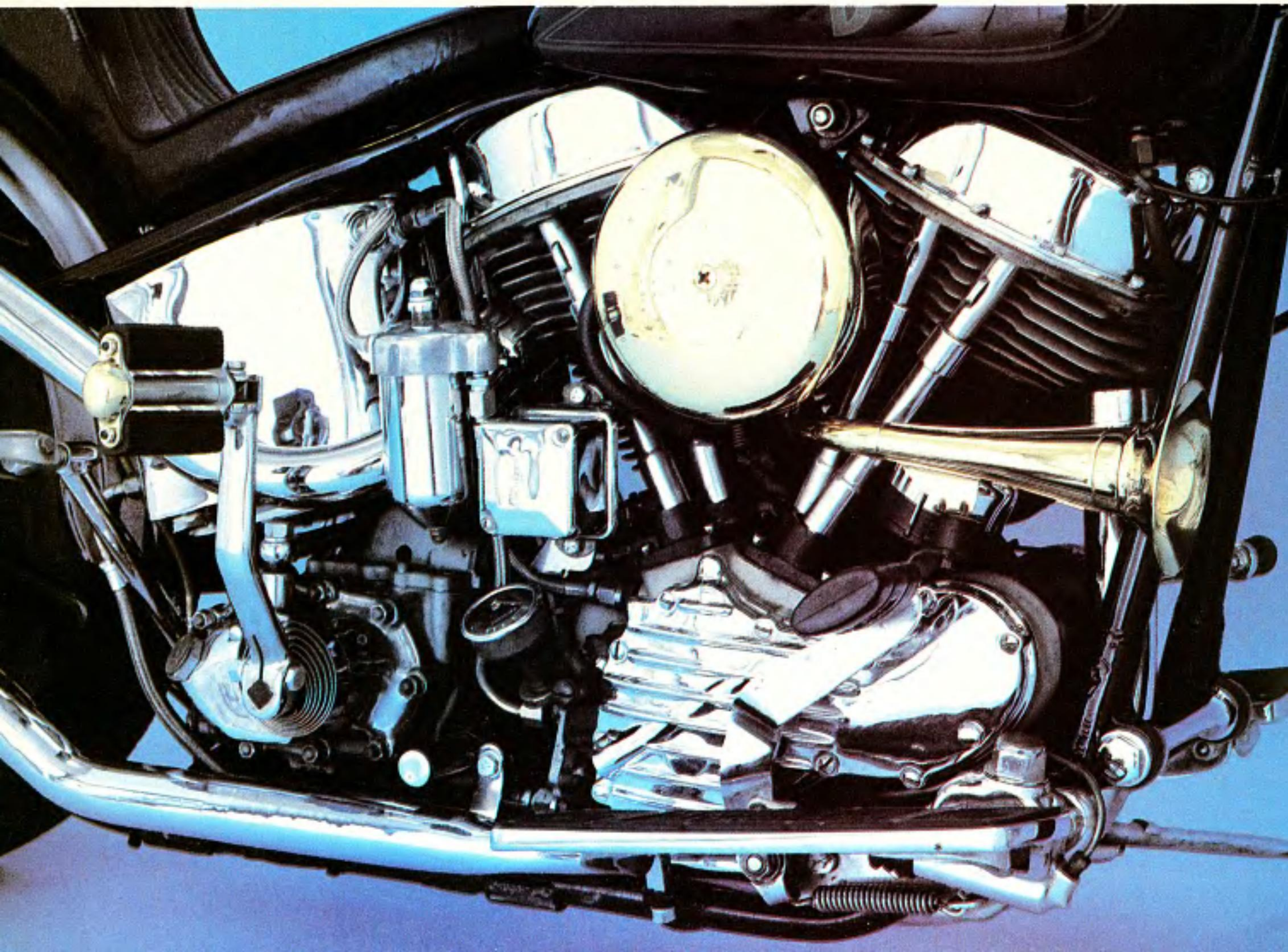


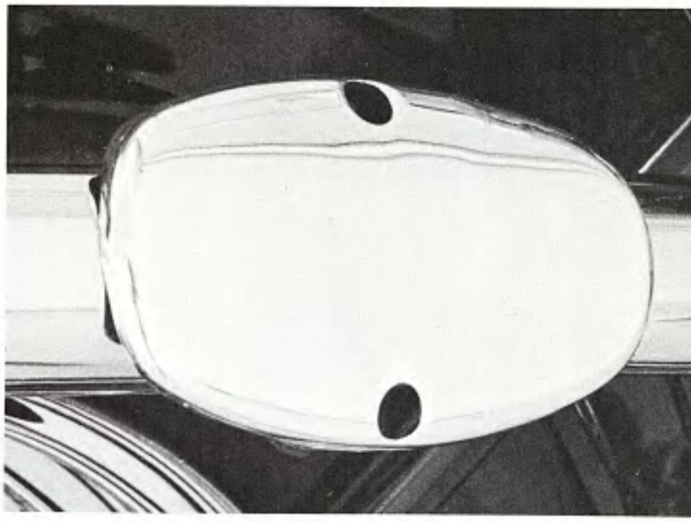
Seven years ago we celebrated the 200th birthday of the land of milk, honeys and Harleys. Among the hoopla of fireworks, "Bicentennial Minutes" on the tube, and various other festivities, there was also a magnificent event called "Operation Sail."

Maybe you remember seein' it on TV — schooners and clippers, even a square-rigger or two, sailing majestically past that great lady Liberty into New York harbor.

They came from all over the world, the greatest assemblage of ships under sail since the days of Admiral Nelson or somebody like that. A gathering of nautical giants, paying homage to a world long past — a world of style, grace and craftsmanship the likes of which we won't be seein' again.

Which is what this "bicentennial special" panhead is all



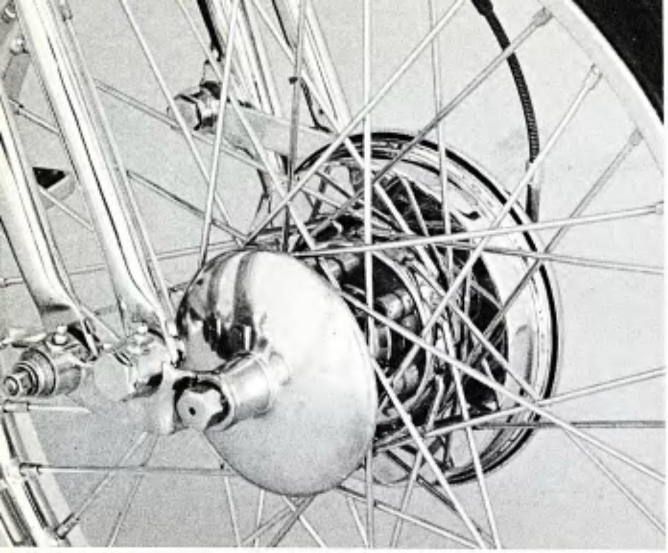


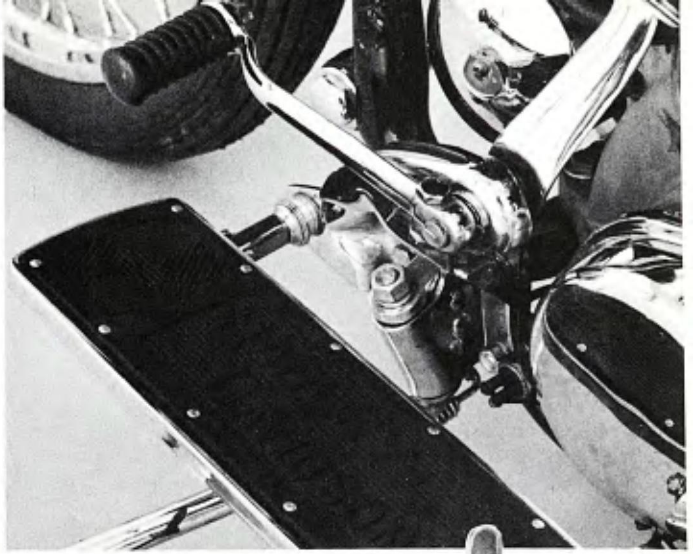
about. From the classic, graceful arc of its apehangers to the sweep of its fishtails, this scooter is a tribute to the early days of modern bikerdom, to the days of footboards and bugle horns, black paint and chromed springers.

"I call it a bicentennial special," Bruce says, "because I got it back in 1976 and decided to do something that would reflect both the heritage of the bike — a '52 pan — and the history of the country.

"I started adding brass, which was used a lot during the Revolution, and I embedded a bunch of bicentennial coins on the bike in different places, like on the tranny filler plug.

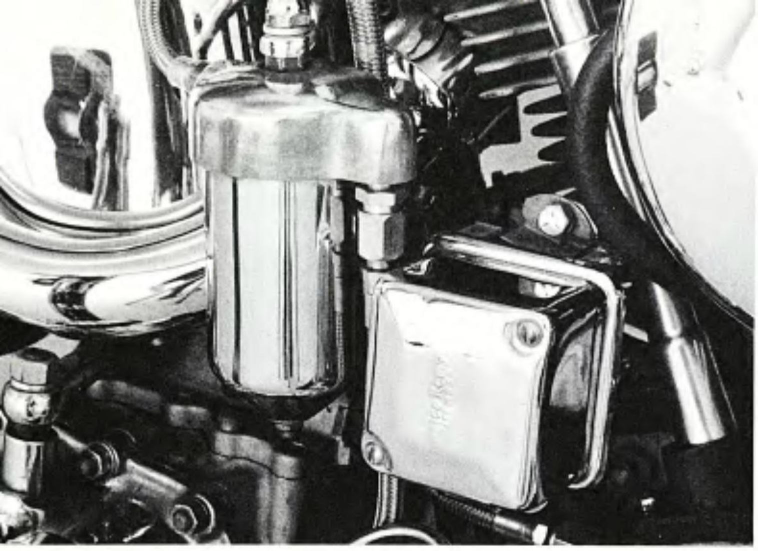
"It's turned into a kinda nostalgic bike, just like the bicentennial celebration was a nostalgic event. A lot of old bikers, real bike people who've been in it all their lives, really seem to relate to it. They come up to me when I'm getting' on or off it and start tellin' me about the rides they used to





Photos by Pete Chiodo

Owner: Bruce Bowhay	**City:** Rancho Cucamonga, Calif.	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: Paul Wheeler	Year: 1957	
Year and make: 1957 H-D	Builder: H-D	
Model: FL	Type: straight bar	
Value: a lot	Rake: none	
Assembly by: Paul Wheeler	Stretch: stock	
Time: 3 months	Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: Paughco	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: half-apes	
Year: 1952	Risers: 4-in. Paughco	
Model: FL	Fender(s): fatbob	
Rebuilder: Williams Motors/Van Nuys	Headlight: 1941 Indian	
Ignition: points and coil	Taillight: Lucas	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.	Speedo: police special	
Lower end: stock	Front pegs: 1936 running boards	
Balancing: yes	Rear pegs: aluminum	
Pistons: .030 over	Electrics: 6-volt	
Cases: stock	Gas tank: 3½-gal.	
Heads: panheads	Oil tank: H-D horseshoe	
Cam(s): H	Oil system: stock oil filter	
Lifters: solids	Primary cover: diamond	
Carb(s): Bendix	Seat: So. Cal. Seats	
Air cleaner: brass-plated	Sissybar: Gary Bang	
Pipes: upsweeps	Height: 24 in.	
Muffler(s): fishtails	Material: 5/8-in. round stock	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: Andrews 1st	Type: springer	
Year: 1956	Extension: none	
Shifting: foot/eliminator	Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt drive	Special features: dampener	
Trans sprocket: 24	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 51	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 21 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: none	Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Class and Color	Rim width: 2 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: black	Tire: Avon	Tire: Gdyr.
Type: lacquer	Brake: drum	Brake: mech. drum
Special paint: polyurethane		
Other special modifications: bugle horn, rear hub cap, frame stabilizer bar, brass by Astro.		



have 30 years ago when this was the hot setup in bikin'."

Another old-timer who could probably relate to this particular scoot would be that old rabble-rouser, Paul Revere. Revere, you may recall, was America's first master silver, brass and copper worker. He forged, flattened and hammered out implements and utensils so well-made that those that haven't been lost are still in serviceable condition today. Revere would've loved this bike, with all that gleaming brass and chrome. Shit, can ya imagine him doin' wheelies through New England, bellowing, "The British are coming!"?

'Course, he'd have needed a police bullhorn to make himself heard over the rumble and roar comin' out of those fishtails, and hard as it may be for you to believe — those of you who've spent a lifetime hearing, "You, on the motorcycle, pull over to the shoulder and dismount," — police bullhorns hadn't been invented back in those days. Maybe that's why he used a horse.

— Perfesser Prune

"From out of the crowd of onlookers came a familiar form, moving lightning-fast and dead-set on a particular target."

OL' KNUCKLEHEAD

The first time I met ol' Knuck was down in Tucson, Arizona, at a biker bar called The Bashful Bandit. I was sitting at the bar, sippin' on a Budweiser, when in walked this mangy-looking fucker — honestly, bros, he looked more dead than alive. One of the brothers, name of Hoot, saw me staring and gave me a nudge with his elbow. "Shine that fucker on, Silver," he warned me quietly.

"Why?"

"'Cause he's a lost cause and all he does is bum beer."

Roger laughed and joined the conversation. "Don't pay no attention to Hooter. He's pissed 'cause he offered the fucker a Coors and got turned down flat! Two seconds later, someone gave him a Budweiser and that he accepted. I guess that really hurt ol' Hooter's feelings!"

Hoot's smile faded from his face rapidly. As the mangy dude made his way toward us, Hoot added angrily, "Ain't my fault that asshole don't know a good beer when he tastes it!"

About this time, Frank, owner of the Bandit, shot out from behind the bar and charged the dude, shouting obscenities as he closed the distance between them. "You raggedy sonuvabitch, Knucklehead, get your bummin' ass outta here!"

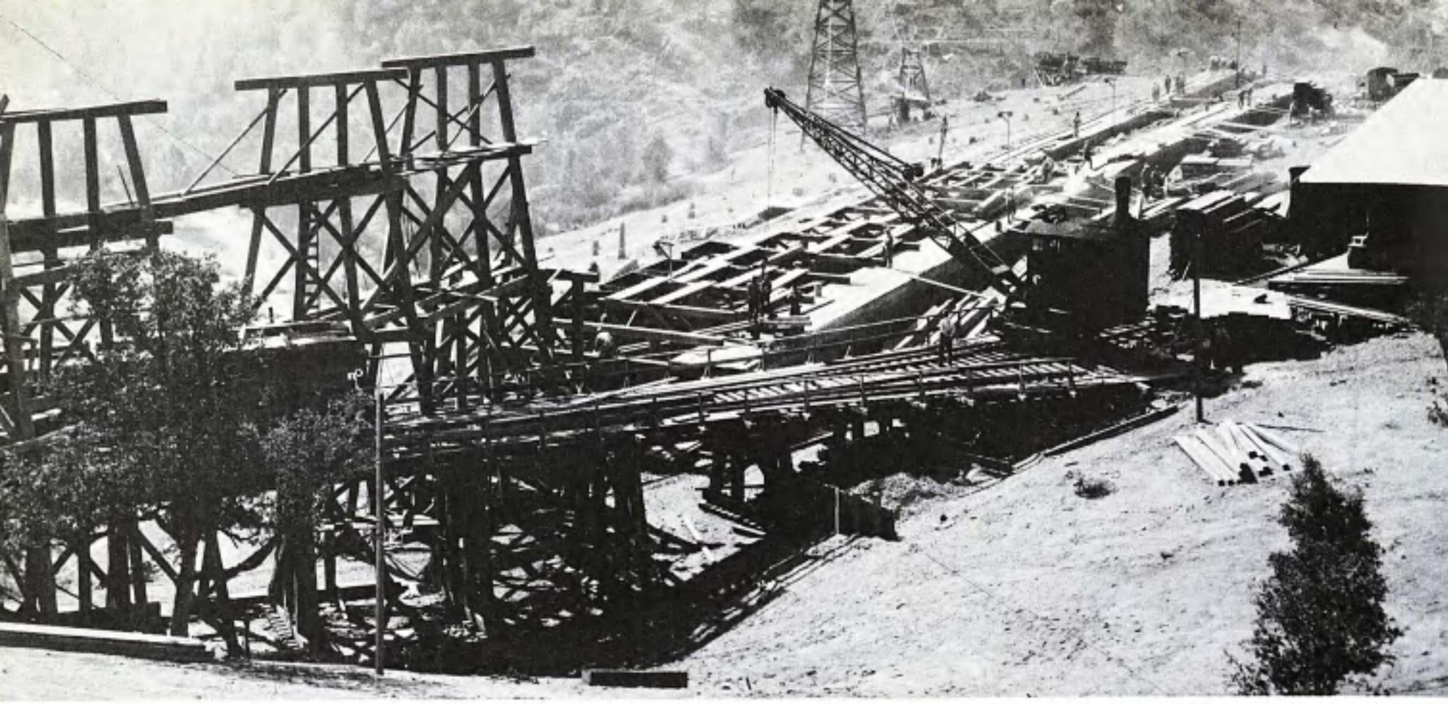
Now ol' Knuck may have looked like death warmed over, but slow he was not. Quicker than it takes a biker to pinch a virgin tit, he had spun around and was out the front door, without once ever lookin' back!

As Frank returned to his original position behind the bar, I heard him mutter, "If that damn Knucklehead shows up here again, I swear to God, I'll blow his head off!" Everyone laughed 'cause Frank was known as one helluva nice dude, and hearing talk like that from him on any occasion was really a rarity.

Later that night, when I was about half-smashed, I bought a six-pack to go and headed for my old Chevy truck. It had been raining like hell all night, so I'd played it safe and left my scoot at the pad. Drunk as I was, I crossed the parking lot quickly, jerked open the truck's door, threw the sixer inside and slid behind the wheel — after managing to get soaked only halfway to the bone. Bein' a sharp fucker,

Continued on page 121

BY SILVER

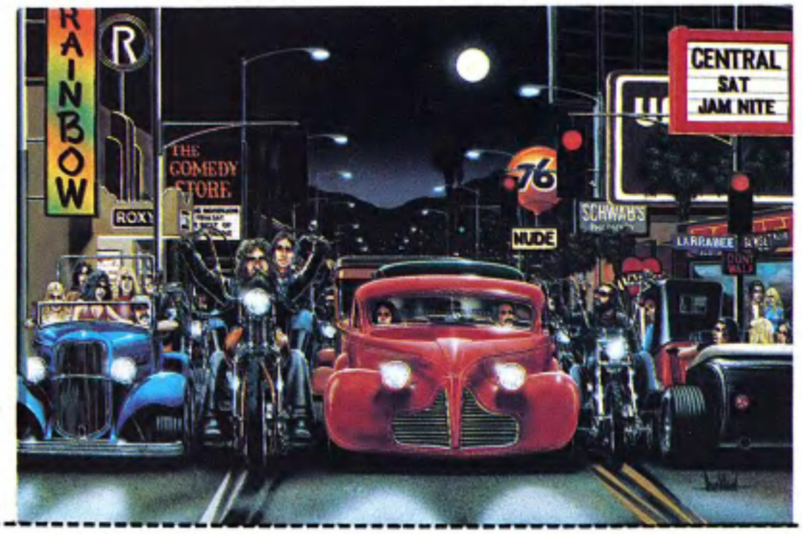


WHO FARTED?

What happened? There were a hundred guys workin' this job a minute ago. Maybe it wasn't the stink of a herd of gassy dogs what drove 'em off, maybe they just hightailed down to the post office to take advantage of the greatest subscription offer in the history of this rag. For a limited time you can save $8 on a 12-issue subscription ($15 on a 24-issue sub) and get a free, personally autographed Dave Mann poster.

Think of it — for just $16 measly bucks you get a year's worth of ER *and* an autographed copy of Mann's "Sunset Blvd." We'll even pay the postage on your order; just slip it in the envelope inserted next to this page and drop it in a mailbox. Better order today, though, 'cause we're runnin' out of posters fast (Mann's signin' hand's gettin' tired, too). Besides you can buy a lot of beans for $8.

Free, Signed Dave Mann Poster! Act Now!



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Easyriders Magazine
Box 1050, Agoura, California 91301

121

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______

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Reagan hikes import bike tariffs to aid H-D;

White House aides stunned by massive support

In response to overwhelming public demand — including thousands of "Save Harley" ballots (ER #119) sent to us by you readers and personally forwarded to the White House by Sen. Robert Kasten — President Reagan has moved to prevent Japanese manufacturers from unfairly competing in the U.S. market.

In accepting an International Trade Commission finding that H-D has been severely hurt by unfair competition from the Japanese firms, Reagan noted that those firms have raised their U.S. inventories to "twice their normal level," thus destabilizing the entire cycle market.

"Import relief in this case is consistent with the national interest," Reagan added, in a message to Congress.

Under the sanctions imposed by Reagan, the Japanese manufacturers will have to pay increased import duties on most heavyweight (over 700cc) bikes for the next five years. For the first year the extra tariff (on top of the 4.4 percent tax currently imposed) will be 45 percent of the price the *importer* pays for the bikes. In succeeding years the additional tariff drops to 35, 20, 15, and 10 percent.

In Milwaukee, Harley officials were overjoyed at the President's action.

"I'm totally delighted," company chairman Vaughn Beals told the press. "This is a clear statement by Reagan that free trade has to be fair trade."

Company public relations chief Bob Klein was equally ecstatic. "This gives us the five-year breathing space we need to go ahead with our development plans and our new models," Klein said.

Klein also made it clear that the President might not have taken action had not the biking community rallied to Harley-Davidson's support.

"Vaughn Beals took petitions (circulated at Harley shops) containing 54,125 signatures to some people in the White House and they were stunned," Klein said. "We thought they were used to seeing that kind of response on major issues, but apparently they're not. I also understand from some folks in Senator Kasten's office that they were equally impressed by the amount of support your readers showed."

Though Harley has been granted some relief, it still has a rough road ahead of it. For one thing, the new tariffs do not apply to the huge number of unsold import bikes already in the country. Also, the first 6,000 heavyweights imported from Japan each model year (going up 1,000 per year for the five years) are also exempt from the tariffs.

Most serious obstacle to the success of the tariff program, however, is the exemption from the new taxes of bikes built in Japan but partially assembled in America. Honda and Kawasaki currently have assembly plants in the U.S. and the Honda plant in Ohio, a Commerce Department spokesman told ER, could easily be geared up to assemble 60,000 bikes a year. In fact, certain cynics suggest, the new tariffs could very well wind up hurting Yamaha and Suzuki, which don't have plants here, more than they help Harley.

Easynews

"If it's of interest to bikers, we'll print it."

Victory in Wyoming! Bye-bye, buckets!

Backed by an innovative and extensive lobbying campaign (page 46, June ER), Wyoming bikers have finally gotten the weight of mandatory, so-called "safety" helmets off their shoulders.

Under the repeal bill, which was sponsored by Rep. Joe Stewart in the House and Sen. Tom Kinnison in the Senate, riders and passengers over 18 will no longer be required to wear buckets in Wyoming as of May 26. Helmets are still required for those 18 and under.

The victory, which came after the legislature had considered and rejected three other repeal bills introduced over the past several years, was not an easy one.

Among the major factors influencing the legislators this time around were the results of several studies showing that repeal states have better safety records than states that still have lid laws.

A particularly telling report was a Motorcycle Industry Council survey which found that the repeal states surrounding Wyoming — North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Idaho and Montana — all have fewer motorcycle-fatalities-per-motorcycle-accident than Wyoming.

During debate on the bill, Sen. Cal Taggert noted that there is no law requiring protective gear for bathers despite the fact that more accidents occur in bathtubs than on bikes.

"If you're concerned about injuries," Taggert noted, "you had better not get in the bathtub. The only thing this bill is about is freedom of choice."

Opponents of repeal, realizing that their chances of halting passage were almost nil, attempted to dilute the effectiveness of the measure with a series of amendments designed to punish helmetless riders injured in an accident. Among these amendments, none of which was passed, was one which would have made it illegal for lidless riders injured in a crash to get state medical or welfare payments.

Another proposal would have made it impossible for a helmetless rider to recover damages from the insurance company of the person responsible for causing the accident.

H-D rejects Japanese 'help'

Harley-Davidson has indignantly rejected a Japanese offer of financial and technical assistance, calling the plan a "direct attempt" by the Japanese manufacturers to "head off Reagan administration support" for increased import duties on Japanese heavyweight bikes (page 26, ER #119).

Under the proposal by the Japanese Ministry of International Trade and Industry, Honda would have provided "technical help" of an undisclosed nature to H-D, while Yamaha and Suzuki would have bought part of Harley's unsold inventory.

In rejecting the offer, H-D Chairman Vaughn Beals noted that the Milwaukee firm, unlike its Asian competitors, has no excessive inventory. As for the so-called technical assistance, Beals said, "the Japanese have offered technical assistance that we do not need. . .many motorcycle experts consider our motorcycles every bit as good, and often better, than anything offered from overseas."

Bikin' lady who never quit makes heaven run

She first threw a leg over a Harley back in the twenties and she took her last, long run on a 74 — 400 miles from her home in Fruitport, Michigan, to a Motor Maids Parade in Columbus, Ohio — a few years ago at the age of 76.

So next time you're at the local pub, lift one in honor of Gay Raymond, a true bikin' pioneer who recently left these roads for the highways in the sky.

Gay Raymond was not an ordinary lady biker, putting around town on a little two-stroke. In 50 years of active biking, she never rode anything but Harleys — she and her husband Dan, an early hillclimb expert, opened the first H-D dealership in Muskegon, Michigan, way back around 1919 — and considered a good run something that was figured in hundreds and thousands of miles, not tens.

Like most bike people, Gay Raymond rode both with groups — her long association with the Motor Maids — and solo.

"I've seen everything from Yellowstone Park and the Painted Desert to buffalo herds and snake and alligator farms from the seat of my Harley," she once said. And, whenever the spirit moved her, she'd get back in the wind and see more.

Convinced that a biker is never alone as long as he or she has a bike, Gay made numerous cross-country trips — many of them before the creation of the Interstate Highway System — and most of them solo. And if you don't believe 7,421 solo miles on a Hog (her longest run) is a good defintion of hardcore, you need a new edition of the Biker's Dictionary.

Even after the Ohio run that she had termed her last "long" putt, Gay continued riding on. Heading for a meet in Canada, a while after her so-called retirement from distance riding, she patiently explained to a local reporter that she was not going back on her word.

"Oh," she said. "That's not that far, only about 225 miles or so. I can still make that. Like I've said before, as long as I can still get my leg over the machine, I'll be riding.

"Just the thought of this trip made my backache go away."

'Bowed' biker shows cagers meaning of respect

The old biker adage, "the good we do is never remembered; the bad we do is never forgotten" is no exception to the rule that there is an exception to every rule.

A powerful example of this was recently presented in a column by nationally syndicated newspaper writer Lewis Grizzard. The gist of his column was that nobody pays any respect to the dead anymore, that cage drivers no longer pull over to let funeral processions go by, that society as a whole, is, to quote Grizzard, "too busy, in too much of a hurry, to stop for a few moments to honor, if not the dead, those left with the grief."

The column concluded with a letter Grizzard received from a reader in Georgia who recently rode in a funeral procession. The letter ended:

"In the entire trip from the funeral home to the burial site, I saw only one person show any respect. Pulled to the side of the road, at the entrance to the church, was a rough-looking, bearded young man wearing a leather jacket.

"He was standing, helmet removed and tucked under his arm, his long hair blowing in the wind, facing the slow-moving line of funeral cars. His head was bowed as he stood by his huge, black Harley-Davidson motorcycle, paying his last respects to the stranger in the hearse."

Respect — so often overlooked by straights, so important to bikers. Thanks, Lewis Grizzard, to you and your reader in Georgia, for giving the world this glimpse of the *man* behind the long hair and leathers.

Fort Ord bros gettin' to be a colorful-lookin' bunch

Looks like bikin' GIs at Fort Ord, in California, are going to be lookin' a lot like Cinderella's carriage — after it turned back into a pumpkin.

Under new regulations, Fort Ord bikers, who previously could wear any kind of protective clothing or rain gear they can now use rain suits only if they are "high visibility orange or yellow."

And since the regulations also require that riders get back in "proper" uniform immediately after getting off their bikes, God help the sniveler who says, "To hell with it, I'm not gonna look like no pumpkin. I'll just ride without a rainsuit and who cares if the ol' dress blues get soakin' wet."

Needless to say, mandatory use of helmets while on the post, or on official business off the post, are still required under the new regs. Why not? As we all learned when we were kids, a jack-o'-lantern without a proper lid ain't no good at all.

Join the Organization for Street Bikers

National Abate
P.O. Box 162062
Sacramento, Ca. 95816

It is **National Abate's** goal to provide a common ground on which you can unite to provide for you, the concerned motorcyclist, a loud and strong voice against mandatory motorcycle laws.

It is also **National Abate's** goal to bring together all the motorcycle enthusiasts in your area who are seeking Brotherhood and wishing to belong to a fraternal organization.

National Abate is dedicated to you, the motorcycle enthusiast.

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☐ **National Abate** membership and favorite organization, $10.00
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Name, nickname, or mark ______
Address, P.O. Box or G.D. ______
City ______
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Thanks for not giving up—We never will.

Heading to Wisconsin? Beware big-eared cops

The anguished cries of bike riders may soon drown out the rumble of bike exhausts in Appleton, Wis.

Seems the Appleton forces of law-and-order recently got themselves some decibel meters, and like all kids with new toys, couldn't wait to start playing with them. So they hit the streets and began pulling bikes over for random noise checks — the only problem is that virtually no bikes passed.

According to the EPA , you see, bikes should not produce more than an 86-decibel reading on the noise meters, and almost every bike tested by the Appleton police was putting out a lot more volume than that. The reason? The EPA standard calls for placing decibel meters 15 feet from the exhaust being tested; the Appleton police were measuring the noise level from *20 inches* away!

Acting on behalf of the local Harley dealer (and all local riders), the American Motorcyclist Association (AMA) contacted the EPA, and an EPA expert contacted the Appleton police to inform them of the correct testing procedure.

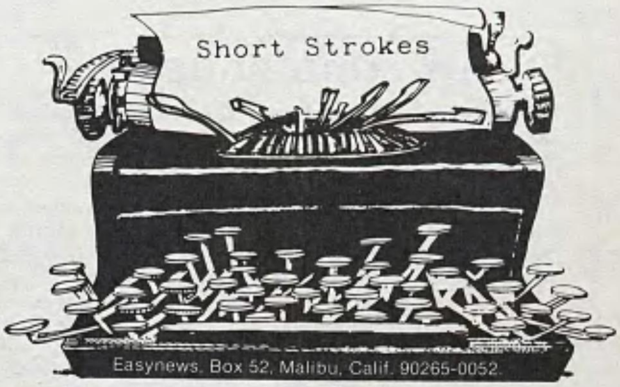
The police nodded, smiled and declared they couldn't test from a 15-foot distance. So they decided to continue to measure the sound from 20 inches away, but to raise the allowable noise level to 95 decibels.

Guess what? You're right — everyone flunked again, which didn't surprise local bikers too much. You see, the accepted noise standard for measurements taken at 20 inches is *99 decibels.*

As we went to press, the AMA and other cycle groups were still trying to convince the Appleton police to stop making shouts out of whispers.

U.S. / Canadian Motorcycle Laws	Special License	Helmet	Eye Guards	Lights on 24-hours
Alabama	No	Yes	No	No
Alaska	Yes	Yes[1]	Yes	No
Arizona	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	No
Arkansas	Yes	Yes	Yes[3]	Yes
California	Yes	No	No	Yes[6]
Colorado	Yes	No	Yes[3]	No
Connecticut	Yes	No	Yes	No
Delaware	Yes	Yes[1-4]	Yes[3]	No
Florida	No	Yes	Yes	Yes
Georgia	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Hawaii	Yes	Yes[2-4]	Yes	No
Idaho	No	Yes[2]	No	No
Illinois	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Indiana	Yes	No	No	Yes
Iowa	Yes	No	No	Yes[6]
Kansas	Yes	No[3,11]	Yes	No[11]
Kentucky	Yes	Yes	Yes[3]	No
Louisiana	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Maine	Yes	No	No	Yes
Maryland	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	No
Massachusetts	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Michigan	Yes	Yes	Yes[7]	No
Minnesota	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	Yes
Mississippi	No	Yes	No	No
Missouri	Yes	Yes	No	No
Montana	Yes	Yes[2]	No	Yes
Nebraska	Yes	No	No	No
Nevada	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
New Hampshire	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	No
New Jersey	Yes	Yes[4]	Yes	Yes[6]
New Mexico	Yes	Yes[2-4]	Yes	No
New York	Yes	Yes[4]	Yes	Yes
North Carolina	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
North Dakota	Yes	Yes[2-4]	No	No
Ohio	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	No
Oklahoma	No	Yes[2]	Yes	No
Oregon	Yes	Yes[2]	No	Yes
Pennsylvania	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Rhode Island	Yes	No	Yes[3]	No
South Carolina	Yes	No[9]	No	Yes
South Dakota	Yes	No	Yes	No
Tennessee	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Texas	Yes	Yes[2-4]	No	No
Utah	Yes	Yes[2-8]	No	No
Vermont	Yes	Yes[4]	Yes	No
Virginia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Washington	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
West Virginia	No	Yes[4]	Yes	Yes
Wisconsin	Yes	Yes[1]	Yes	Yes
Wyoming	Yes	Yes[1]	No	Yes
District of Columbia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Alberta	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
British Columbia	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Manitoba	Yes	No	No	No
New Brunswick	Yes	Yes	No	No
Newfoundland	Yes	Yes	Yes[3]	No
Northwest Territories	No	Yes	No	No
Nova Scotia	Yes	Yes	No	*
Ontario	Yes	Yes	No	Yes[8]
Prince Edward Island	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Quebec	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Saskatchewan	Yes	Yes	Yes[3]	No
Yukon	Yes	Yes	No	No

1-Under 19. 2-Under 18. 3-Required even if bike has windscreen. 4-Helmet must be reflectorized. 6-Lights on if bike is made after 1977. 7-Required for speeds above 35 mph. 8-Bikes of 1970 or newer. 9-If over 21. 10-Except drivers under 17 and passengers. 11-Certain cities may require lights. 12-Passengers must wear helmets. *Lights must be on 24 hours if equipped with auto-on wiring by factory. This chart is accurate as we go to press — but keep in mind that laws are constantly changing. Send information on new laws in your area to Easynews Editor, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.



Slippery-when-wet highway arrows in Virginia will be replaced, the state highway department claims. The **treacherous markers** have been **blamed** for a number of bike accidents. . .A bill that would have required **mandatory helmets** for South Dakota riders is stuck in committee and hopefully, **dead**, at least for this legislative session.

"I don't see it as an **embarrassing** thing," a Lynchburg, Va., police officer told the press after a fully equipped **police bike** was **swiped** from his home. P.S. The reason the bike was parked at his home is that the Lynchburg PD has a policy against keeping their two bikes at the station house, for fear they'll be — you guessed it — ripped off. . .ABATE of **Tennessee** has found a sponsor for its **helmet law** repeal bill. For information, write ABATE of Tennessee, Box 9271, Chattanooga, Tenn. 37412.

The Northwest Iowa Motorcycle Enthusiasts will hold their Fourth Annual **MDA Benefit Run** July 16, in Sibley, Iowa. Highlight will be the **raffling of** a new **Hog.** For more info, write Val, at 215 Fourth Ave., Sibley, Iowa 51249, or call (712) 754-3778. . .The U.S. Postal Service will issue a **stamp commemorating motorcycles** on October 10. The five-cent postage piece will feature a drawing of a Pope.

ABATE of Maryland will hold its **annual party** on July 9. For the details, write to Box 1733, Annapolis, Md. . . .The United **Sidecar** Association will be getting it on July 23-26 in Lake Tahoe, Calif. For more **info,** send a scribe to 'em at 1310 Gold Rush Way, Penryn, Calif., or call (916) 663-2201. . . .Gov. Robert D. Orr of Indiana has officially **proclaimed** June 19-26 **Motorcycle** Safety and Awareness **Week.** ABATE of Indiana was instrumental in getting the proclamation issued.

A bill now making its way through the New York legislature would require **insurance** companies to offer cycle riders the **option** of buying personal injury insurance. Currently, it is impossible for bikers in N.Y. and many other states to get such coverage. . .Yamaha is studying the feasibility of building a **motorcycle plant** in the U.S. . . .A helmet law **repeal bill** has apparently **died** in Michigan. . .ABATE of Long Island is planning a **toy run** for July 24. Wanna do some good and have some fun? Contact ABATE of L.I., Box 26, Westbury, N.Y. 11590, or call EL at (516) 286-2456.

And finally, a San Francisco man was paid a total of \$210,000 by two insurance companies to compensate him for the loss of his left foot in a bike crash. Only thing was, the **crash never happened.** Actually, the dude got two friends to perform the amputation with a hatchet. The incident happened three years ago, but the insurance companies just figured it out a few months back. **According to the cops,** it's doubtful the companies will be able to recover the money. According to Mutha, it's even more doubtful that the dude will get his foot back.

Art contest begins

For the second year in a row, ABATE of Oregon is sponsoring a calendar art contest — and this time, you're gonna be able to preview the winnin' selections right here in *Easyriders.*

Entries, which must be postmarked by September 1, 1983, must be of bikes, bikers or bike-related events, and rendered in pen, pencil, or pen-and-ink. According to the sponsors, if possible, entries should be 8½-in. by 11 in. and drawn horizontally. Other sizes will be considered, but if they are selected, they will have to be cut to fit the calendar.

The 1984 calendar, which will feature the 14 best entries — as selected by members of ABATE of Douglas County — will be sold to raise funds to lobby *against* a proposed mandatory helmet law and *for* a motorcycle safety education bill.

Winners will have their entries published in *Easyriders* (and be paid at our regular rates), and will win a free membership in ABATE of Oregon, a copy of the calendar and a subscription to *Easyriders.*

This is a great opportunity for those of you with artistic talent to have your work seen by fellow bikers across the country, and it's also a good chance to help a bunch of hard-workin' brothers and sisters try to make their state a better place for all bikers — locals and visitors.

So, what are ya waitin' for? Grab that pen and start drawin'. To enter, or to get more info, float a kite to ART CONTEST, ABATE of Douglas County, Box 61, Roseburg, Oregon 97470.

Here's a recipe for strife, his probation officer is his wife

In a way, it's too bad vaudeville is dead; this story could be made into a classic by one of those old-time comedians who started each story with, "A funny thing happened on the way to. . ."

Well, maybe it isn't so funny to bike mechanic Kevin Rocke, but his wife and bros find it kind of amusing. Rocke, it seems, was puttin' down the road on his way to take a test for a school-bus driver's license. A local gendarme stopped him and gave him a ticket for failing to stay within marked lanes.

Rocke thought the charge was a bum rap and went to court, but the judge agreed with the cop and fined Rocke $100 for the offense and put him on probation for a year. The probation officer? None other than Rocke's wife.

In giving Bonnie Rocke — who is not, you understand, really a p.o., except as regards her husband — the right to regulate her spouse's biking activities, Judge Benjamin Apkin delivered a stern lecture on her responsibility as her husband's keeper.

"After all," the judge asked her, "you wouldn't want to be a young widow, and you wouldn't want to have two fatherless kids, would you?"

"I was flabbergasted," Rocke said outside of court. "I'm a motorcycle mechanic, so I'll have to ask her permission before I can even move a bike around the garage.

"I don't dare risk an argument with her," he added. "She might turn me in.

"It's lucky we get along okay, otherwise it would be difficult living with my p.o."

Puttin' Pole rides Hog through Iron Curtain

When AMF's advertising agency dubbed Harley-Davidson the "Great American Freedom Machine," they had no idea how accurate that label was.

Andrzej Kasprszak could certainly tell them.

Kasprszak, a 30-year-old former resident of Warsaw, Poland, recently rode his Harley through the Iron Curtain — to freedom and eventual asylum in Canada.

According to Kasprszak, he faced double harassment by Poland's Communist bosses because he was a member of both the Solidarity Labor Union and a Warsaw motorcycle club. "Capitalists made my motorcycle," he said after his escape. "And the state saw it as a symbol of capitalism."

Among the harassments Kasprszak and his fellow bikers suffered was being followed and threatened by the police and having their club house broken into and ransacked by government agents.

After dodging the border police on his Hog, Kasprszak managed to get on a small ferry bound from the Baltic port of Stetim to Sweden. From there, he sailed to Canada.

Arriving in Montreal, the broke biker (Polish money is worthless outside the Iron Curtain) was quickly welcomed by fellow bikers, who helped him get settled and find a job as a printer.

"It's a very close group," says the puttin' Pole of his new Canadian bros. "They were very good to me."

County workers win right to use bikes while on job

After three years of lawsuits, hearings and protests, three public employees in Solano County, California, have finally won the right to use their bikes while on county business.

The case began in 1980 when the county board of supervisors banned the use of bikes by county workers on official business because, according to county personnel director Donald Benedetti, using bikes causes "unnecessary risks" to employees.

Acting on behalf of the three employees, the county employees' union filed suit against the county and won a favorable ruling in superior court. The county appealed and was ultimately shot down by the state Court of Appeals

Bowing to the inevitable, the supervisors decided not to push their appeal any further and voted to allow the three workers back in the wind.

According to one of the victorious employees, Dennis Yen, the county spent about $7,000 to press a case that could have been settled "informally, clearly, and to everyone's satisfaction."

Photo from Wide World

TECHNICAL ASSISTANCE? — No, it's not the Japanese Army Corps of Motorcycle Engineers riding to the rescue of a foreign competitor (see H-D rejects Japanese 'help', page 43). Actually, the ragtag bunch of desperados you see above are the cracked motorsickle troops of the Assaholla Khomeni ready to battle against invading Iraqi troops and tanks in southern Iran.

Miraculous Mutha Tells All

Keep On Keepin' On

I need to ask a question and I want no bullshit, because this really means a lot to me.

I'm in love with this biker and I think he loves me, too, but right now he's goin' with this other girl and they don't get along. I told him to get rid of her or get fucked, and he told me to act like his friend until he gets rid of her. What should I do?

Bam's Broad
Pahrump, Nev.

• Wait there in the whorehouse till he sends for ya.

Degreased

Is it true you douche with sulfuric acid to burn out all that Korean gonorrhea?

Wasatch Willie
Salt Lake City, Utah

• Only the Roto-Rooter man knows for sure.

Kid Stuff

I'm a 17-year-old bro and my problem is that the bros I hung out with split and went their own way. They said they were gettin' too old to be fuckin' around. But I said "Fuck you" to all of them. I want to party and fuck around till I'm dead and free.

Nowadays I hang around with my brother and his bros, but they seem not to want me around 'cause I'm too young. I don't understand it, 'cause I'm down for anything and everything. I can party most of 'em under the table.

What should I do? Stop bikin' or become a lone wolf?

F.T.W. Kid
Cleveland, Ohio

• Would ya settle for bein' a mostly alone pup? Quit alternately snivelin' and braggin' an' grow up.

Coulda Been Me

I was just transferred to this work farm. The first day I got here I smelled the most rank and prurient smell I have ever smelled in my life. I looked over at my cellie and said, "There is only one thing in the world that can smell that bad. And that is the cum-soaked pussy of that sweet slut, Mutha."

He said I was wrong, that the smell was comin' from a hog farm. So, to set things right up here, tell me true. Did you have your pussy flappin' in the wind on 1-27-83?

R.S.
Jefferson City, Mo.

• No, but I might have farted.

Some Exchange

I thought we could try something different than the old humdrum letter exchange. I was thinking along the lines of a panty exchange (soiled, of course). I have one masterpiece — it dates back to a '49 Studebaker. Not only is it covered with my boyfriend's passion, but it also has some memorable red stains from the night my bubble burst.

If you will send me one of your more horrendous, smelly crotch covers, I will send you my masterpiece. If you've got the fuckin' balls to print this, I'll send you a personalized piece of Charmin that I wiped my nasty smellin' crinkle hole with!

Colleen
Vineland, N.J.

• I'd send ya one of my horrendous, smelly crotch covers but I'm too busy bein' drilled for oil (or is that bein' oiled for drillin'?).

Wannabe's Wallin'

I love Harleys, but I don't own one right now. After I'm out of the service I'm going to get one because I'll have the money then. One of my friends said that Harley'll be out of business by then.

Is this bullshit or fact?

I do own a Harley wallet, a jeans jacket with a bunch of Harley patches and a kick-ass belt buckle with a death's head on it. I've got two Harley shirts — one says "Ride To Live" on it — and I will eventually get more.

I live in Fort Madison, Iowa. I don't know if you know where that is, but you probably do. When you send me your picture, will you sign it so my friends don't think I ripped it off a wall somewhere? I'd like 'em to believe we're really tight.

Jerry
Fort Madison, Iowa

• I don't think Harley's goin' out of business, but if they ever do, you'll be the best-dressed wannabe at the funeral.

Keepin' Clean

I was talkin' to Spider and he said that when he gets done workin' on his bike and his hands are all greasy, he just gets down and starts finger-fuckin' you and his hands come clean immediately.

I think that's fuckin' fantastic and I've got a business proposition for you. You hike your ass over here and drape your pussy over this two-speed washin' machine agitator I got and we'll go in the laundry business. Whaddya say, partner?

Hard Rider
Buffalo, N.Y.

• It not only cleans his hands, it alters his fingerprints, too.

Seein' Red

Me and a friend are doin' time. We were sitting in a cell bullshitting and got to thinking about you. What we were wondering is what it would be like to go scuba diving in your pussy while you're on the rag?

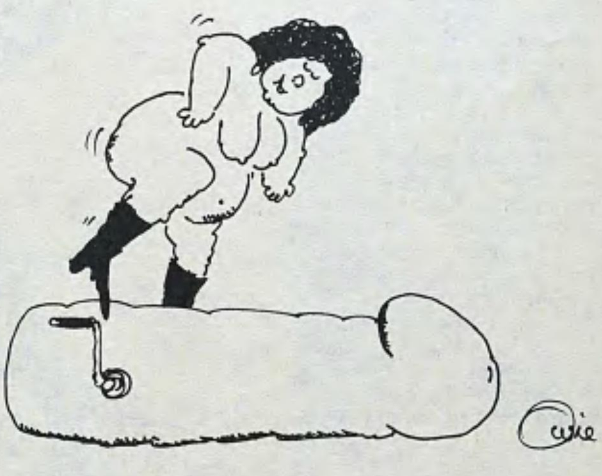
Lee & Deese
Shelton, Wash.

• Ask Moses; he parted the Red Sea.

Send your problems or questions home to MUTHA, c/o *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052. Send a stamped, self-addressed return envelope (#10 business size is best), if you want a picture of Mutha. ■

Passin' Gas

Everybody likes a good laugh. Sometimes ya'll even find one on these pages. If ya don't, yer bound to run into a solid groaner or two — and they're almost as good. Whatda hell, ya pays yer money and ya takes yer chances. Read 'em and weep or read 'em and roar — it's up to you. Think ya kin do better? Prove it. Whip out yer best stuff (not yer meat!), and slip it to us. We'll pay $25 for every groovy newy or moldy oldie we use. Send yer smilers to Jokes, c/o *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.



This broad got raped and was telling the cops her story. The desk sergeant asked her what the rapist looked like.

"I don't know," she replied, "but he was from Texas."

"Was he tall, short, black, white, Mexican, what?"

"I don't know, but he was from Texas."

"Did you see him at all?"

"No, but he was from Texas!"

"If you didn't see him at all, how do you know he was from Texas?"

"He had an eight-inch belt buckle and a four-inch pecker!"

—Gary Valeriano
Wichita, Kan.

"Are you da guy wit da termites?"

A chick was eyeing a guy in a singles bar when he walked up to her and asked, "Say, do you come here often?"

Her eyes immediately moved to the floor. Looking up she finally replied, "Why do you ask? I don't see a puddle!"

—John Littlefoot
Wichita, Kan.

The two chicks were talking about the good ol' days of their childhood when one asked the other, "Did you ever play with jacks?"

"Sure," her friend replied, "and with Tommy's and with Joe's and with Michael's. . ."

—Nails
Simi Valley, Calif.

A local biker has discovered a great way to get a girl to go to bed with him. He tells the girl that he'll name her as beneficiary on a fifty-thousand-dollar life-insurance policy — with double indemnity if he fucks himself to death.

—McDuff
Lancaster, Calif.

With a sigh, the husband put down the suitcase and gazed at the departing train. "Susan," he said, "if you hadn't taken so long to pack, we could have been on that train!"

"I know," said his wife, "but if you hadn't rushed me so much, we wouldn't have to wait so long for the next one!"

—Viking
Schaumburg, Ill.

"Why can't you change the fuckin' channel like a normal person?"

A foxy ol' lady picked up the ringing phone and discovered an obscene caller on the line.

"Baby," the caller panted, "if you can guess what I have in my hand, you can have it."

"Listen, buster," the ol' lady answered, "if you can hold it in one hand, I don't want it!"

—Short One
Mason City, Iowa

John: Sally had three bananas. If she ate one and stuck one in her pussy, what did she do with the other one?
Bill: I don't know, but she ain't shit in a week.

—Silo
Georgetown, Pa.

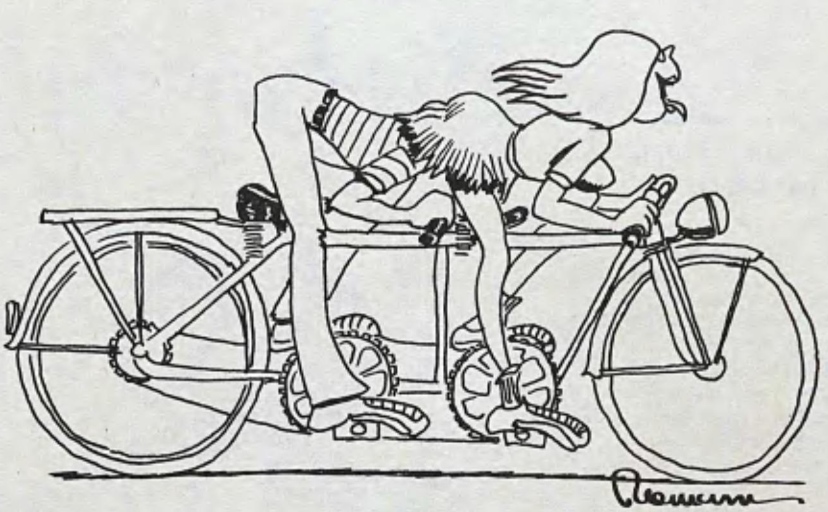
The constant hardon sported by the new member of the nudist colony was causing some grumbling among the older members, so the secretary of the colony had a word with the newcomer. "But I don't wear a watch and it's how I tell time," he protested. "Look," he continued, striking a pose north to south, "it works just like a pointer on a sundial. See, it's exactly eleven-thirty."

"But it's not," said the secretary, glancing at her watch. "It's nearly eleven-forty."

"Oh, hell!" exclaimed the fellow, as he began jacking off furiously. "The damn thing is slow again!"

—Big Carl
Demming, N.M.

Easyriders



Easyriders

This asshole sergeant had all of his new recruits out on the hot parade field, naked as the day they were born. He was inspecting them as they stood at attention, when he deliberately stomped on one recruit's toe and then asked, "Did that hurt?"

The new jarhead said, "No, Sir!"

"Why not?"

"Sir! Because I'm a Marine, Sir!"

The sergeant then picked out another guy, and using his rifle to hit him in the belly, asked, "Did that hurt?"

"No, Sir!"

"Why not?"

"Sir! Because I'm a Marine, Sir!"

Then the sergeant spotted this guy with a hardon sticking out about nine inches, walked over and hit him on the cock with his riding crop. "Did that hurt?"

"No, Sir!"

"Why not?"

"Because it belongs to the guy behind me, Sir!"

—David Lackey
Brentwood, Calif.

An old prospector had been living the solitary, celibate life demanded of his occupation. One day, however, when out with his mule, nature got the better of him and he found himself in need of sexual relief.

Stumbling upon a log cabin in a clearing, the old-timer spotted a convenient knothole at just the right level. He was disturbed when the cabin door opened and he was confronted by an enormous, bearded farmer.

"Excuse me," said the farmer, "you'd better come and do that from the inside. My wife and I were just about to sit down for dinner!"

—Roger Sadauskas
Inglewood, Calif.

Working for the Salvation Army is really easy for a woman. All she has to do is stand on a street corner and shake her can.

—M.G. Krebbs
Spokane, Wash.

An old bikin' couple was sitting on a park bench when they heard a girl in the bushes say, "Hal, take off your glasses — you're hurting me!"

Suspecting what was going on, the old couple moved closer. As they eagerly listened to the movements in the bushes, they heard the girl exclaim, "Hal, put your glasses back on — you're eating the grass!"

—Wasted
Rome, Italy

Three bikers were walking down a country road after a long putt when they spotted a pig stuck in a fence with its behind facing them.

The first biker said, "I sure wish that was Marilyn Monroe stuck in the fence that way."

The second biker said, "I wish that was Jayne Mansfield."

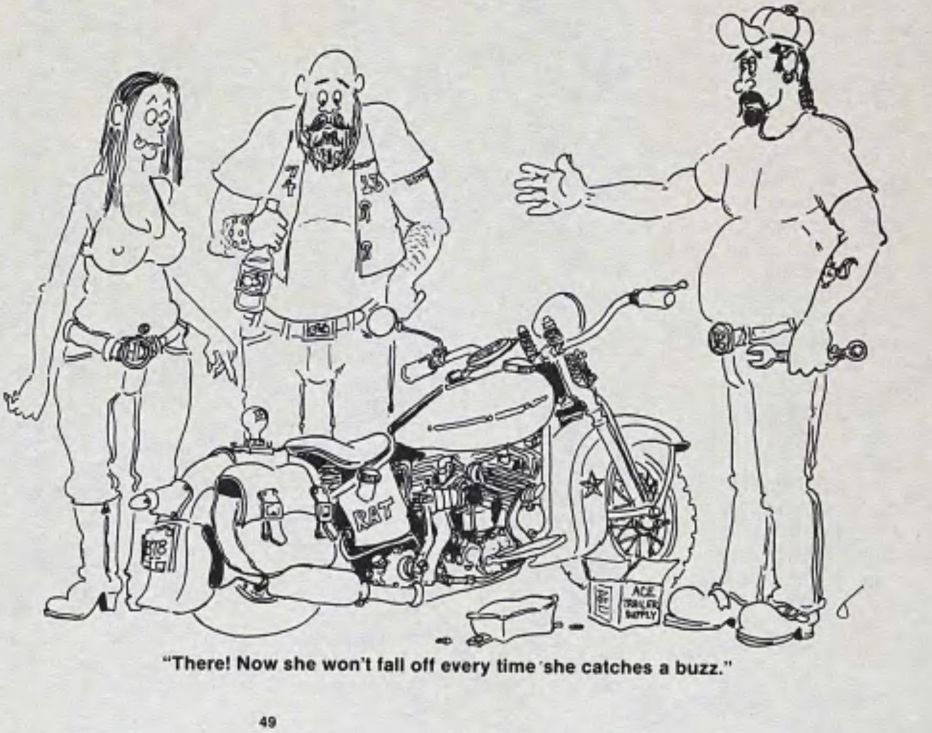
The third, with his tongue hanging out, said, "I wish it was dark!"

—Molly Swinson
Excelsior, Minn.

One biker to the other: "My ol' lady came from such a small town that the only thing open all night was her legs."

—Mike
Boston, Mass.

Easyriders



"There! Now she won't fall off every time she catches a buzz."

Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile For Cancer

Some of Cancer's favorite things are feeding his face, farting, fucking, counting the cracks in his feces, finding fault with his friends and flipping 'em the fickle finger of fate.

Cancers are one-way — theirs! Don't try to change 'em or they'll just crawl into their shells and pinch you on the ass.

Even though Cancers are a tad touchy and easy to piss off, they have a great sense of humor: (Mel Brooks, Gilda Radner and Milton Berle); are good with the bucks: (John D. Rockefeller); advice: (Ann Landers); never want to grow up: (Captain Kangaroo); or comb their hair: (Yul Brynner and Phyllis Diller).

Cancers are not usually the loner type. They need someone to fuck with and dump on. For all Cancers' faults, they are reliable, loyal, generous and fun to party with. They can be patient until their testicles sag, if it's worth the wait. They will always return a favor and never forget one.

Cancers are hot and juicy in between the sheets and always refer to the stains in their ol' ladies' drawers as "clitty litter." They are into marathon humping and hole-hopping. They can also hold their breath for long periods of time while muff diving.

Cancers are prone to stomach problems, loose bowels and loose lips. They have a tendency to put on weight and retain fluids. Older Cancers acquire strange habits, such as soaking their cranks in buttermilk while waiting for the light to change or signing a traffic citation.

Remember, being a Cancer ain't easy. You gotta snivel a lot, put up with acid indigestion, burp till your eyes bulge, and search continuously for sympathy. Furthermore, they deserve it. Bros are always rippin' off their teddy bears. Don't you hate to see a grown man cry?

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)
You better mellow out before you sour a sweet deal you've got going; otherwise, you'll end up with your head up your ass. So unless you have an anal fetish or enjoy the view — straighten out your act. Think before you open your mouth and emit a stream of hot air. Use some of your wit to warm up someone who's given you the freeze.

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)
You're a tad slow at picking up signals now. Partners are putting out an SOS while you're shining it on. Wise up before you catch a flare up the poop chute. You're so out of it you think "boogie fever" is a nose infection, and you're too laid-back to wipe your own ass. Wake up before you find some dingle berries growing on your bush!

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)
This month finds you with a bad case of the blahs. You're so droopy your dick's draggin' the dirt, leavin' a telltale trail. Getting drugged out will only make it worse. What you need now is some pussy power (or the peter patrol) to perk you up and take the load off. Pole-vault or putt your way outta your downer attitudes. Get out and shake a leg — or whatever!

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)
Your birthday bonus comes in double doses. Someone could give you the gift that keeps on giving. So watch where you're waving your magic wand. Play it safe; ask for a blow to go. Let some horny honey savor the sweat on your summer set. Suck up the suds, shoot the shit and shine on shaky situations. Spend more time in the sack.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)
Someone without class is hot after your ass and it's not for a good time. A chickenshit incident lays a real goose egg and gives you something to crow about. Stuff this turkey with a knuckle sandwich before he gobbles up your goodies or gives 'em away. Don't cut 'im any slack or shortchange yourself. You deserve a break!

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)
This month you can take your lumps and like it. Lady Luck is sitting on your face, especially if a change of scene is on your agenda. Long-distance contacts could put the seal of approval on an important deal and arm you with some much-needed financial ammunition. Just be sure it's a long-range plan and not a get-rich-quick scheme.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)
You can finally put job pressures into the proper perspective — if you punch in on time, instead of punching out your boss. Smooth out some wrinkles at work and reap the rewards you're really worth. A little humble pie never hurt anyone and can sure fill up those empty holes and hold you till the main meal. Hang in for the homestretch.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)
You're too busy tossing your bone at every twat you see, and just not taking care of biz lately. Every horny hump puts you deeper in hock. Best get your mind off the mattress before you're financially fucked. Reach a happy (horny) medium and you can have your piece and eat it, too. Slow down before you bottom out!

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)
Things are lookin' up for you. Your ol' lady is spending more time on her knees, on her back, and bent over the kitchen sink. You haven't seen so many positions since the circus came to town. Enjoy now and pay later — when the pussy power puts the bite on you! Either way, you get fucked, but sometimes it's worth the way-lay.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)
Right now you may be carrying more than your share of an agreement. If so, take your foot outta your mouth and put it where it'll do the most good — in your partner's butt. You might have to put it in writing to get the lead out. Face it — friendship, family and finances don't mix. Before it leads to a feud, cut 'er short, or at least legal.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)
Resist the temptation to get back into a situation you've already shitcanned (at least for now). Push-and-shove pressure tactics will backfire and blow up in your mug. Stick to the tried and true, or one that's already purring in your pocket. Next month is a better time to put your methods into motion. For now, coast a while.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)
Some on-the-job sexual harassment blows your mind. Some fresh filly's trying to twist your knob or score on the floor. Hot flashes in the head keep you too hard to handle. The tables are turned and you can't take it. If you don't want to throw this dog your bone, or leave paw prints on her pussy, put your tail between your legs and howl for help. ■

DOWNTIME

by The Austin Animal

For the First Time Anywhere/Buddy Holly: Rockabilly is undergoing one of its periodic "revivals" these days. The Stray Cats are in the forefront of the current rockabilly resurgence with a couple of hits ("Rock This Town" and "Stray Cat Strut") already under their belts, and the likelihood of more to follow. While the '50s image projected by the Stray Cats sometimes seems a mite contrived, their music works, and that's what really counts.

Every ten years or so, it seems, a new generation of pop music fans "rediscovers" the "roots" of rock and roll. This is doubtless a healthy process, indicating the power of that early music and its timeless influence on new musicians and listeners. Regardless of what you think of the Stray Cats and their ilk,

if you love that authentic rockabilly sound, you have cause to be thankful for the current "revival," if for no other reason than that more and more record companies are searching their archives for material to reissue. And some is primo stuff.

One of the best of these rockabilly reissues is **For the First Time Anywhere,** a ten-song compilation of music recorded by Buddy Holly and the Crickets between 1955 and 1958 but never released until now. For any Holly fan, the album is a genuine feast, containing such treats as the original (slower) version of "Maybe Baby," should-have-been-hits like "I'm Gonna set My Foot Down," and Chuck Berry's classic "Brown-Eyed Handsome Man." Moreover, the sound is better than any Holly recording issued since "The Chirping Crickets" came out on Brunswick Records in 1958. The clarity, the unmuddled purity, of sound on this record is the consequence of the diligent efforts of a guy named Steve Hoffman, who's head of reissues at MCA Records.

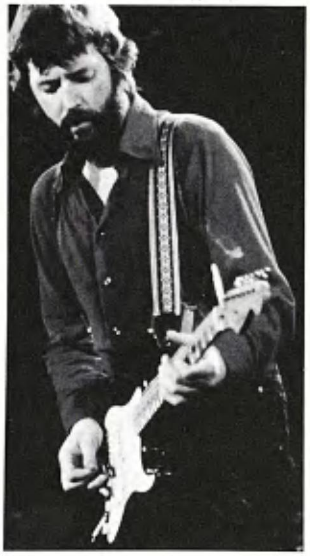
Way back in 1957, Holly was already disgusted with the way Nashville producers insisted on screwing up the sound he was trying to achieve (the same problem, incidentally, that caused Willie Nelson to abandon Nashville for Austin many years later). Desiring more control over his own material, Holly went out to Norman Petty's small New Mexico studio to record some tunes free of outside interference. Unfortunately, when Petty released this material after Holly's death in 1959, he, too, doctored them by adding overdubs of the Fireballs. Later, MCA managed to lose the original masters and began mastering new albums from old ones, resulting in steadily deteriorating fidelity.

Finally, when the best the company could come up with were 18th generation tapes, Hoffman set about trying to locate those lost originals. Six months later, in an obscure corner of a warehouse on the Universal Studios backlot, he found all of Holly's original oxide masters.

The first batch of reissued music from those originals appears on **For the First Time Anywhere**, and it's great stuff. Don Guess's upright bass thumps through the speakers with rip-snorting clarity while Sonny Curtis provides both lead and rhythm work on guitar. And Holly, of course, is in a class by himself, coming through with a power and vividness that makes you realize that state-of-the-art rockabilly is over a quarter of a century old and not likely to be surpassed no matter how often it's rediscovered by new fans.

Blue Suede Shoes and **Original Golden Hits/Carl Perkins:** If your appetite for vintage rockabilly isn't completely satisfied by the Buddy Holly reissue, check out these re-pressings emanating from venerable Sun Records, the Memphis label that almost single-handedly launched the rock revolution. **Blue Suede Shoes** and **Original Golden Hits** give you a knockout cross-section of Carl Perkins's best work, from "Blue Suede Shoes" itself to "Right String but the Wrong Yo-Yo," to tunes re-popularized by the Beatles like "Honey Don't," "Matchbox," and "Everybody's Trying to Be My Baby."

Carl Perkins was never a star of the same magnitude as his fellow stablemates at Sun, like Elvis and Jerry Lee, but he might have been, except for a near-fatal car crash in 1956. By the time he had recovered, his career was slumping and he never went on to achieve the fame that might otherwise have been his. Be that as it may, Perkins remains to this day (he's still performing) a remarkably talented guitar player and the author of some of the best rockabilly lyrics ever: *Rave on, children, I'm with ya/Rave on, cats, he cried/It's almost dawn and the cops are gone/ So let's all get Dixie fried!*



Money and Cigarettes/Eric Clapton: This is a solid, competent release from Clapton, though side one is markedly superior to side two. For the most part, the second side features pleasant but unmemorable numbers, with the exception of "Crazy Country Hop," an old Johnny Otis tune whose "hand jive" heritage shines through Clapton's conservative treatment.

Continued on page 106

LOCKDOWN

by Boomer

The law, in its majestic equality, forbids the rich as well as the poor to sleep under bridges, to beg in the streets and to steal bread. —*Anatole France*

Supreme Court Chief Justice Warren E. Burger has stepped up his campaign for the creation of a special commission to establish a national policy on corrections.

Prison issues "particularly during times of rapidly increasing prisoner populations and prison overcrowding, can no longer remain confined to one level of government or one segment of society," Burger said in a recent report to Congress.

"State, local and federal authorities must focus on these problems and, in concert — within the framework of Federalism — develop a national correctional policy to deal with them," the justice stated.

Though Burger has a reputation for being a conservative, his opinions on corrections are generally a lot more progressive than those of many so-called liberal public officials. In his report to Congress, he maintained a moderate approach while reiterating his support for expanding prisoners' work and education opportunities.

"I am bound to repeat what I have pressed for many years," he said. "Every correctional institution must be made a combined educational and production institution — a school and factory with fences. Archaic attitudes and obsolete statutes limiting the sale and transportation of prison-made goods must be changed or we will continue the melancholy business of releasing inmates less fit to resume private life than before conviction."

Burger came out strongly in support of better training for prison guards, contending that "one of the grave weaknesses of our prisons has been the lack of training of guards and attendants who have hourly eyeball-to-eyeball contact with prisoners." Prison riots and other violent acts committed behind bars are often caused by untrained, inexperienced guards who "are not able to cope with inmates," the Chief Justice added.

In his message to Congress, Burger noted that mandatory sentencing bills and other so-called war-on-crime legislation in many states "may well enlarge the prisoner population and lead to more prison explosions." Giving impact to this speculation, Burger noted that the number of people incarcerated in the United States has doubled in the last ten years.

In an attempt to come to grips with this continuously increasing problem, Burger said, he intends to ask Congress to establish a "National Commission on Corrections Practices, to review these matters and propose remedial programs.

"Only extreme conditions warrant judicial intervention in this area," Burger noted, "but some conditions are extreme."

NEWS, KITES AND DECISIONS

Parole Palaver

A federal court has ruled that the U.S. Parole Commission cannot revoke an inmate's parole just because he didn't bare his soul and confess his sins during his parole hearing.

The decision came in a Texas case in which a newly paroled inmate was found to have offered a bribe to the warden of the Federal Correctional Institute in Fort Worth, Texas. The Parole Commission thereupon revoked the prisoner's parole on the grounds that he had failed to mention the bribery incident during his pre-release hearing before the parole board.

According to the court, the prisoner's right to conceal his misbehavior from the board was protected by the Fifth Amendment.

Tortora v. Petrovsky, 545 F. Supp. 569 (W.D. Missouri 1982)

Setback At Pontiac

A trial court decision ordering an end to double-celling at the Pontiac Correctional Center in Illinois has been overturned by a federal appeals court.

In allowing the double-celling to continue the appeals court cited the relatively low level of violence at Pontiac and the cleanliness of the 110-year-old institution.

About 900 of Pontiac's 1600 inmates live two to an approximately 60-square-foot cell. Many of them are forced to spend more than 20 hours a day in those cells.

Long Time Comin'

After thirteen years, the Arkansas prison conditions case, begun in 1969, was finally concluded last year when Chief Judge Eisele of the Federal District Court ruled that the state DOC had finally brought conditions throughout the system up to constitutional standards.

Finney v. Mabray, 546 F. Supp. 626 (E.D. Arkansas 1982)

Michigan Changes

A federal court has ordered the state of Michigan to terminate, or in some cases, modify a number of restrictive policies at the State Prison of Southern Michigan, the Marquette Branch Prison, and the Michigan State Reformatory.

The policies were all established in the wake of a series of 1981 prison disturbances and had never been rescinded, despite the prisons' having been back under officers' control for over 18 months.

Among the changes ordered by the court was the resumption of the same law library hours as those in effect before the disturbances. Also, prison officials planning to impose segregation or green-card status on an inmate, must now hold a hearing and give the inmate the chance to introduce evidence and call witnesses in his behalf.

The court also ordered the state to increase the amount of yard time at all three institutions and to end the practice of making the inmates walk to and from the showers naked.

Walker v. Johnson, 544 F. Supp. 345 (E.D. Michigan, 1982)

Bugging Trial Ordered

The California State Supreme Court has upheld the right of prisoners to sue a county sheriff over his policy of tape-recording visiting room coversations of inmates awaiting trial.

In the suit against San Mateo County Sheriff John R. McDonald, the prisoners claim that secretly recording their conversations to gather

Continued on page 105

NERVE-FORCE

YOUTH AND AGE

If a man could be born when he's old,
And gradually grow young,
The wisdom he'd gain and the lore he'd attain
Are not easily said or sung.
If I knew as much as my boy
Who is six times younger than I,
I'd have a sufficience of general omniscience,
Be finished and ready to die.
So a man might drink deeper, I hold,
And force out truth's obstinate bung,
If he could be born when he's old,
And gradually grow young.—*Fellowship.*

GOLD TEETH THE LATEST FAD. Fill your own teeth. A Gold-plated shell that fits any tooth. Easily adjusted; removed at will. Looks like regular dentists' work. Fools them all. Over two million sold. Everybody wants a gold tooth. Price 10 cents each, 4 for 25 cents, 12 for 50 cents. **C. K. FARGO, FRENCHTOWN, N.J.**

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Drunkard

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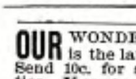

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Room 2318, Washington, D. C.
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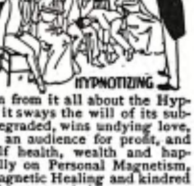

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Tech Tips

IN YOUR EAR

We have all been on bike runs and seen valve springs under calipers, bungee cords holding up calipers, and all sorts of homemade remedies concocted to help stop that squealing and rattling on the early disc-brake systems.

Initially, I tried out a whole assortment of remedies, mostly borrowed from what I saw. After several years and many dollars, I finally concluded that the caliper has to be braced on both ends, making it more or less solid instead of floating — but not totally solid. You want the caliper to move freely sideways, not up and down.

The object is to have the caliper up high enough so that when the bushings wear out, the caliper pins holding the pads don't drop on the rotor. If you've ever disassembled a caliper to replace the pads and noticed grooves in these pins, that's what's happening. It would certainly be advisable to correct the problem posthaste (immediately). It can make for a very dangerous situation if the caliper drops down too far and cuts these pins or grooves them. The ends of the pads could stick in these grooves or get cocked sideways.

That's what was happening to me, so I went to visit my old bro High Pockets. We got together and fixed my problem by welding an ear on the boomerang (caliper mounting bracket) and putting a bushing in it. We then drilled out the caliper half an inch to receive the replacement pin across from the hole it was originally designed to go into. Now, after two years and 46,000 miles, it's still hanging in there and doing its job.

I began by going to my local Harley-Davidson dealer and buying part number 44331-73. It's called a disc-brake caliper mounting-pin replacement kit, and it's made specifically to replace the older brass and fiber bushings in the boomerang. You also get a threaded pin (stud) that replaces the stock riveted one. The Harley factory, or maybe I should say A.M.F., apparently had plans along these lines because the backs of the late-'70s calipers have a hole almost through the casting. The earlier ones had a smaller web in that part of the casting.

Cut this out, glue to a piece of cardboard and use as a template for the weld-on ear.

The welded-on ear is made from 1/4-inch flat stock. A 39/64-inch (.6094) drill bit will be needed to drill the thick-wall round tubing for the bushing (inside diameter). A 7/8-inch drill bit will be needed for the outside diameter of the tubing or something less for a press fit, if a hydraulic press is handy.

The most important part of this operation is to make sure that everything is square. When drilling, make sure the bit isn't cocked to one side or the other, otherwise you'll have a sloppy fit. When welding the ear on the boomerang, weld one end first and then the other, to avoid getting it so hot that it will warp. It has to be perfectly flat so that the puck (piston) doesn't bind and lock up the brakes. The brake pads should slide on the brake pad pins straight and true. The round tubing holding the new stainless-steel bushing shouldn't stick out any more or less than the stock configuration. Only one pin on both ends of the caliper is really necessary; anything more than this is over-kill and not that beneficial. Check out the 1981 and 1982 systems and you'll see what I mean.

While I'm into it, the boomerangs on the earlier systems were thicker, so make sure you have the right one for your caliper. Okay, to put it simply, trace out your paper pattern on a piece of at least 1/4-inch steel plate (flat stock). Drill out the caliper with a 7/16-inch drill bit. Weld on the ear. Assemble on the bike, check for clearance, and make sure the rotor (disc) rotates freely. Hold up the caliper and wedge something between the top of the rotor and the bottom side of the caliper. Take a 7/16-inch drill, and from outside the caliper drill a starter hole into the ear. Disassemble, then take a 7/8-inch drill and drill out the ear. Press in 7/8-inch round

Photo by Rip

thick-wall tubing. Line it up with the stock side on the boomerang, then weld. Drill out the round stock with 39/64-inch drill bit. Press in the new stainless-steel bushing. Drill out the caliper with a 1/2-inch drill. Install the stud (pin) per instructions in the package. Sand and paint the boomerang or send it to a chrome shop. Go for it! You'll like it — and you can save some bucks, as well as your ass.

— Rip

STRIP SEARCH

Don't panic, we're not about ta ask ya to bend over an spread 'em. What this is, is a word search puzzle about strippers — you remember, the chicks who take their clothes off while you're waitin' for the barmaid to bring your beer.

Hidden in this puzzle are the same stripper-related items listed below. They may read forward, backward or diagonally, but they're all in a straight line. Letters may be used more than once, or not at all, and some words may overlap. The solution to the puzzle is on page 122. Miss fewer than five and yer ready ta bump 'n' grind with the best.

By Gregg Miller

```
X S P M O X U B O U N G R I N D R U
  B Y S T R I P P E R J I G G L E O P G
  J B T E L G G I W H T E K P N C B T A R
    F H A L G S T R I N G A I O N N E T N
    L J C I T R E V P E R P V S U M T I S
      Q O P A E U D S A P E C A O U K E P
      G F S U T H X D L R G T R B S N L
        T L D R U E E T P M E T E I I
        Q T E A T S E I T S A P I C W
          A S G O A P C R I M S A L E
          H T A S R I O U P A R O T G
            X B O O B S N A K E D E J
            A E S T I T J U E H I
              I L E N U D E U T S
              W G A G M T S P A R V
                G S L E M C E E I
                S E A S R I G F Z
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                  J V S M A R O
                    E T S U E
                    R O F A H
                      C O Z
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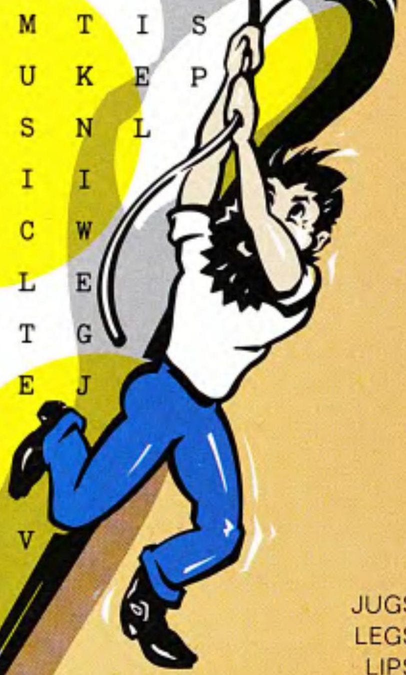

ASS
BOOBS
BOUNCER
BROADS
BUMP
BUTT
BUXOM
COSTUMES
COVER
EMCEE
FEATHERS
FUR
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GLITTER
GRIND
G-STRING
HIPS
HUMP
JIGGLE
JUGS
LEGS
LIPS
MAKE UP
MUSIC
NAKED
NIPPLES
NUDE
PARADE
PASTIES
REVEAL
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STRIPPER
TAUNT
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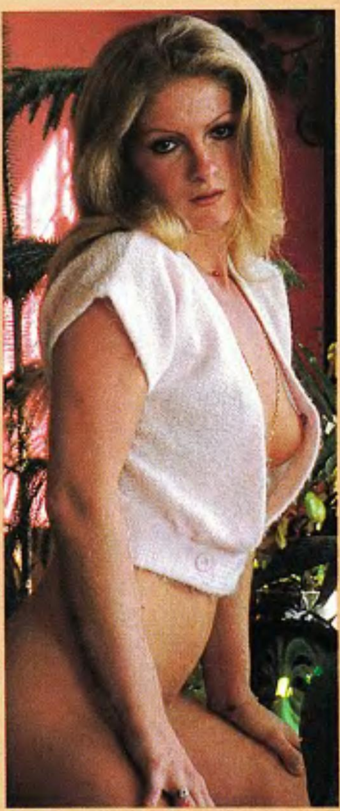
TEMPT
TITS
WIGGLE
WINK

Illustration by M. Foster

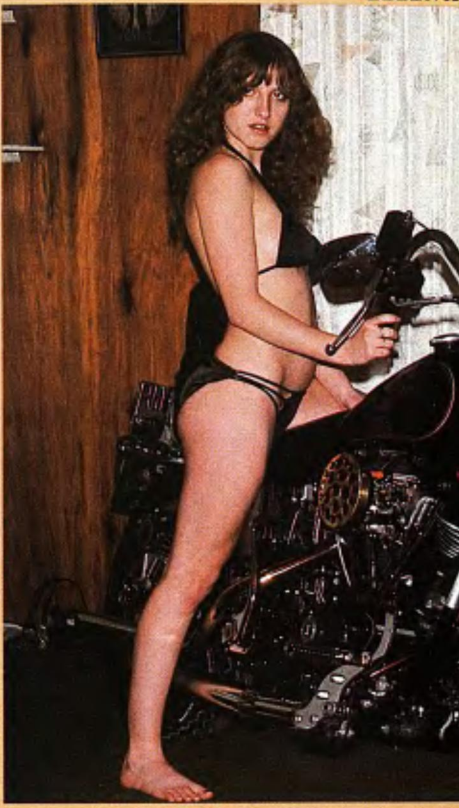
Ol' Lady Contest

PAULA



Here she is, folks — **P.J.**, the eleventh monthly winner in the 5th Annual *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Sandy, Goatman's Daughter, and Lisa.

ELLEN X



KATHY

ELLEN Y.

DYAN

Here's another crop of cuties in our Sixth Annual Ol' Lady of the Year Contest, tryin' to win the $1,000 grand prize.

Each month we publish as many photos of good technical quality — in focus and properly exposed — as space allows. You readers select the winners. Monthly winner gets $100 and runners-up each get $25, with the contributors gettin' $10. After twelve monthly winners have been picked, you vote again for the best of the twelve to be the *Easyriders* Ol' Lady of the Year.

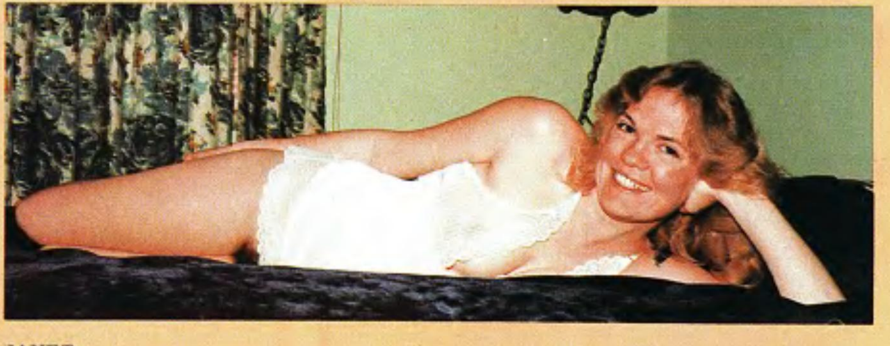
All entrants must be 18 or over, and the model release form on these pages must be completely filled out, signed in front of a notary, and sent along with the entry photos. Most banks and real estate offices have someone authorized to notarize documents. For a small fee (usually under a buck) they watch you sign it, look at your ID, and stamp the form, certifying that your signature is really yours. Entries without notarized releases cannot be used.

One last favor. In your own handwriting and in very few words (under 25, if possible) describe the type of man you like or dislike.

Photos must be black-and-white glossy prints or color slides —no color prints. Sorry, no photos can be returned; all entries become the property of *Easyriders*. Judges' decision is final. Vote now. The deadline for this month's contest is June 28th. We'll print the winner in the November issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope to #121 Ol' Lady Contest. *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California, 90265-0052. ■

KAREN

NANCY



JANET

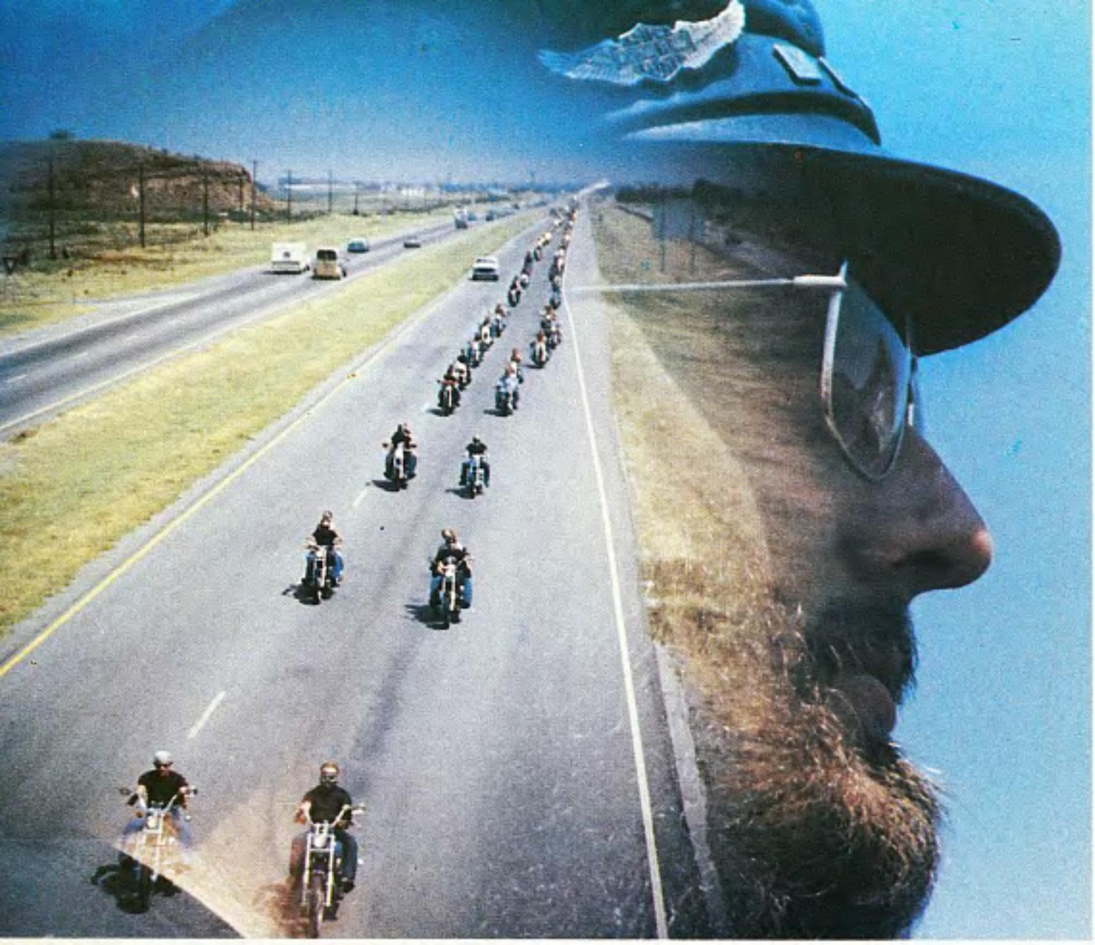
CATHI

Easyriders
Ol' Lady Contest
Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052

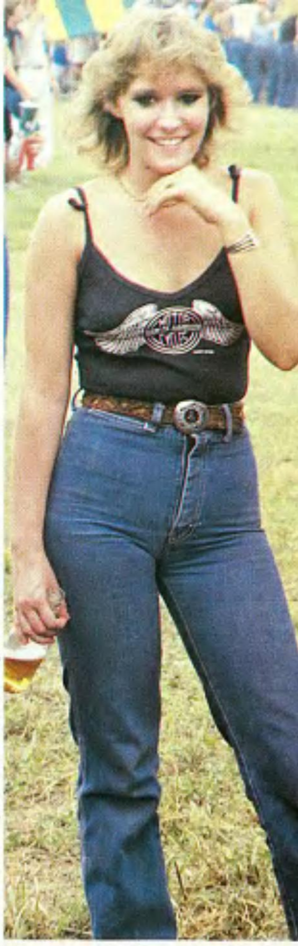
I hereby give *Easyriders* magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without using my name and to make changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age (18) and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Name ______
Model's Legal Signature ______
I am ____ years of age, born ______
Address ______
City ______
State ______ Zip ______
Phone ______
Photographer ______
Address ______
City ______
State ______ Zip ______
Witness to Signature ______

In 25 words or fewer, describe the type of man you like or don't like. Unfortunately, photos sent in without a *notarized* model release will have to be disqualified. All models must be 18 years of age or older.



— from Jimmy Bell, Oklahoma City, Okla.



— from Barry McGovern, Taylorville, Ill.

IN THE WIND

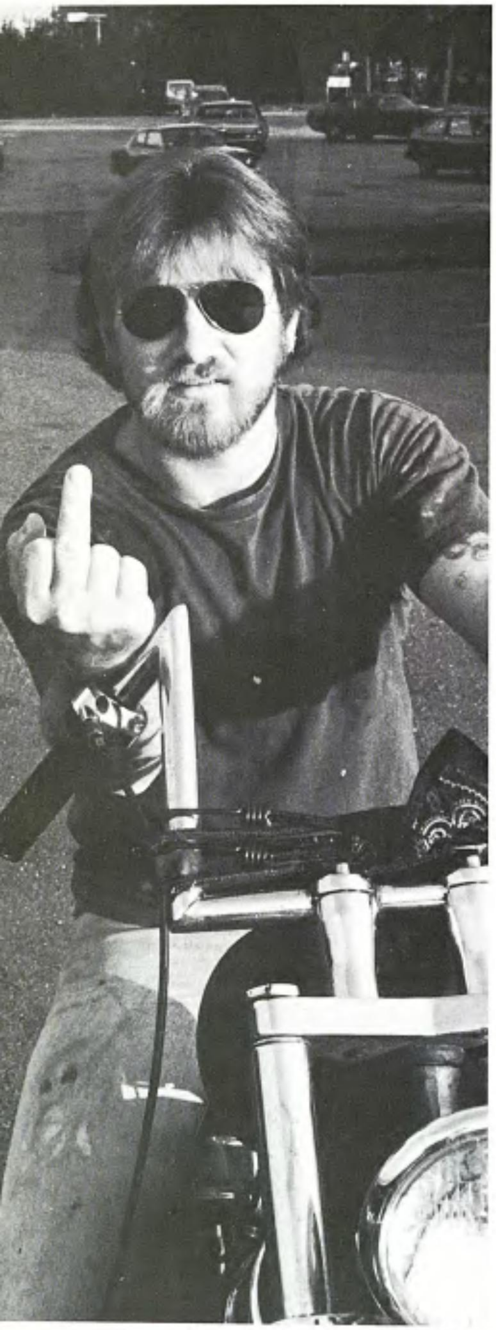
Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use color prints or

— from Crash, Las Vegas, Nev.

color negatives. We can use only good, in-focus, black-and-white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2¼ x 2¼) — nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff — these photos typify the fun, excitement, and freedom of biking. (Oh, yeah — we now pay $20 for every black-and-white photo we use and $35 for every color slide we use.) Send photos to *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.

— from Charlaine Lacroix, Calgary, Alberta

— from Sandy Amodt, Seattle, Wash.



— from Ed Casey, Western, Mass.

— from Don Bok, Daytona Beach, Fla.

— from P.T. Ross, Moon, Va.

— from Ron Schneider, Huntington Beach, Calif.

— from Juana DeWitt, St. Paul, Minn.

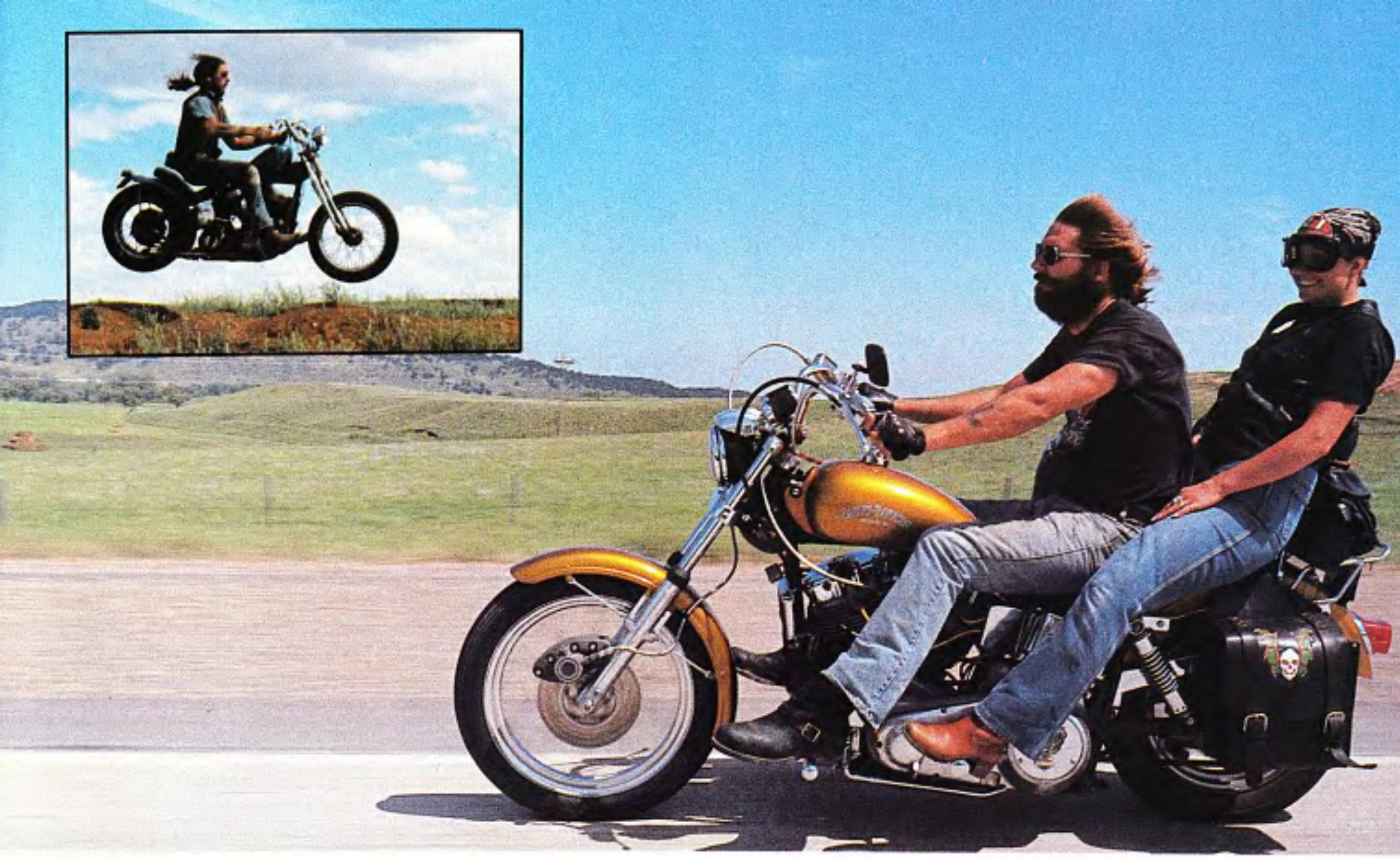
— from P.T. Ross, Moon, Va.

— from Ron Schneider, Huntington Beach, Calif.

— from Juana DeWitt, St. Paul, Minn.

— from ABATE of Oklahoma

— from Steve Hess, Walkersville, Md.

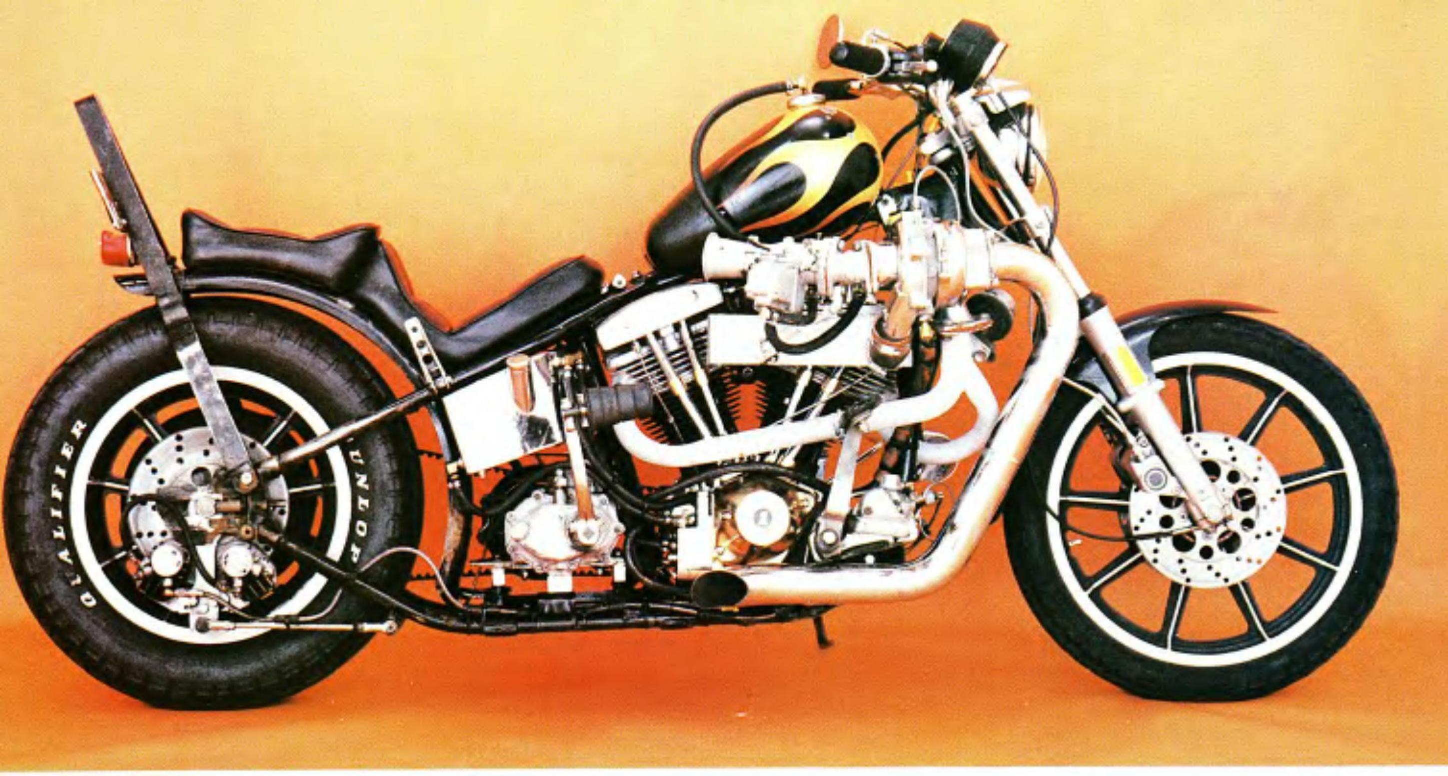


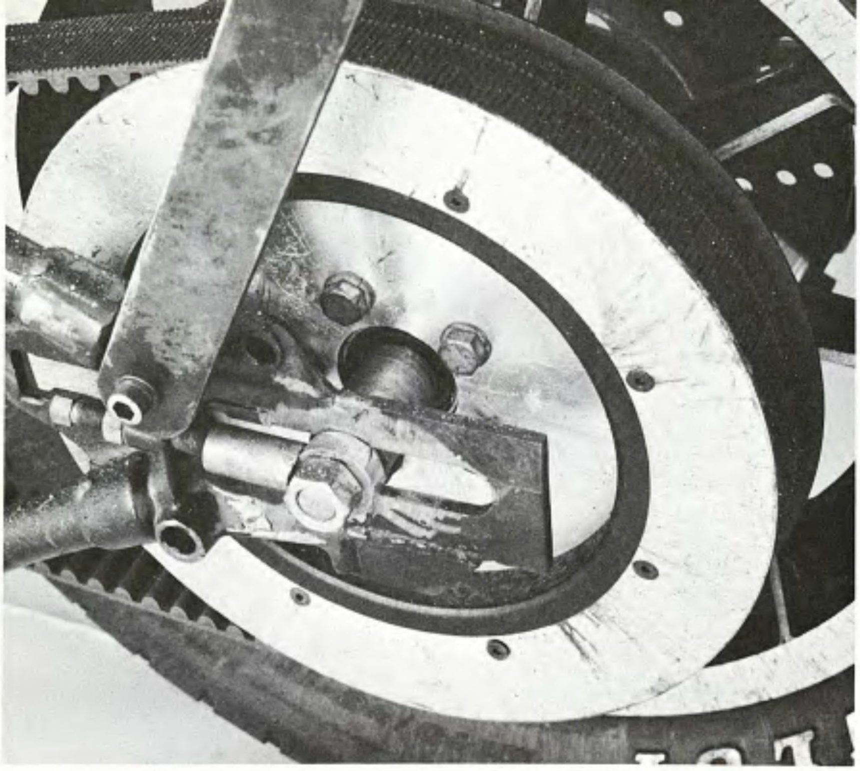
— from Randy Cullen, Yuma, Colo.

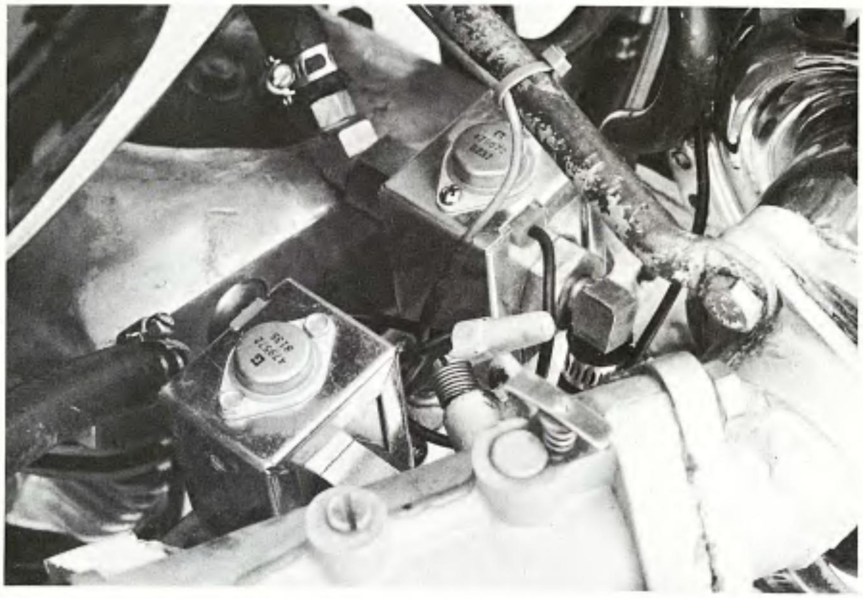
— from Glen Sweet, Houston, Tex.

— from Snakes, S. Lake Tahoe, Calif.

Easyriders Magazine


QUALIFIER





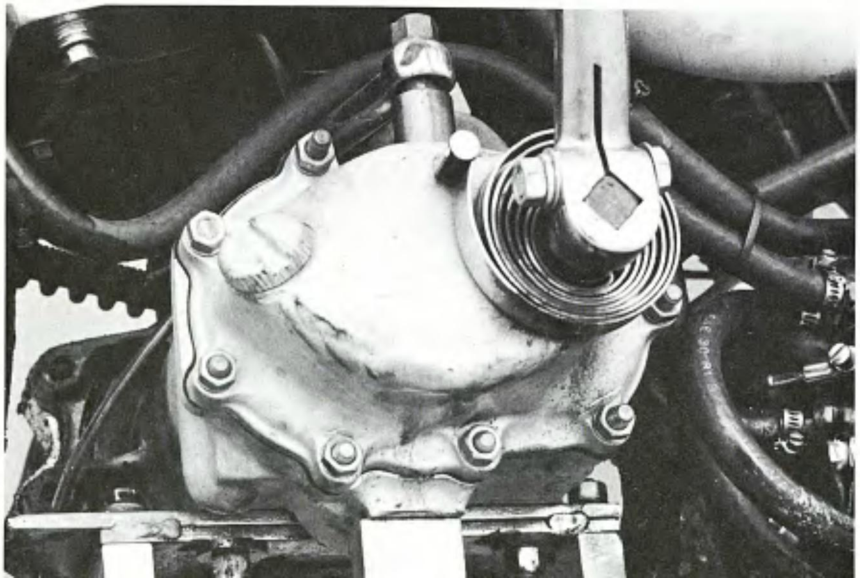
MESA MIND-BLOWER

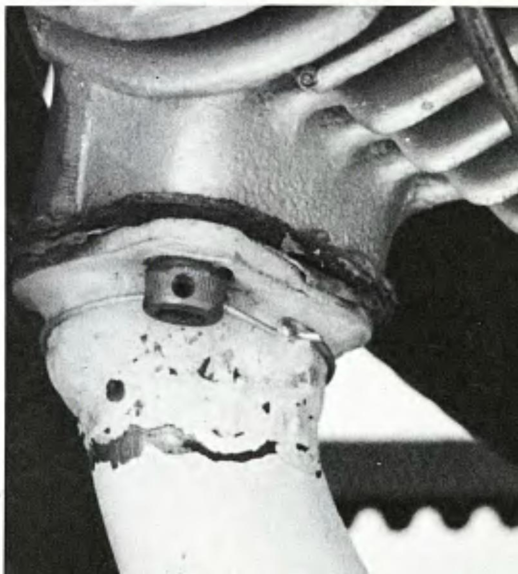
Lean left. . .lean right. . .twist that grip, hit that ratchet jock lever. . .there — up ahead — a straight chute. . .kick ass. . . switchback, gotta set up for it fast. . .lean hard. . .left foot, stab clutch; left hand, jam lever. . .through the fucker. . .up shift. . .roll on throttle, more throttle. . .twist that mother. . .here comes the turbo, aaah, bike and body are gettin' out in front of head. . .press the skull forward against the wind, catch up. . .feels good, right, alive.

Built for the mountains, this ride, built for the mountains — the turbo feasts on altitude. Built for these Superstition Mountains that loomed over the scooter's Mesa, Arizona, home as it was being bolted together. Mighty Superstitions, I've been knowing you all my life. . .ride this bike to glory down one of your trails some day. Gonna go meet that Dutchman, ask him about the gold. Fuck yes, I'm gonna go get me some o' that Dutchman's buried gold. Buy me a garage full of Harleys. Garage full o' Dutchman's golden Harleys. Wonder. Will I be able to ride 'em after I've gone 'n' met the Dutchman?

Shit, startin' to feel weird. Rushes coming quicker, power of the speed hittin' my head, like the power of the turbo jammin' my spine. Babblin' 'bout the Dutchman and his gold, I think, mebbe — can't remember. Ravin' and rantin' to the wind, musta been to the wind, ain't nobody up here but me and the bike. Nuttin' up? Could be — check it out. Fuck no, all systems A-1. Just the speed, always become a motormouth on a handful of Eskatrol.

Aaahhh, shit! Brakes, hit the brakes, hard, hard, idiot lights exploding in my head: Landslide! Road blocked! Landslide! Road blocked!



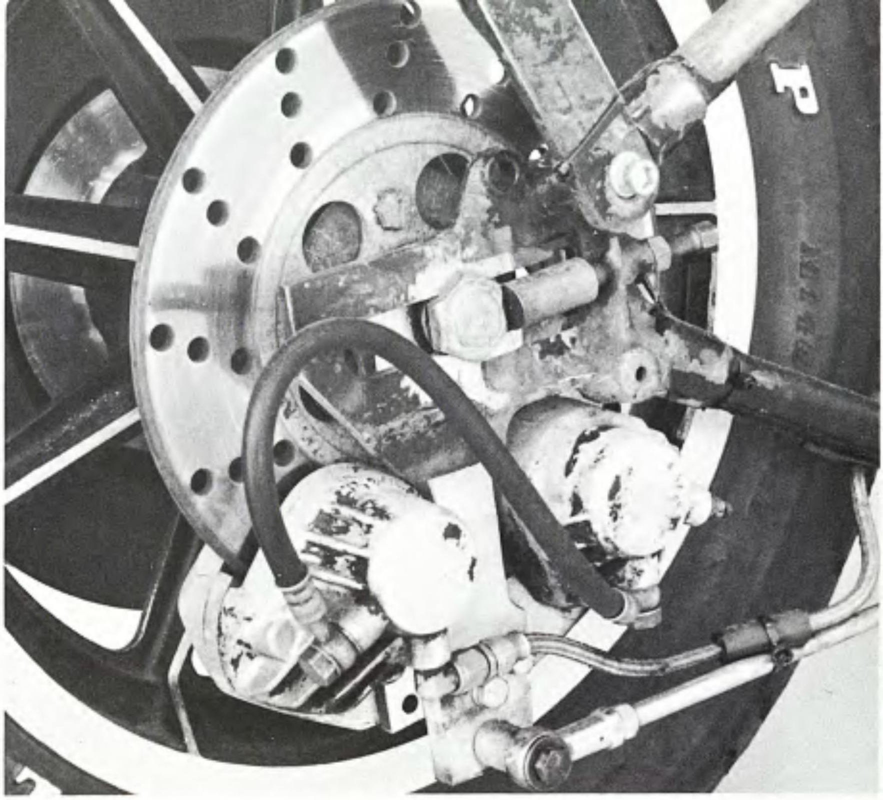


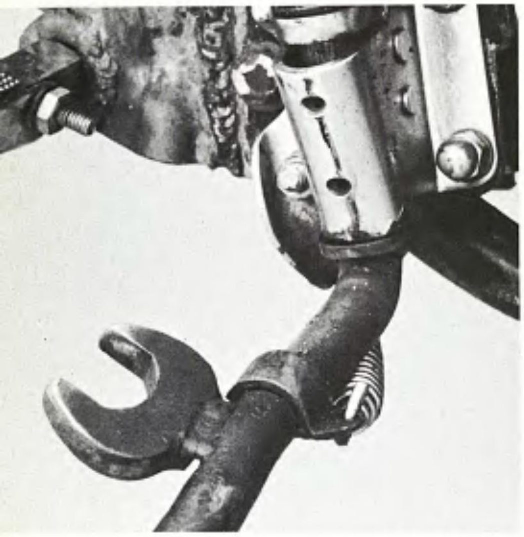
No, no, fight it, roll on throttle. Roll on! I know you, you bastard. . .you ain't no landslide. I know an amphetamine mirage when I see one. Up yours, I'm barreling through. Good control over the arms and legs, but the eyes don't accept. . .they shut, involuntarily, right before we hit. 'Cept we don't hit. Nothin' there, ain't nothing there — never was nothin' there. Feel great, shout at the Devil, howl in the wind.

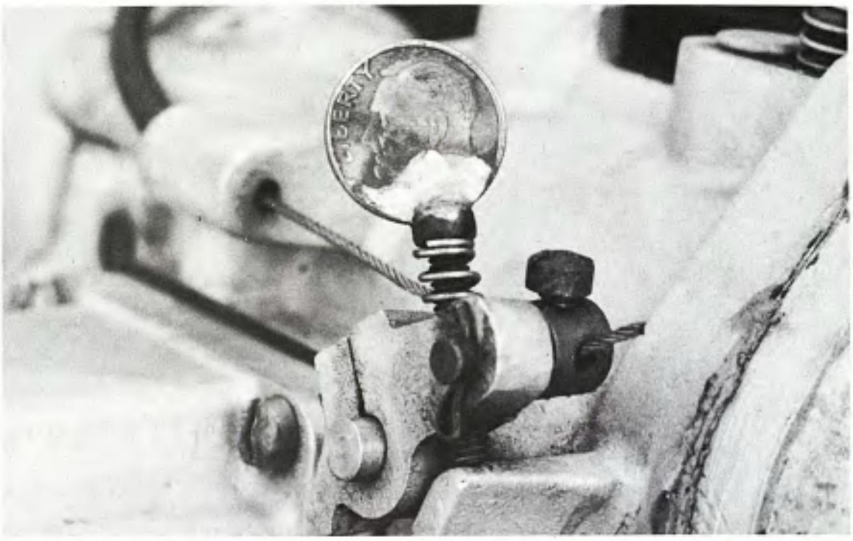
What's that? Whatdafuck are them sailors doin' lined up hitchhiking out here in the mountains? Look how they all lean and swivel to stare as I flash by. No, no, no, no, yer not sailors. I know you, you're shadows, speeding shadows, tryin' ta con me. Fuck ya then, wouldn't give ya a ride even if ya were sailors. . .maybe if ya were Waves. . .give ya a ride to the nearest tree if ya was a big-titted Wave. Ever notice how the grass under a big tree is always softer than the grass anywhere else, and how good it smells?

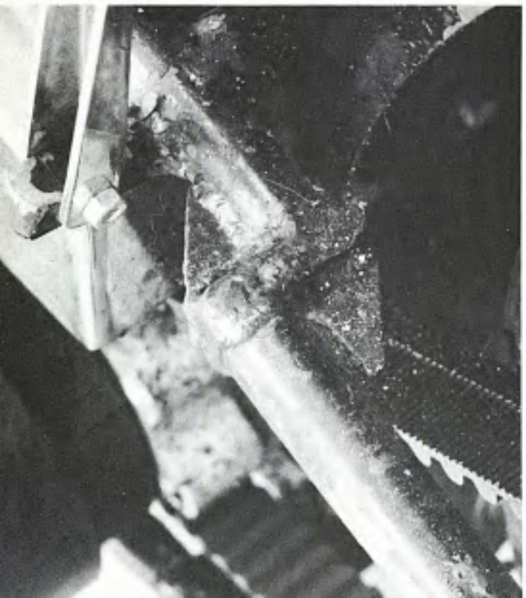
Whoa, cowboy, slow down. Not the bike, you. Yer wired tight, gonna lose yer wrapping in a minute. Time to come down. Out of the mountains, down from the clouds. Take 'er home, or let her take you home. A good Hog'll do that, ya know. —Trampo

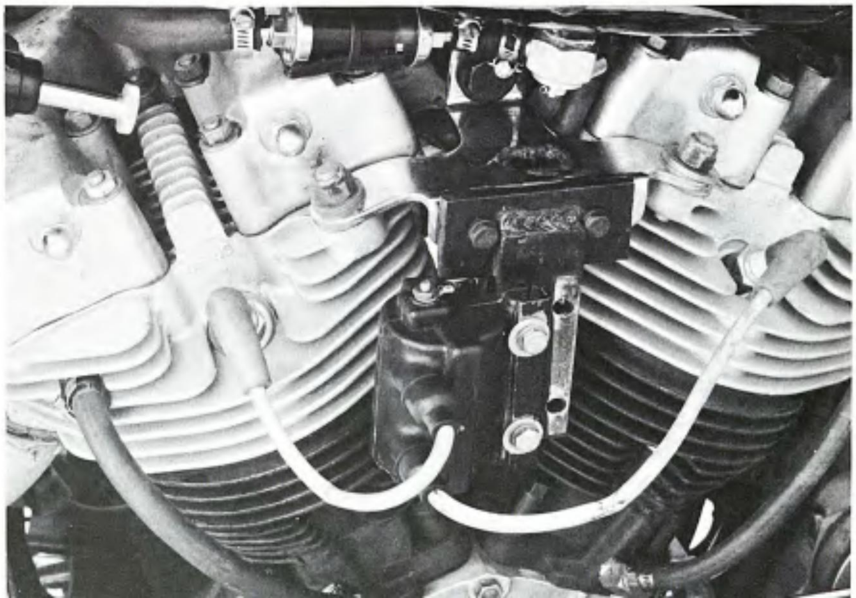
Continued on next page

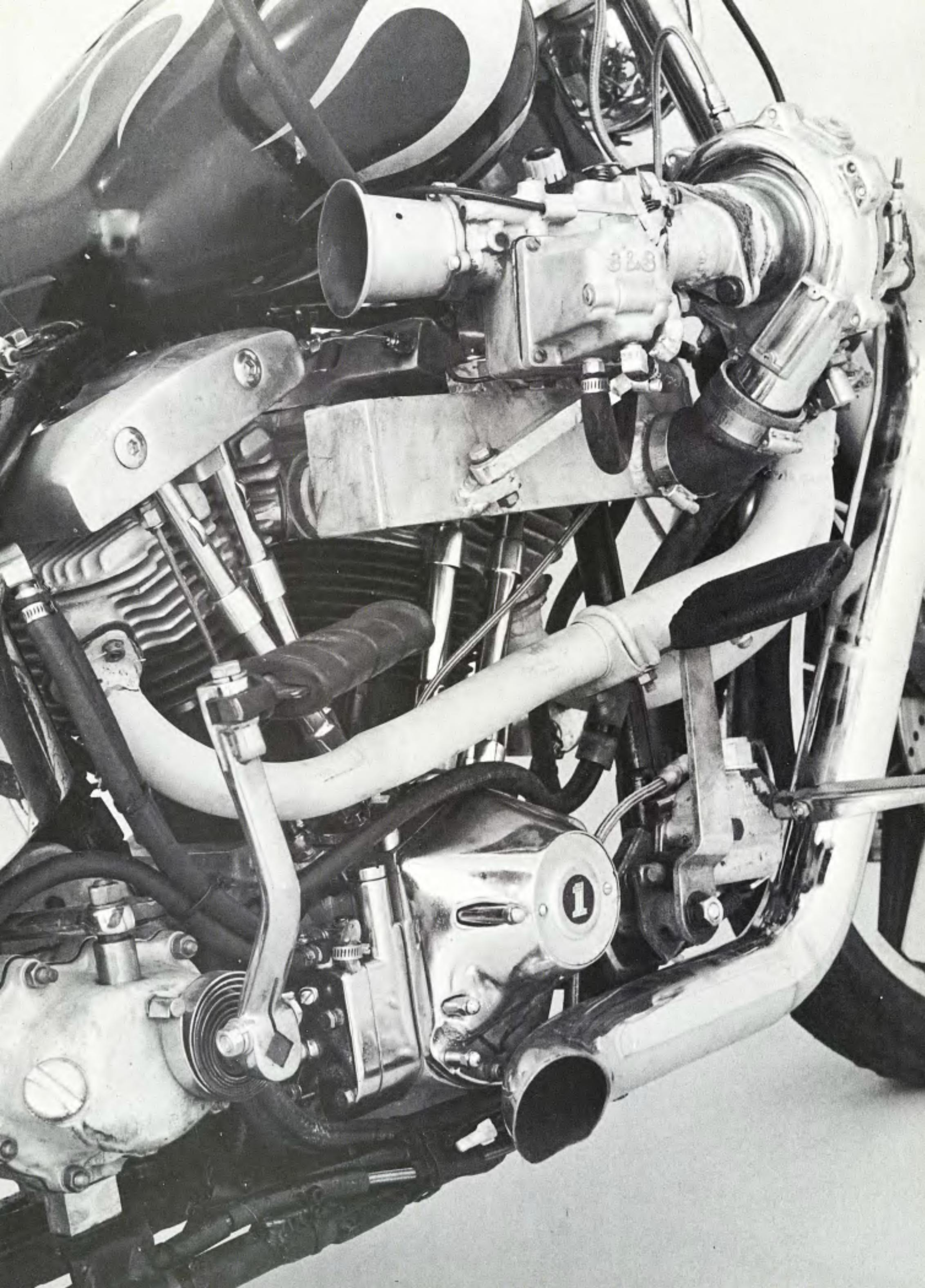


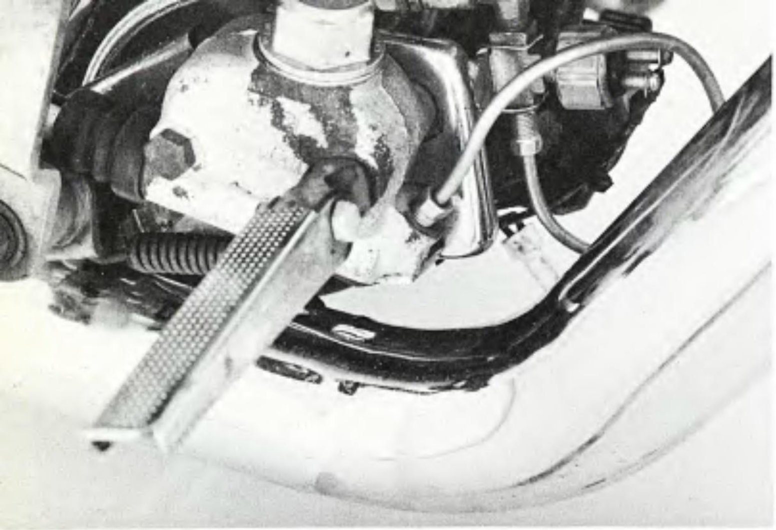








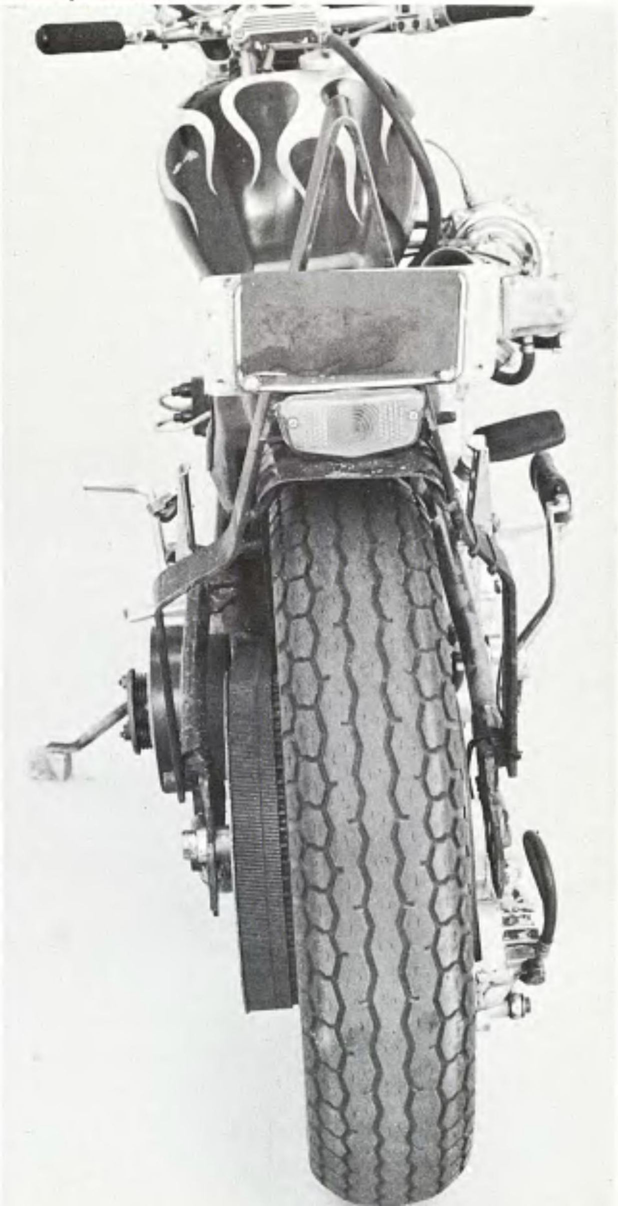




Owner: Unauthorized H-D	**City:** Mesa, Ariz.	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1957	
Year and make: 1980 reconstructed	Builder: H-D/owner	
Model: Freeway Flyer	Type: straight leg rigid	
Value: $12,000	Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: none	
Time: 2 years	Other alterations: extended axle plates	
Chroming by: none intentionally done	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: Flanders, drag	
Year: 1978	Risers: Sportster	
Model: shovel/turbo	Fender(s): XLCR front, 6-in. flat rear	
Rebuilder: owner	Headlight: H-D/halogen bulb	
Ignition: Accel. points	Taillight: universal	
Displacement: 94 cu. in.	Speedo: 150mph	
Lower end: S&S wheels and rods	Front pegs: bent	
Balancing: owner	Rear pegs: folded	
Pistons: S&S	Electrics: all over through hose	
Cases: STD	Gas tank: 4-gallon Paughco	
Heads: flowed by Branch	Oil tank: modified Paughco	
Cam(s): Lineweber 485 turbogrind	Oil system: works	
Lifters: S&S solids	Primary cover: none	
Carb(s): S&S/Raja turbo	Seat: Cheeta/CCT	
Air cleaner: velocity stack	Sissybar: black	
Pipes: custom by owner	Height: 12 in.	
Muffler(s): none	Material: 1½-in. flat bar	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: raised 1 in./belt drive	Type: Super Glide	
Year: 1968	Extension: none	
Shifting: ratchet jockey	Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: Super Max belt drive	Special features: well-oiled	
Trans sprocket: Super Max belt drive	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: Super Max belt drive	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: owner	Hub: H-D mag	Hub: H-D mag
Painter: Iggy	Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WM5
Color: black	Tire: Dunlop	Tire: Dunlop Qualif.
Type: urethane	Brake: H-D disc	Brake: dual calipers
Special paint: flames on tank		

Other special modifications: drilled rotors, external oil returns; the entire bike is a special modification, culminating in a complete machine.

Photos by Pete Chiodo

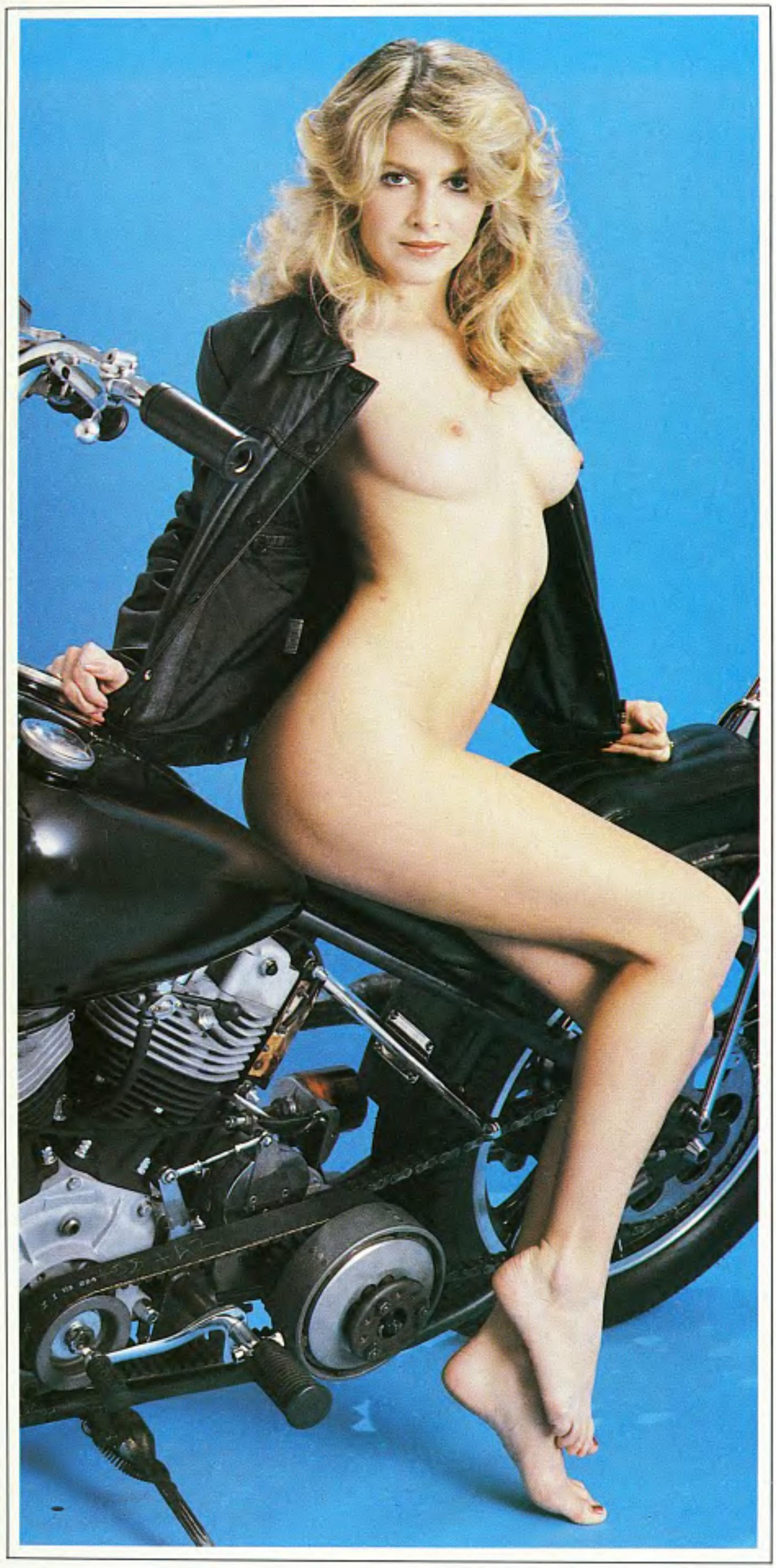


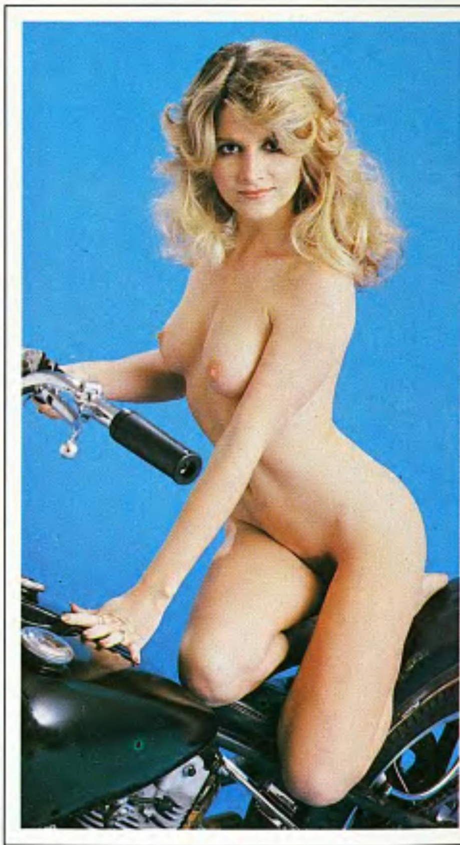
DUNLOP

Eighteen On Toad's Seventy-Four

"Ain't that the sexiest thing ya ever seen?" Toad whispered in a hoarse voice. Since his normal tone is about two decibels below a badly firing 74 with the pipes off, I tore my red-veined peepers away from Sugar Mouth and pinned him with a disbelieving stare.

"C'mon, turkey, cop to it. That's the prettiest mother you ever laid your eyes on." I could sense Toad was getting annoyed — his voice was back to about 80 percent of its usual volume. Funny thing, though, his eyes looked kinda misty, almost like there were actual, honest-to-Harley





tears hidden down there at the bottom of those pig-like slits. Well, whatever kind of drug he was comin' off of, or whatever sinus problem he was having with his tear ducts, he was — all 348 pounds of him — obviously and impatiently waiting for me to say something.

I turned back to Sugar Mouth. "Yer right," I replied truthfully. "She's one hell of a girl. I mean, I dig them tight-bodied blondes. Onliest thing is, she sure don't look to me like she's had any kids."

Maybe it was just my imagination, but I would have sworn the temperature in the room shot up about 110 degrees instantaneously, or maybe it dropped. I don't know. Actually, it felt hot and cold all at the same time. One thing was definitely not my imagination: Toad had gotten his full vocal power back — and then some.

"Not the girl, knob-nose, the bike! *My* bike. Have ya finally gone blind from all that juice? What the hell have ya been lookin' at?"

Biggest kid on the block or not, I was about to tell him *exactly* what, or rather, who I had been lookin' at, when I noticed that while he was still yappin', he'd dropped down to the whisper again.

"Yeah, I remember the first time I seen her at that swap meet," he mused, more to himself than to me. "She was just a few boxes of parts then, but I knew there was a slick-lookin', faithful-to-the-end bitch underneath the rust and grease that covered those used and abused parts.

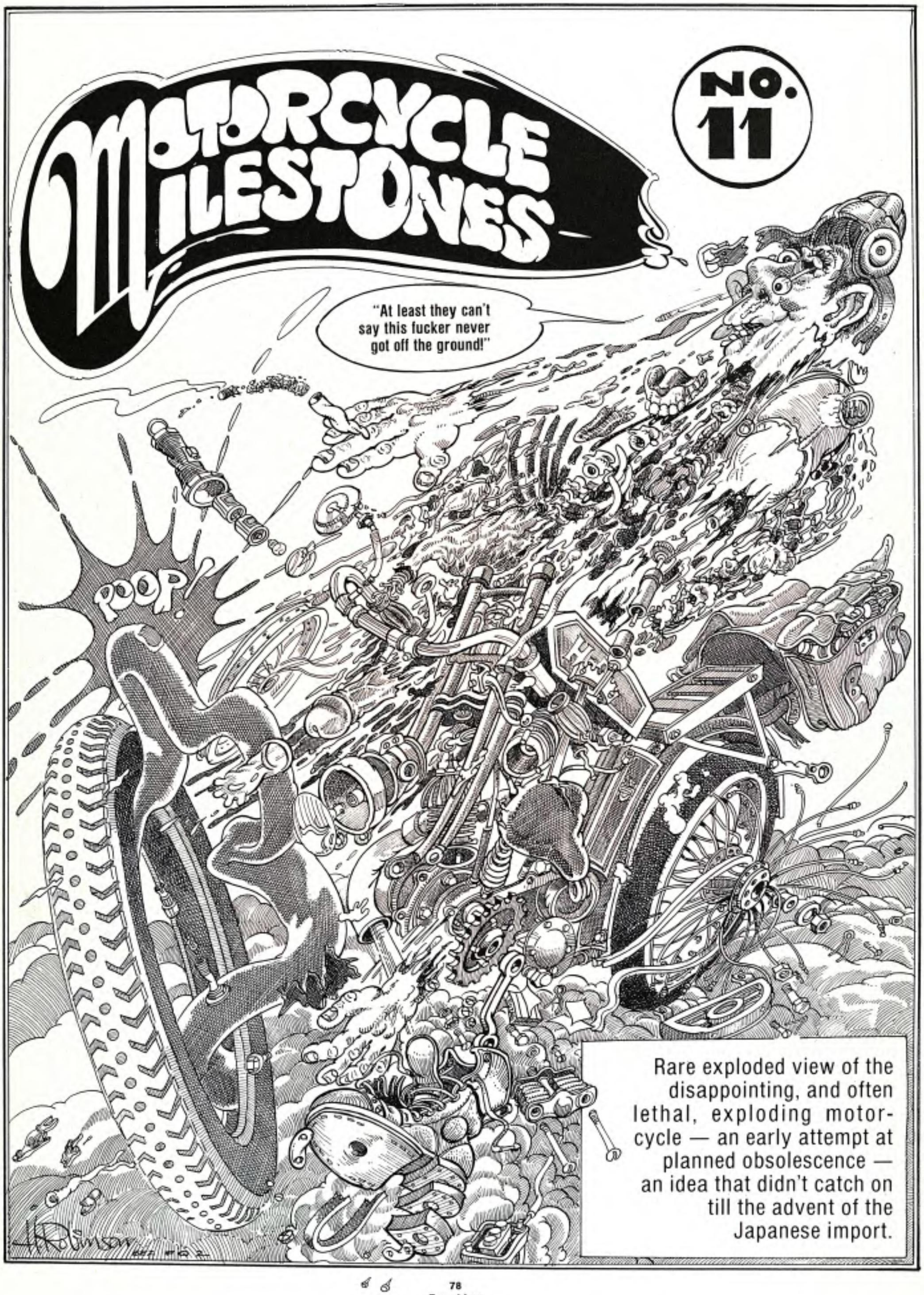
"I remember how Pacheco Clyde laughed when we were putting the boxes into his pickup. He said she'd never be worth shit. But I built her the right way — blueprinted and balanced; and she run the smile right off ol' Clyde's face."

"Damn, you're right," I broke in, havin' finally gotten the scent of which way the wind was blowin'. "This is one boss Hog. Shit, it'd have to be — you wouldn't be allowed ta change the oil on Spider's van if ya weren't a top knuckle buster. But how 'bout that chick? She's gotta be a ten!"

Toad squeezed his slits open a little more; for the first time he actually seemed to see Sugar Mouth. His giant maw opened in a laugh as he tossed his mane of hair back and shook his massive head in mirth. "A ten? A *ten*?" he roared with the old Toad spirit we all know and love. "A ten? You were always dumb, but ain't ya a tad bit young to be goin' senile? That broad ain't no ten — she's at least an 18. Haven't I told ya that I'd never let no lousy ten get near my scooter?"

— Butcher

Photos by Pete Chiodo


MOTORCYCLE MILESTONES
NO. 11
"At least they can't say this fucker never got off the ground!"
POOP!
Rare exploded view of the disappointing, and often lethal, exploding motorcycle — an early attempt at planned obsolescence — an idea that didn't catch on till the advent of the Japanese import.

FREE EASYRIDERS!

You got it — just make any purchase of fifteen bucks or more from any of the bike shops listed here, and walk away with a free copy of the best bike rag in the world.

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Flexible Flyers, Inc. 15621 N. Cave Creek Rd., Phoenix

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Purple Hog Leathers 642 Plumas St., Yuba City
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Libretti Bros. 14015 Inglewood, Hawthorne
Sunwest Strokers 7062 Convoy Court, Suite B, San Diego
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Gordon's MC Madness 1586 Morse, I, Ventura

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Colorado Custom Cycle 1430 Lansing, Aurora
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Flatirons H-D 2685 Pearl St., Boulder
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Brown's Custom Cycle 444 E. Pike Peak, Colorado Springs
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CONNECTICUT
Sparkle Cycle Accessories 76 Union St., Rockville
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Herbs for Health & Happiness New Castle Farmers Market, New Castle

FLORIDA
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H-D South 9860 E. Fern St., Miami

FLORIDA (Cont'd)
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Fletcher's Harley-Davidson 1881 U.S. 19 South, Clearwater
L & K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 N.E. 44th St., Fort Lauderdale
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C & L Hog Shop 1111 Orange Ave., Ft. Pierce
Florida Cycle & Chopper 3200 Palm Beach Blvd., Rt. 80, Ft. Myers
H-D of Saint Petersburg 5989 Haines Rd., St. Petersburg

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H-D of Clayton Co. 5346 Jonesboro Rd., Morrow
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Markham Cycle Center 3858 W. 159th Pl., Markham
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Oak Lawn H-D Sales 9030 S. Cicero Ave., Oak Lawn
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The Chopper Stop 746 E. Virginia, Evansville
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IOWA
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Danville Harley-Davidson 735 Maple Ave., Danville

LOUISIANA
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Jr.'s Cycle Shop 458 N. Stanford, Sulphur
Iron Horse Corral 1211 S. 2nd St., Monroe

MAINE
Custom Motorcycle Supply 13 Portland St., Portland

MARYLAND
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Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 1841 Pulaski Hwy., Edgewood
Satan's Cycle Salvage 15879 Fields Rd., Rockville
Blue Earth Boutique 220 Washington St., Mini Mall, Havre de Grace

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Chopper Parts City 314 Grafton, Worcester
Chip's Custom Equipment Depot Street, Palmer

MICHIGAN
GM Cycle 32242 W. 8 Mile Rd., Farmington Hills
Cookie's H-D Sales 275 S. Ford Blvd., Ypsilanti

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County MC Parts 7348 North Lindbergh, Hazelwood
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Perryville Cycle Center 713 N. Kings Hwy., Perryville

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Mr. Cycle Parts 58 Throckmorton St., Freehold

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Vetter Cycle Repair 5450 Edith N.E., Albuquerque

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The Big Bike Shop 581 W. Broad St., Columbus

OKLAHOMA
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OKLAHOMA (Cont'd)
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Stony's Cycle 2316 Gore, Lawton
Maltese Customs 4602 W. Owen K. Garriott Street, Enid

OREGON
Yelrah's 7305 S. 6th Street, Klamath Falls

PENNSYLVANIA
Chopper Shak II 2832 Saw Mill Run Blvd., Pittsburgh
Cycledelic Choppers 1147 Penn., Reading
Chop Shop 407 Station St., Bridgville
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TENNESSEE
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Had Your *Iron* Today?

Successful Men
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YOU have important work to do in choosing men folks' food. It affects their happiness, their health and their success.

Their food must please the palate, be nourishing, digestible.

A luscious raisin pie like this meets all three of these requirements.

Here's the rare flavor of plump, tender, meaty raisins which all men like. The rich juice forms a luscious sauce.

And here is energy, for raisins furnish 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound.

Men like the taste, and the *refreshment that they feel* from a dessert like this at the end of busy days.

Try and see. Hear the approval of the men. You'll want to serve it regularly.

And ta think we thought the secret of Spider's success was his bein' meaner 'n everybody else.

"There is a series of three two's printed on every five-dollar bill. . .find it in ten minutes or less."

How to Get Chumped

There is a little known law of nature that simply states: Never bet against another person's bar tricks — especially if you don't have any bread on you to pay off.

Have you ever seen some asshole in a bar put a fifty-cent piece on top of two quarters, then bet a few bucks he can throw another quarter underneath without touching either the fifty-cent piece or the other quarters? Or bet that he can get a nickel out of a full glass of beer without touching the glass? There are actually quite a number of trashy humbugs; certainly enough for any sucker dumb enough to play. . .like me.

I was sitting in the local tavern one day, listening to Waylon and Willie and nursing a brew. My bike was almost out of gas, no one I knew was around to cadge another drink off of, and I was broke. Looking for any way to make a fast buck, I was prime material for the stranger's rap. "Want to make a quick five dollars?" he asked.

Hell, do you strangle a cat if it shits in your shoes? "Damn straight, man, who do I have to kill?"

"Yourself, if you blow this one," he replied with a laugh. He gave the bartender a twenty-dollar bill and asked for change in fives. "There is a series of three two's printed on every five-dollar bill ever made. All you have to do is find it in ten minutes or less. If you do, you keep the fiver. If you don't, I get five from you."

"You mean there are three two's on every five-dollar bill?" I asked suspiciously. "If I had one (which I didn't, of course), they would be on it, too?"

"You bet they would," he said. "Why? You want to use a bill of your own?"

"No," I answered quickly, "but you're on. If there are three two's anyfuckingwhere on this damn bill, you can bet I'll find them." The bartender walked away, shaking his head and grinning.

Ten minutes later I *Continued on page 108*

BY SKEETER

Illustration by Marc Johnson

Male Call

Because of limited space, we cannot possibly run all of the hundreds of *Male Call* listings we receive each month. In order to be fair, we dump all the letters we receive in a box and select at random the ones we use. We trash the unused items and pick the *Male Call* for the next issue from the next month's mail.

As you know, we give free subscriptions to all prison libraries. We also sell subscriptions to individual prisoners at a special reduced rate — $12 for 12 issues, a saving of half over the newsstand price. Just send $12 to Prison Subs, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.

Note: Some prisons allow inmates to receive mail only from persons named on a restricted list. If you are in one of these institutions, an ad in *Male Call* is a waste of your time and that of the people who write you after reading your ad. Please make sure you can receive unrestricted mail before requesting space in this column.

Outlaw, 28, white and proud. Needs letters and flicks from females, 24 to 35. 11½ yrs. to go; will answer all. J. W. Teal, C36495/F324, CTFC, Box 686, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Ex-Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, outlaw doing time in Ariz. Seeks letters and pics from old lost friends or new ones. W/m, 5'5", 130 lbs., and into 4th year tattoo apprenticeship. Alan Gluth, Box 42027, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Females in prison or free, I'm interested in letters/pics from you. I'm studying women and the Zodiac, law, tarot, graphology. Bob Paolo, Box 42398, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

My name is Sasha and I'm from Lucithia, Sweden. I'm a w/f, 23, brown hair and eyes. I'm down, and alone in the States, doing time in cowboy country. Could use a bro or sister out in the free world to lift my spirits. Sasha Grant 125-309, MBCC, Box 11492, Oklahoma City, Okla. 73136.

W/f, 20, 5'1½", brown hair, blue eyes, 120 lbs. They call me Baby Gangster. All you bros out there, write me. Connie White 123657, MBCC, Box 11492, Oklahoma City, Okla. 73136.

Would like to hear from some ladies who have their heads together and would be willing to make time a little easier for this old scooter tramp. W/m, 6'3", 203 lbs. Jerry Trolinger 039552, Box 1500 #298, Cross City, Fla. 32628.

Two lonely w/ms doing time sure would love to hear from some sweet young ladies. A picture gets one in return. Robert L. Crabtree (age 20), C54752 and Glenn Harris (age 33), C54014, CTF-North, LA-227, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Young male with ten years to do would appreciate letters and pics from ladies. I'm 20 years old, blond hair, brown eyes, 5'10", 180 lbs. I am very lonely, so come on, ladies, please write. Michael Sims 16752, Box 607, N.S.P., Carson City, Nev. 89702-0607.

W/m, 19, on way to pen—long time coming my way. Need letters from ladies. Help! Jeff Warncke, c/o Box 217, Hillsboro, Mo. 63050.

You sweet things: Two peckerwoods are paying our debt to society, so you know we're no good. Sure could use letters/pics. Paul Hobbs, C52313-1614 and Earl Soto, C51802-2402, Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

White bro doin' time for what they say is a crime. I love my scoot; I'm gonna miss it. But ladies, I need a wife for a family visit. All letters will receive a reply; that, ladies, is no lie. Send flicks, if possible. Randy Clark, Box C-50393, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Busted in Alaska; down since Jan. '80. White, 23, light-brown hair, blue eyes. Looking for women penpals who have been around and can write get-down dirty letters with nude photos. R. C. Gottardi, Box 309, Juneau, Alaska 99802.

Down bro from Baltimore, Md., now living in a cell in Hagerstown, Md. Would like to hear from chicks, 16 to 30. Letters with pics will be answered first. I only have 6 months left, so write and let's see if we can get together. Irvin L. Burns, Jr. 146079, Rt. 3, Box 2000, R.U.A.-20, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

W/m, 25, needs correspondence; will answer all. John R. Strik 16336, Box 7000, Carson City, Nev. 89701-7000.

Two down bros, 25 and 26, need to hear from all you righteous ladies. Send letters to James P. Keeny 311005, and Eric Ryan 336397, Rt. 3, Box 59, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

Crankster-gangster from San Francisco, down for 2 more, desires to hear from ladies, 18 to ? Would appreciate pics; I'll answer all. I am 6'1", 200 lbs., blue and brown. James Chipman, C51264, Box A (5322), San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409-0003.

W/m, 30, Cancer, down and out in Nevada. Need letters from ladies; send flicks. Dave Yates 16275, Box 7000, NNCC, Carson City, Nev. 89701.

Two white bros been down a while; need letters from ladies to make us smile. Answers to all who write. Rick "Dirty" Doty (26, 6'1", brown hair, blue eyes) 21432, and Rick "Wizard" White (21, 5'11", long black hair, brown eyes) 19820, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Two w/m cousins doing time, would like to hear from righteous ladies and bros of the road. All kites and flicks will be answered. Steve Brooks (brown hair and eyes, 160 lbs.), P-5979, and Bruce Williams (brown hair, hazel eyes, 150 lbs.), K-2948, Box 200, Camp Hill, Pa. 17011.

W/m, 6'3", 220 lbs., would like to hear from some freaky ladies who like to party, putt and fuck! John "Big Nasty" Manning 93152, H-2A/W.C.C., Box 351, Haynesville, La. 71038.

We're white, strong, young, tough, and have less than a year to do. We need some fine ladies, 18 to 25, to show us their stuff. Kevin Jones 32472 and Curtis Gladson 33427, P.S.I. Juniper Lodge, 201 Waterman Rd., Ione, Calif. 95640.

Two downed white boys in San Quentin for a taste. Your looks and weight don't matter; sincerity does. Nick Hoover, B92057, and Robert Hill, C39147, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

W/m, 24, Cancer, 6'1", 200 lbs., long brown hair and beard, soft brown eyes, would like to hear from ladies who are interested, not particular. Will be free and ready to score in '84. Beacher "Wizard" Pridmore 118241, Star Rt. B, Box 220, Hominy, Okla. 74035.

Two w/m bros, 20 and 23, love to party, but we're confined. Got some time to do with no one to write to. Sure could use letters from some of you fine ladies, all will be answered. Craig Madill 34118-D-418 and Wade Deavers 36967-D-418, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kan. 67501.

W/m, 25, 5'6", 130 lbs., doin' 30 years, needs to hear from righteous sisters. Lost scoot, ol' lady and freedom, but will ride again. Sincere, please; will answer all. Richard Dawson 079088, Box 1500, Cross City, Fla. 32628. Box 282.

Down and out lonely biker from Peoria, 26, blond hair, blue eyes, 6'1", great build, doing time in Okla. Need good-looking lady to write to. David Behrons 119980, Box 97, McAlester, Okla., 74501.

W/m, 37, 5'8", blond, blue eyes, 170 lbs. Incarcerated, awaiting divorce, seeks mail and future with mature, responsible, reasonable lady over 18. Interested in scooters and plants (greenhouse/nursery products). No gays, environmental behaviorists or mindgamers. Marvin White, Box C36358, CTF North, Soledad, Calif. 93960-0705.

Me and my bro are in need of an affection connection. This time is kicking our asses! Anyone wanting to make a bro smile, send a pic/letter to us. Dave Todd (w/m, 28, 5'10", 150 lbs.) 5034, and Terry Simpson (w/m, 6'1", 190 lbs., 23, brown hair, blue eyes) 4982, Box 700, Jessup, Md. 20794.

Wizard, 29, from Calif., and Pack Rat, 32, from Pa., are stuck here in Oklahoma paying our penance for dirty deeds. Need scribes/pics from honeys out there to see this trip through. Conrad Noland 94168, and Carl B. Brawley 117493, Box 220, Stringtown, Okla. 74569.

A w/m, 24, 6'2", lonely and down in Arizona, needs a lady with lots of heart. Don "Madman" Benson, T-10, 301 W. Beale St., Kingman, Ariz. 86401.

You know by now why these names are in this column. I am 42, white, lonely, and get out soon. Would like to meet someone from the Memphis area. Lew Chandler, 08652-076, Box 34550, Memphis, Tenn. 38134.

Two white tramps: Rico "The Reek" Brown 88877-132, K-Unit, and Steve Stewart 74371-012, E-Unit, Box W, Lompoc, Calif. 93438.

Downed tramp from Tennessee, 24, 140 lbs., brown hair, green eyes. Looking for ladies, 18-25, who are righteous and fine. Could use some scribes to help me know what's happening out there with our people. Bobby "Ridge Runner" Costa 316139, Jester 3, Rt. 2, Richmond, Tex. 77469.

Desperate, please write! W/m, 19-29, loving, serious, mild-tempered, kind, single or divorced. For w/f, attractive, 1 child, permanent relationship desired, will not relocate. Letters with photos guarantee reply! Inmates welcome to write. Write to: M.S.B., Box 265, Cedar Lake, Ind. 46303.

W/f looking for some loyal, goodlookin' men to write and help with the loneliness of being locked up. I'm 5'8", 135 lbs., blond hair, hazel eyes. All letters answered. Donna Little 1844-B2-N8, 1500 W. 3rd St., Chillicothe, Mo. 64601.

I've been locked up for a while and would like for someone who is honest, sincere, and really cares, to write. W/f, 23, 5'4", 120 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes. I prefer older men, 25-60. Sandy McCreary 114769, Mabel Bassett Correctional Center, Box 11492, Oklahoma City, Okla. 73136.

Lonely bro, getting out soon, would like to hear from wild, sexy babes. Nymphos, prostitutes, the more sexually uninhibited, the better! Don Moyer 16246, Box 208, Indian Springs, Nev. 89070.

Downed bro, 21, white and wild, needs some lines from foxy babes. Charles Allen "The Kid" Johnson 12034-077, Box 1000, Oxford, Wis. 53952.

This blue-eyed guy is looking for a lady to write. If you have the time, drop me a line, so I may dream of you night after night! Dwain Barts 119927, S.C.C., Rt. 1, Box 17, Capron, Va. 23829.

2 w/m. Take your pick. Doyle R. Dickey 282013, or Curtis Gabehart 324545, Rt. 3, Box 59, 6-Tank, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

Two w/m doing time, would appreciate letters and pictures from females. Will answer all. Wayne Cates 20643, (age 22) and Stephen Hall 13259, (age 32), Indiana Dept. of Correction, Indiana State Farm, Box 76, Greencastle, Ind. 46135-0076.

W/m, 28, 6'1", 160 lbs., long brown hair, blue eyes, has a few months left in this hellhole, and could use some letters and photos from you sexy ladies. I'll answer all. Daniel L. Robinson Jr. 156-139, Box 534, M.H.C., Jessup, Mo. 20794.

Super-athlete biker, 28, needs correspondence/visits. Females, 18-40, welcome. Replies to all. My collar is tight. Ronald Davidson 76A-1166, Green Haven Prison, Stormville, N.Y. 12582.

Need correspondence from the free world! Steve Griggs, Box B, Anamosa, Iowa 52205.

W/m biker, 30, seeks w/f into bikers. None other need reply. N. Reismiller 628031-17B6, Box 520, Walla Walla, Wash. 99362.

Young white stud, 6', 190 lbs. of solid muscle, green eyes, brown hair, Libra out of San Jose, loves to write, but needs women to write to. Dan "Tanner" Bettencourt, C-42468, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376-0600.

Been down 4 yrs. and have a couple left. 6'1", 180 lbs., brown hair and eyes, age 21. Letters/pics answered first. Danny White, 290366-3-3-A, Rt. 2, Box 20, Midway, Tex. 75852.

Lonely 6'2" bro, doing a nickel in Wis., needs sweet, caring ladies to write to and get together with later. W/m, single, pumping iron, blondish-brown hair, baby-blue eyes. Write, ladies, and please send photos. James R. Anderson, Box W.R. 83801, Green Bay, Wis. 54305.

I'm from Nevada and have no family around here (or there, anymore). I'm 25, 6'6", 210 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes. I need some friends who can spare a few moments to drop me a line, preferably females, 18-26. Richard "Doc" Weigel 96127, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

W/m, 23, dirty blond hair, blue eyes, 5'11" and 160 lbs., seeking correspondence from sincere ladies. Down for six, will be out in '85. Will answer all. Dale Derosier 69430, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

A Tribute To Brothers Lost

Space limitations dictate that the free listings for this column be published on a first-come, first-served basis. *Note:* No names will be accepted which are not accompanied by a return address that can be verified. Send your In Memory Of listing (bikers only) to Memory, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.

In memory of **Clark "Little Bear" Metz** 10/27/82. Now there is no more pain. We will always love you and miss you. Pooh Bear and Jinny.

In memory of **Russell E. Thomas** 10/11/82. I'll always keep a special place in my heart for you. Keep the seat warm and the engine running 'cause we'll ride together again. Love you. Your ol' lady, Celeste.

In memory of **Mitchell Singleton,** 27, of Nederland, Texas. Veteran and roughneck. "As you were, I still am; as you are, I will one day be." Ride free forever, little brother. Gus Singleton.

In memory of **Karen Farr Butler** 9/20/82. Such a caring and joyful person, you touched the lives of everyone who met you. I hope you are at peace now. All your many friends miss and love you, especially me. Your "sister," Glenda.

In memory of **Dave Mayo** 1/26/82. A partner and good friend. We're still thinking of you. Big O, Ug, Bob, Urk, Stan, Denver, and Sam.

In righteous loving memory of a true East Coast 1%er, our brother **"Dead 1%"** 3/30/79. He lived for his brothers and club, and to him there was only one way, the Pagan Way. LPDP. So RIP, bro, and have a cold one ready for me, PFFP. Your bros, the Pagan Nation, and "Notes 1%," Md. Pen. Chapter.

In loving memory of **Timothy "Eagle" McManemy** 1/13/83. Though you're away from us, we know you're ridin' high and free. Some other time! Forever, ol' man. D.J.M., your bros and sisters.

In memory of **Bobby Phillips,** founder of the Biker Art Show and the V.A. Christmas Run. The victim of a freak accident, Bobby will be missed by many.

In memory of **Ken "Smokey" Murray,** 11/10/53 to 10/30/82. Death rode with you that night. Bear, Bandit, Animal.

In memory of **Fumbles** 5/1/82. We'll all be with you from the summer of now till the winter of never. Ride on forever, bro. Jude and The Neighborhood.

In loving memory of **T.P. McLaughlin** 7/21/82. We'll have the memory of your touch on our souls forever. May you ride for eternity in Harley Heaven. Your ol' lady, Suzi Scat Cat, and best bro, Li'l John.

In memory of **Ronnie** 12/27/81. Ride on in the wind forever. Missed by Danny, Shanny, Mick, Denise, Elaine and all your brothers and sisters, Blue Angels MC, Leeds.

In love and memory of **James Holcraft** 9/28/82. You lived and died by the gun. Ride long and hard in Harley Heaven where there are no cops. Miss ya. Bad Beth.

In memory of one righteous man, **Gary Don Palmer,** 7/21/56 to 10/8/82. Died defending others from a knife-happy fucker. Ride high in the skies with Wyatt and Fatty. We love and miss you. Your family, Mom, Dad, Rhonda and Bobbi; your sons, Jason and Casey, your wife, Cathy; and all your bros and friends from Kansas.

In memory of **Dennis "The Bear" James Hardin** who made his final ride 8/15/82 in Paris, Texas. Loved and missed by everyone. Remember us. We'll always love and remember you. Your bro, Screwdge, and Diana.

In memory of **Ronnie "Mad Dog" Ramirez** 11/2/82. You'll never be replaced in my heart or my memories. Until we meet again in Harley Heaven, I'll love you, Puppy. Bambi.

In memory of **Dwight "Mad Mac" McLellan** 8/82, ex-Huns MC. Died on his shovel in Scarborough, Maine. You're gone but not forgotten. Hobo and Rose, Carrollton, Ga., and friends in New Haven, Conn.

In loving memory of **Rick "Wildman" Vaughan,** 6/15/55 to 6/4/82. The night we went down was so tragic, but my love for you will always live in me. There will come a day when we'll meet on our stairway to Heaven. I'll always love ya. Penny A., Duncanville, Pa.

In memory of **"Pitman Ed,"** ticker quit before he did, 11/82. Ride the desert in the sky. See ya at the Great Parts House. Gene, Gary, and all the riders in Vegas.

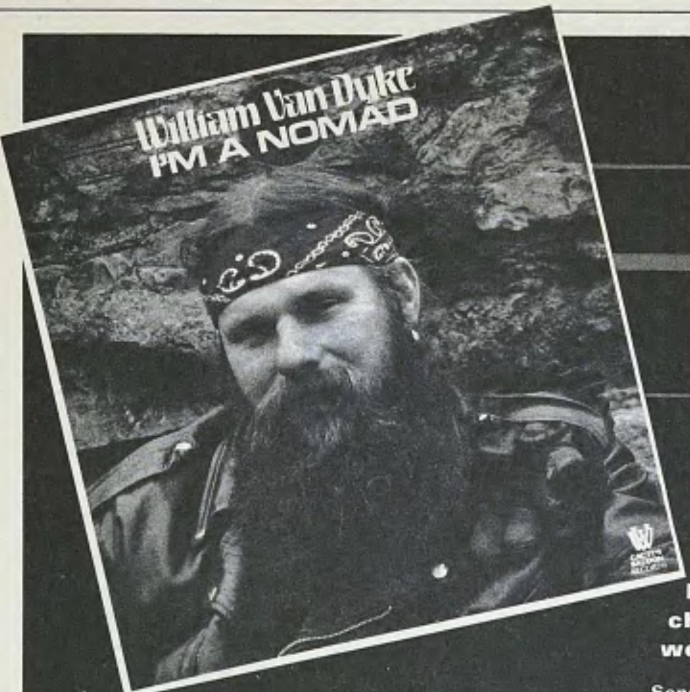
In memory of **Vance J. White,** 3/28/63 to 11/20/82. He loved to ride and was on his bike until the very end. He is riding high and free now. Love, your brothers Wade, Jim and Ed.

In memory of **William "Yankee" Eldreth** 12/12/82. A hell-raising, hard-partying bro who will be missed by all. May you rest in peace and ride in the wind forever. We love you. Your Thunder brothers and sisters.

On 4/25/82, **Steve "Space" Kalenberg** found that the Stewart-Hutch road was the road to Harley Heaven. We'll soon ride again in the wind once more, Pops. The Snot.

In memory of **Marvin Rogers,** a Triumph man to the end. I'll miss you, bro, more than you know. See you at the run in Heaven. Love and respect from your bros in Georgia, Tom, Joe and Jim.

In loving memory of **"Dragon 1%"** 1/1/81. He lived and died the Pagan way and will be alive in our hearts and souls until we ride again and make thunder in the clouds above. "PFFP", "LPDP." For Eternity and a day. The Pagan Nation and "Notes 1%," Md. Pen. chapter.



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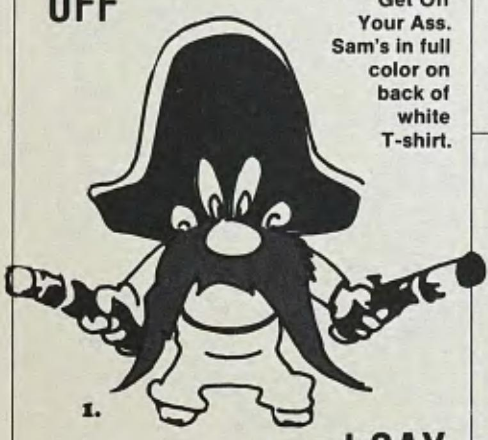

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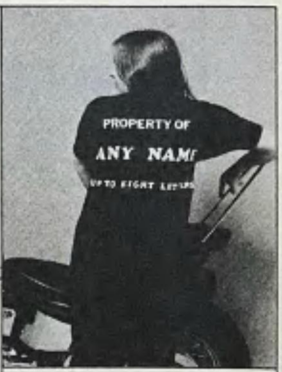

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Devil's Plantation

Continued from page 28

instructor there, and after he signed me up and ran me through the torture treatment they call an exercise routine, we sat and rapped while I caught my breath. Danny had seen me pull up on my scoot and proudly, he showed me his own ride, an old K-Model. Inwardly, I winced at the green paint job, but the kid was like a big puppy and so enamored of his dirt bike that I didn't have the heart to get on his case. During the time I worked out at Harvey's, Danny and I became pretty good friends. We made a few runs together and partied some, but not a lot. Danny was into health — a serious body builder. Except for a few brews now and then, I never saw him really get into drinking.

The image of him in the mirror jolted me back to the present. I couldn't believe that the emaciated sot sitting there with his head literally buried in a beer mug was the same clean-cut, muscular kid I'd once known. Could there possibly be some really simple explanation? Maybe he'd caught Terri, the broad he used to go with, on her knees in front of some fat-assed Hollywood sleazeball, sucking her way to a bit part in a lousy B-grade movie.

The silence was getting on my nerves and Danny sure as shit wasn't talking, so I figured what the fuck — I was really curious now and it seemed like I had to just come out and ask the kid what had happened. So, in my typical diplomatic way, I opened the conversation.

"What the fuck happened to you, kid? You look like somebody ran you through a tree chipper!"

Danny turned his head slowly and looked at me with dead eyes. His face was tortured. He reached out, grabbing my arm with a claw-like hand, and despite his appearance, there was still tremendous power in his grip. When he spoke, his voice grated like a rasp removing ID numbers from a set of hot cases.

"Hey, Preach,"he said in that strange groaning voice. "How are you, man?"

Suddenly I wanted to be out of this weird scene and I started to get up, but Danny pulled me back to the stool. I began getting pissed. He must have read my eyes because he let go of my arm and whispered, "I'm really sorry, man. I just needed to tell someone."

Still uncomfortable with him, I managed to swallow my anger. "You buyin'?" I asked.

Danny kind of half-smiled and nodded his head. I waved to Bill for

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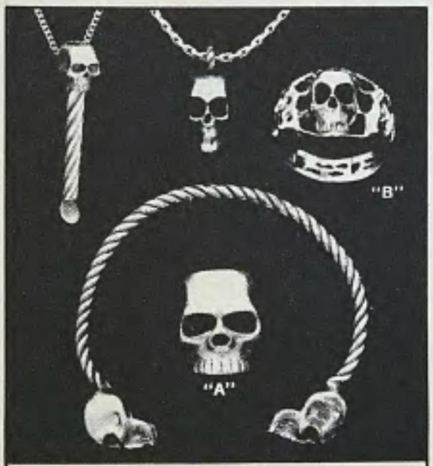

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two more, settled back down on the stool and lit up a Lucky, ready to finally listen to Danny's story. He grabbed a slug of beer, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and took a deep breath.

"You remember Larry Shelton?" he began, haltingly.

I thought for a minute, then it came to me: Larry Shelton was a Vietnam vet who'd flown a chopper for one of the local TV stations — that "eye in the sky" bullshit. Larry was a flashy guy, who seemed to have plenty of bread, and he and Danny had been pretty tight.

"Yeah, I remember Larry Shelton. What about him?" I asked.

"He's dead." Danny's voice shook.

"Too bad. Copter crash?"

"No. Motorcycle."

I took a sip of JD, thinking that at least he went out right. "Too bad," I said again.

Danny went on. "We took a ride one Sunday, up to Muscle Rock."

I remembered Muscle Rock — not a rock at all but the foundation of somebody's dream house, overlooking the blue Pacific from high in the Malibu mountains. A real pretty spot. It was called Muscle Rock because it was a favorite spot for physique photogs.

"Anyway," Danny continued, "Larry was up that day, really high. We got to the rock and smoked a couple of joints, then Larry said he had a big score lined up, plenty of money for everyone, said he'd loan me the dough to open up my gym."

Yeah, the gym. It came back to me now. Danny's dream — his own gym, run his own way.

"Larry dropped acid while we were up there and we watched the sun set. It was beautiful, man." He paused, lost in memory for a moment, then said emotionlessly, "On the way back he lost it — hit the high side, crashed and burned. Later they said he died instantly.

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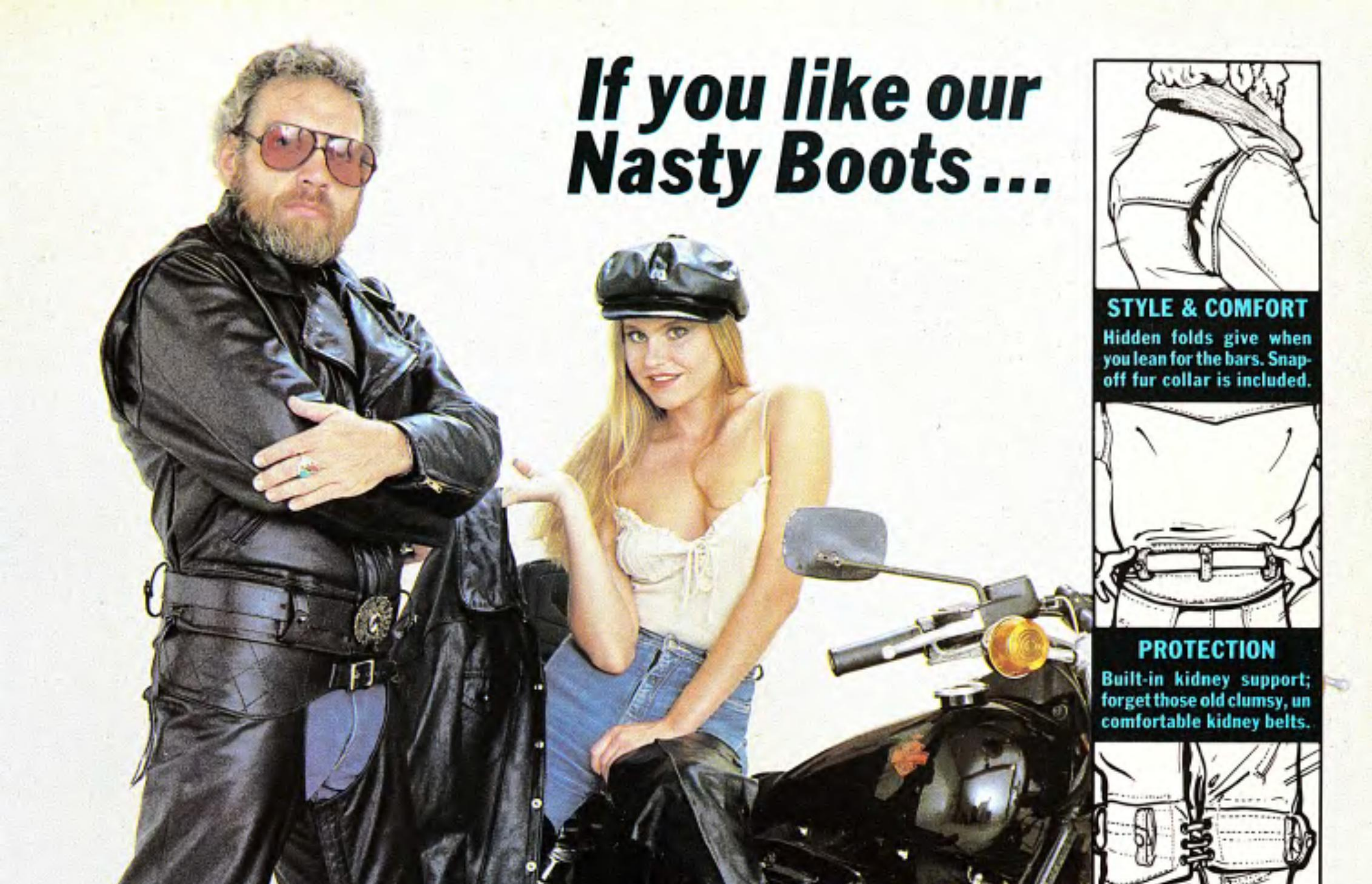

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Broken neck. The next day I was cleaning out his locker at the gym and I found it."

"Found what?" I asked.

"The map to the plantation. An acre of high-grade Oaxacan Redhair weed that Larry had planted up in the Angeles Forest, inaccessible except by helicopter and. . ."his voice trailed off.

"And motorcycles," I said, filling in the blank for him.

"Yeah, and motorcycles."

Danny turned his sunken eyes on me, inviting me to comprehend that this was the big score that Larry had been talking about.

"And now it was all yours," I said, meeting his gaze.

"Not quite," he rasped. "I had no way of getting rid of all that shit, but Larry did. You ever hear of a scooter club called the 'Devils'?"

I searched my mind. "Nope, never heard of 'em."

"Neither has anyone else — but they showed up at the gym the next day, or two of 'em did anyway. An evil-looking dude with a scar running up his forehead into his hairline, that had turned it white like a skunk, said his name was Drago. He had another guy with him, a big guy with a beard, called himself Wolfman. They were lookin' for me."

The bourbon was beginning to warm me up and Danny's story was startin' to intrigue me. I signaled Bill for a refill.

"What'd they want?"

Danny's hand clenched and unclenched on the beer mug. "What the fuck do you think they wanted? The map! Somehow those assholes knew that I was Larry's best friend and figured out that I knew where the plantation was located."

I shrugged. "You denied it, of course, like any sane person."

"Hell, no. I had no way of offing all that shit. I figured I could make a deal with 'em — they'd get the grass and I'd get a fortune."

I laughed. "First it was your own little gym, now, suddenly, it had turned into a fortune. The Big Score, eh?" I laughed again. Danny's eyes momentarily blazed with a crazy light that flickered and flared before dying out.

"The guy on the night shift came in about that time, so I followed Drago and Wolfman over to a joint called the Tiki Hut in Eagle Rock. They were both riding brand new Super Glides and their colors said 'Devil's Motorcycle Club,' but I'm tellin' you, man, if these guys were bikers, then I'm a drag queen. Anyway, when we got to the joint, the curb

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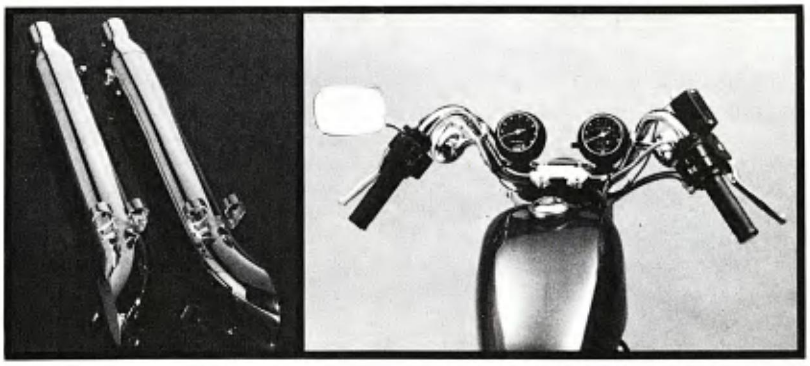

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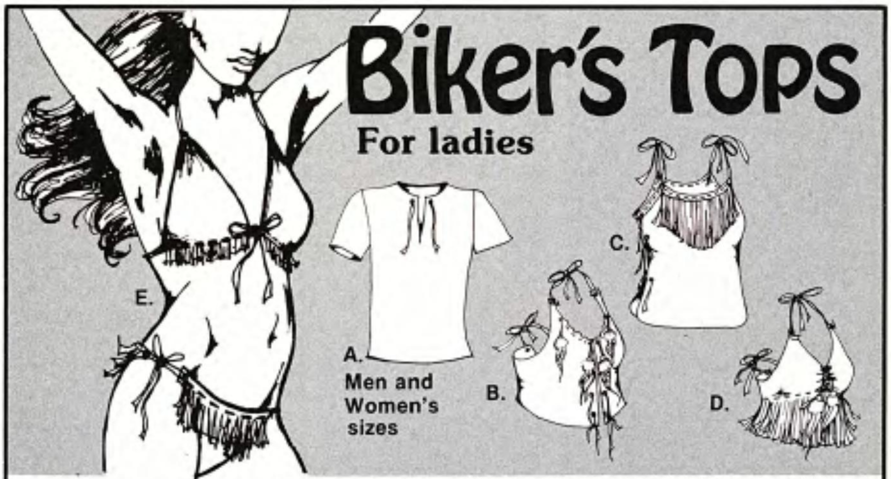

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was stacked with Harleys, all new. We went inside and there was a whole shitload of guys wearin' those Devil colors in there. They were drinkin' and shootin' pool — you know, the usual bullshit.

"I had a couple of beers, then Drago and I made a deal: He'd give me thirty grand, up front, and I'd give him the map. Simple, huh?"

Yeah, I thought, too simple.

Danny continued, "By then everybody was gettin' pretty rowdy. They were arm-wrestling over a couple of butane lighters, and you know me — I never could resist a good over-the-top. So, when this fuckin' Wolfman challenged me, I had to go, no choice, right?"

I lit another butt and blew the acrid smoke at my image in the mirror. "Right."

"Naturally, I beat the fucker. I was pretty strong in those days. The guy goes nuts! Swear to God, he wants to kill me. It took three dudes to pull him off of me. Anyway, Drago apologized for his pals and says to come around to his pad the next night and pick up the ducats. Tells me to bring my ol' lady if I want, 'cause it's gonna be a party.

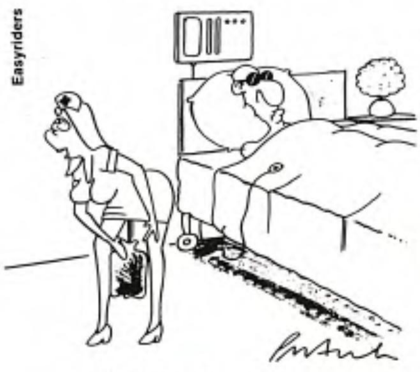
"So, I go home and tell Terri all about it." The kid's voice broke when he mentioned his ol' lady's name. "At first she didn't believe me, so I showed her the map. She looked at it for a long time before it finally sunk in. Man, we were gonna be rich! We both started laughin' like two kids, I mean we were rollin' around on the floor." Danny looked down into the dregs of his mug like a man trying to read his past in a bunch of tea leaves. I signaled Bill for more brew.

"The next night we went to the party. Drago didn't want to do any business with so many people around and I didn't blame him. He told Terri and me to go on and have a good time. I didn't like the way the fucker ran his eyes up and down Terri's body, but I wrote it off as paranoia and we joined the party.

"Somebody must have put angel dust or something in my drink because the next thing I remember was wakin' up on the couch, alone. The place was empty and my head was spinning like a top. I couldn't think but I knew I had to find Terri. I heard some voices comin' from the rear of the place, so I staggered down the hallway toward the noise and when I opened the door, there was my ol' lady on the bed, naked. Drago was layin' on top of her, pumpin' away like a fuckin' machine and all these other assholes were standin' in line, unzippin' their laundry."

Danny paused and took a fresh gulp of suds. I was startin' to develop a crystal clear picture of what had happened to him. For all of Terri's bullshit, Danny really loved the broad. I tried to keep my voice even when I asked him what he did next.

"What'd I do, man?" Danny's voice got louder, higher-pitched, and



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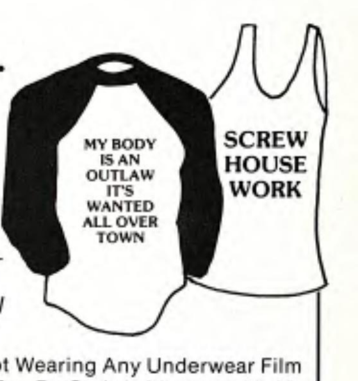

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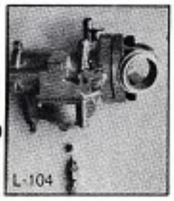

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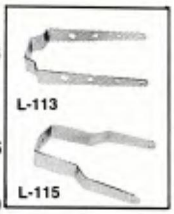

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cracked. "She was fuckin' laughin', man. She was diggin' it!"

I grasped Danny's shoulder to steady him, "Take it easy, kid."

A couple of citizens had come into the bar and were nervously glancing our way. I gave them an emphatic "mind your own fuckin' business" look, and they obligingly turned back to their beer and conversation while Danny went on with his story.

"Something snapped in my head. All I could think of was getting out of there. The next thing I knew I was outside, running, just running, man. I was trying to get away from that scene in the bedroom, but I couldn't. It kept getting louder, and it seemed like everyone was laughing. Drago, Wolfman, the others — they were all laughin'.

"I'm runnin' through the night and this fuckin' laughter is following me, crawling all over inside my head. Then, suddenly, it stopped. I must have stumbled and fallen, 'cause I was on the ground down by the railroad tracks. I didn't know how I'd gotten there or how long I'd been lying in the gravel, but I guess the night air cleared my brain or somethin', 'cause suddenly I could think again. I figured that if they'd drugged me, they must have done the same thing to Terri. So now I had to go back and get her — and when I did, those scumsuckers were gonna pay, I mean really fuckin' *pay*, Preach!"

I nodded. The fuckers deserved what they got.

"I got up and headed back toward their pad, but then I saw a single headlight comin' at me through the darkness. It was Wolfman on his scooter — comin' for me. He nearly split a gut laughing when he saw me there by the tracks. But I was laughing, too, 'cause I wanted him a lot more than he wanted me. This was payback time. The fucker got off his bike and came at me. He was big and he was good, but when I put my boot upside his nuts, he went down like a fuckin' tree!

"I wanted some answers before I wasted him, but the ones he gave weren't the ones I wanted to hear. He said Terri had double-crossed me and was going to take Drago to the plantation and get the dough for herself. Drago had made her pull a train to seal the bargain and she went for it. My mind was so fucked up by whatever they'd slipped me that the story made sense. I remembered how long she'd looked at the map when I showed it to her — long enough to memorize it.

"I musta taken my eyes off the

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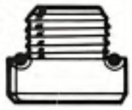

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bastard while I was thinkin' about all this shit, 'cause the next thing I saw was a hunk of metal just before it hit me between the eyes. The cocksucker hadn't been hurt as bad as I'd thought. He'd just been playin' possum. I tried to get to my feet, but nothin' worked. All I could do was lie there, staring up at the fucker and blinking the blood out of my eyes."

Unconsciously, Danny rubbed the deep scar that ran across his forehead. The sonuvabitch had really nailed him.

"The bastard went and got his scooter, kicked it over and headed back to where I was lyin'. He had a twenty-one aimed at my head and he was howlin', man, fuckin' howlin'. Now I knew why they called him Wolfman. The fucker was crazy. He was about a hundred feet away and picking up speed when the train started to move. I hadn't even realized there was one there. I could hear the couplings clangin' together and then the red light on that swinging gizmo came on. That light hit Wolfman's face on every swing, like a strobelight from hell. I tried my fingers; they moved. I felt around and found whatever the bastard had used to bash me, up by my head. Instinctively, I rolled and threw it at him. It must have hit the spokes — like the bike went down and slid."

Danny had been unbelievably lucky and I told him so. "Yeah," he said, "luckier than Wolfman. He rolled right under the train. You ever see a guy without a head? Yeah, old Wolfman won't ever be howlin' at the moon no more unless he can howl through his asshole, 'cause that's all he's got left."

Danny laughed bitterly at his own macabre joke. "I should have let the bastard kill me, but it was too late for that, so I picked his bike up, kicked it over and headed for the mountains. I was gonna fuck that plantation over just

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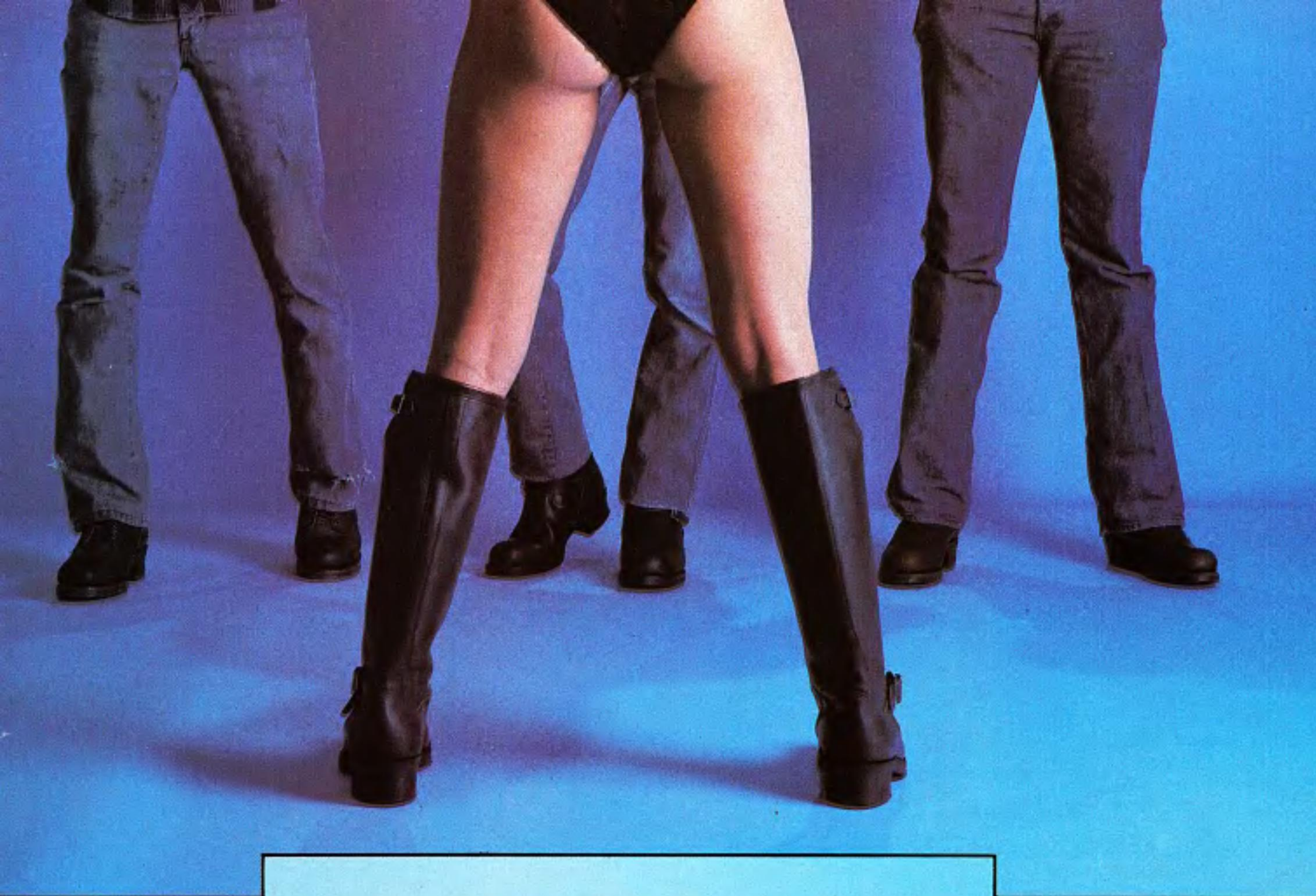

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like it had managed to do to me.

"The sun was just comin' up when I hit the last town before the mountains. I stopped at a gas station and filled the bike up. Bought a jeep can, too, and filled that up — with high octane. I strapped the can to the bitch bar and headed on. It took another four hours of hard riding. It was a real bitch, man. A Super Glide ain't no dirt bike, but it got me there.

'You should have seen all that weed growin' there in that valley, Preach. As I'd suspected, it was all ready for harvest, dried and brown the way Redhair's got to be before it's cut down. Well, I'll tell ya, man, I was gonna 'harvest' it all right — harvest it with my gas and a match. Lookin' at it, I could see it would go up like kindling. I doused the perimeter with the gas from the jeep can, then hiked up the hill and sat down under a tree. I felt tired, man, really tired. I'd grabbed a handful of the shit when I was in the field. I figured maybe I should try it out; I owed Larry that. So I rolled a doobie and kicked back, just smokin' and listenin' to the birds chirp.

"I musta smoked about half the joint when I heard the Harleys. The fuckers had gotten there faster than I thought they would. I guess they'd gone lookin' for Wolfman and found the headless bastard by the tracks, put two and two together and decided they'd better get movin'. They couldn't see me up on the rise, so I just sat there and watched the dumbfucks ride into the field. Drago was first, as usual, and sitting behind him, leanin' back against the sissy bar with her legs up around his waist, was my ol' lady. Funny, it didn't seem to affect me anymore; it was like I was numb or something. Anyway, they all went out of their minds when they saw that grass. They rode right into the

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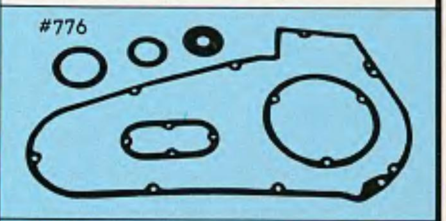

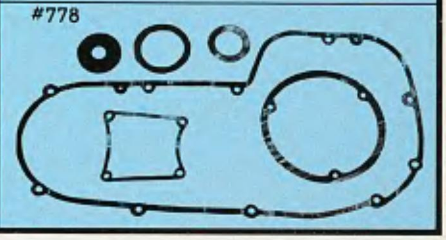

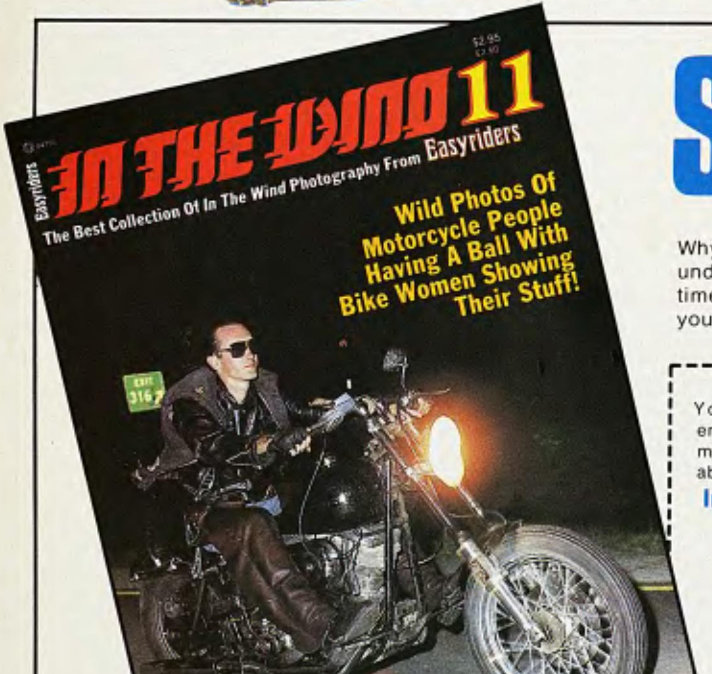

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middle of it, got off their bikes and started rollin' around in the shit, whoopin' and hollerin' like a bunch of loonies. Christ, it was nauseating. Terri just stood there by Drago's bike looking like she was in some kinda daze or somethin'.

"Anyway, man, my plans were ruined. No way could I get down there and torch the shit without being seen. Fuck it! I was so incredibly tired and disgusted that I just wanted to split. I guess I made a movement that caught Terri's eye because she looked up and saw me. I think I stopped breathing while our eyes met for what seemed like an eternity. I could see the tears as they overflowed and ran down her face. And suddenly, I knew what a fool I'd been. They'd drugged her just like they'd drugged me. When I disappeared, Drago must have told her that he had me locked up somewhere, and that he'd kill me if she didn't take him to the plantation. So she'd done it — to save my life. Even from a distance, I could read the truth in her eyes.

"I flicked the roach away and started down the hill for her. But I guess the jeep can had leaked when I lugged it up to the tree, because suddenly there was a trail of flame racing down the hill toward the plants. I started running. When Terri saw what was happening, she started to run to me. I was racing neck-and-neck with that fireball, and just for a second I pulled ahead of it. Terri's hand reached for mine as we got closer. I heard her gasping, 'Danny, Danny, I love you, baby.' I reached out for her — and I almost made it." A sob like a death rattle racked Danny's body. He took a deep breath and struggled to regain his composure.

"When that fireball hit the gas-saturated weed, it went up in my face like a bomb. The blast threw me back about ten feet. I got up and tried to get through the flames to Terri, but it was too late. I saw her turn black and then she seemed to kind of melt into the fire. The Devils were trapped in there, too. God, how those fuckers screamed as they died! The fire hit their bikes, exploding the gas tanks and sending flames shootin' up into the air like giant Roman candles. It was like World War III — or Hell, maybe.

"Somehow, I got out of there and back home. I ditched Wolfman's scooter and laid low. The funny thing is, there was nothin' much in the papers about it — just a short piece about a brush fire. No mention of Drago or the Devils, like they didn't exist or somethin'. Terri's mother put out a missing persons report, but the cops never came around to ask me any questions about her."

Danny turned to me. Tears were streaming down his ruined face and he clutched at my jacket. "Preacher Man, who *were* those guys?"

I looked at his tortured expression, then I reached up and touched the scar that ran across his forehead. I let my hand linger there for a second before I answered, "I don't know, Danny. I guess they were what they claimed to be — the Devils."

I got up and walked to the door, leaving him there with his own devils, devils that would haunt the backroads of his alcohol-soaked mind until finally, seeking relief, Danny would reach out and embrace his own personal high side.

The rain had stopped, but it had been replaced by a cold, biting wind. I zipped up my jacket and kicked the panhead over. It started on one kick, as usual, and while I sat there lettin' it warm up, my attention focused on the other bike parked at the curb. What the hell could a guy who rides a green Sportster expect, anyway? I blinked away the wetness that suddenly seemed to collect in the corners of my eyes — it must have started to rain again. I kicked the scooter into gear and pointed it toward my pad. The hot shower waiting there looked better than ever. ■

Easyriders

"Damn, Harry! You'd do anything to keep from seeing Mother!"

Continued from page 27

weave their fur into warm garments, an' when times get tough, they eat 'em. When party-time comes, it's not uncommon for an Eskimo to fetch in a bunch of puppies an' make soup out of 'em, either.

One swell way they do this is by putting all the puppies in a sealskin bag, which they then hang on a pole an' beat to a pulp. When the consistency seems right, *voila*, soup-time.

In the Philippine Islands, dogs are openly sold in the marketplaces (even though the *National Enquirer* an' President Marcos said they aren't) an' they're considered quite a delicacy. They're allowed to stuff themselves with rice, then they're snuffed, put on a spit an' barbecued.

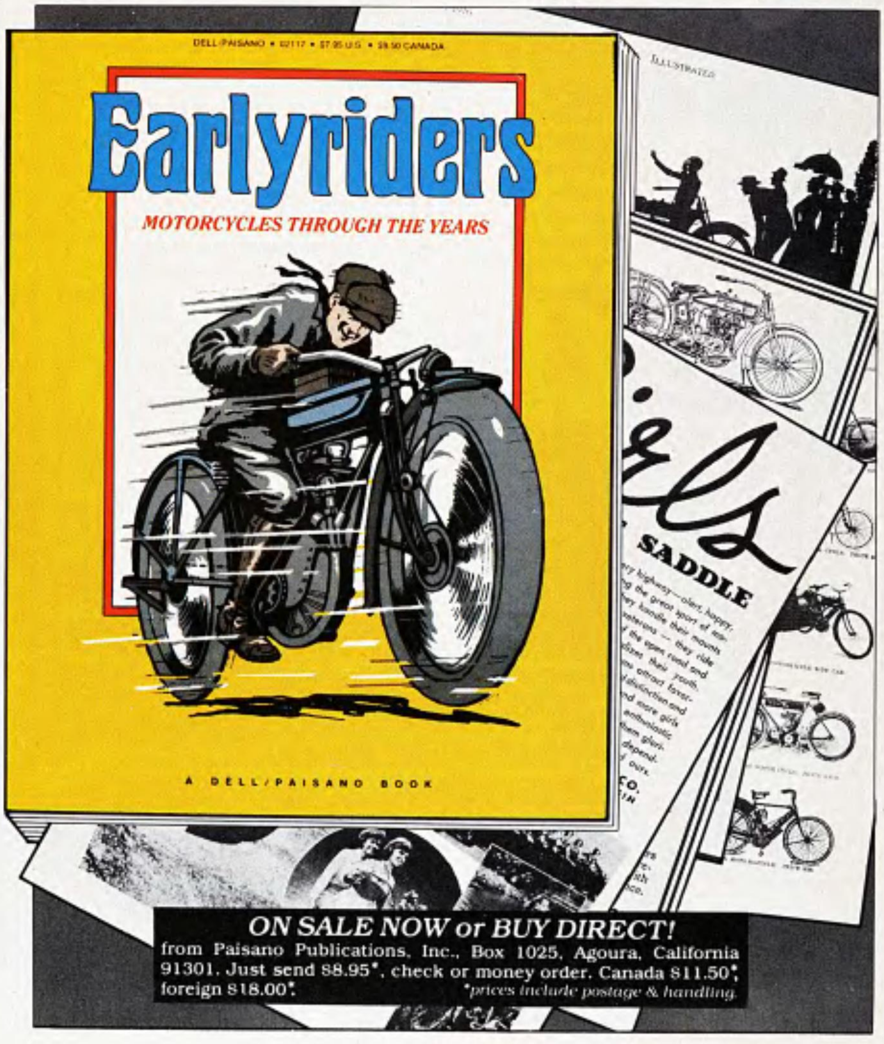
Now let's have a long discussion about pets in general. In the history of the world, all kinds of pets have been mentioned. Durin' the medieval period, a lot of saints were created for the protection of pets. There's St. Dominic for dogs, St. Anthony of Egypt for pigs, St. Eloy for horses, an' St. Gertrude for mice.

The ancient Egyptians were cat lovers who had a goddess named Bastet to protect their feline loved ones. In the town of Bubastis, on the Nile, cats were lovingly mummified in her honor. Ain't that sweet? Now there's 102 uses for a dead cat.

The Romans had *Felis catus* to play with (an' to keep around the house to piss off St. Gertrude by eatin' the mice). They put a cat's picture on their money an' they also invented a word for the funny sound a cat makes. They called it *murmare*, meaning, "to purr."

Easyriders

"He must be a police dog."



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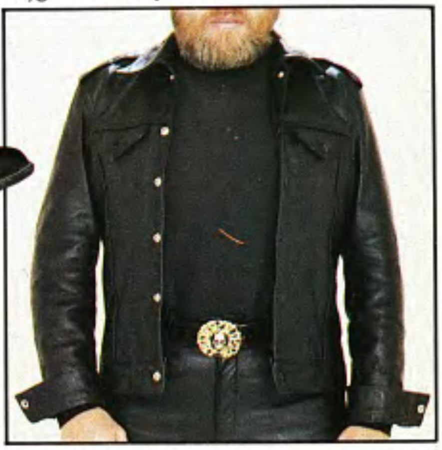

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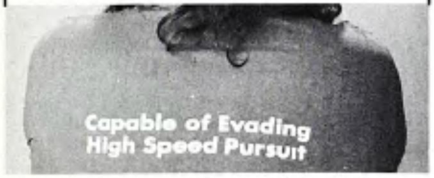

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Cats are smart. In fact, they're probably the smartest animals alive, next to man, an' some scientists aren't too sure about that, either. One scientist wrote in a letter to a friend, "When I play with my cat, I often wonder who is playing with whom." His cat had figured out how to take the tops off milk bottles left on the porch, so he'd built a glass case for the milkman to put the bottles in when he delivered 'em. Everything went well for a while, but one mornin' the dude discovered a broken panel in the glass — the milk had been liberated. The next mornin', he heard a peculiar tapping sound. He looked out at the glass case, which had been repaired, an' there was his cat, holdin' a pebble the size of a marble in one paw, trying to break the glass again.

Although cats have been peacefully cohabitating with humans for several millennia, they've also been cruelly victimized by the darker side of human nature during that time. They've been prosecuted an' hung as witches, had their tails cut off by "jokers," an' during the Middle Ages they were used in a gamblin' game. Gamblers would place dice on cats' paws and then bet on which cat would flick them off first. Winning cats were fed an' kept as pets. Losers had their skins sold.

A dog's life in days of yore was no less precarious. Dogs were often executed along with their masters because it was feared that the owner's criminal habits had been passed on to them. When the Gauls attacked Rome, dogs were crucified all over the city because they had failed to warn their masters in time. (Whenever wolves were captured in

Easyriders

"I had him aborted, but he got better."

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Where will the government draw the line on who it prosecutes next? We need your help in the fight for all our freedoms. Help us – help yourselves. Send whatever you can to: **Defense Fund, P.O. Box 10071, Collinwood Station, Cleveland, Ohio 44110.** Include a self-addressed stamped envelope and you'll receive a "Keep America Free – Support Your Local Hells Angels" bumper sticker.

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Germany or the Scandinavian countries, they were hanged in the forests so that their brothers would see their bodies and be warned to stay away from towns and villages.)

Some of the folklore associated with dogs includes the following: If a dog turns around three times, a stranger will call. A person shouldn't handle children's teeth when they fall out, or the kid will grow dog's teeth in place of the baby biters.

During the Middle Ages, dogs were believed to be associated with magic. Whenever a mandrake plant was found, a dog was tied to it an' then called from some distance away. When the dog ran to his master, the mandrake root came out of the ground, issuing a blood-curdlin' scream. (If ya believe that, ya'll believe anything.)

The mother of St. Dominic dreamed she had given birth to a dog, so today St. Dominic is symbolized by a dog. The religious order founded in his name, the Dominicans, came from the Latin, *Domini canes*, "dogs of the Lord."

St. Patrick is probably the most famous saint ever known, especially for those who like to spend one day a year gettin' shitfaced in the local Irish saloon. Everyone knows that St. Patrick chased all of the snakes out of Ireland, but his greatest feat has been largely forgotten. On what is now his feast day, St. Patrick brought the fish back to Ireland, for on that day they were observed to come dancing up out of the sea after a long absence.

Monkeys are often chosen as pets by people who don't know any better, but they are far from bein' swell pets to have around the house. Not only do they shit on everything in sight when allowed to run free, but they get a hardon whenever they're near a chick who's wearin' the rag, an' they'll jack off right there in front of God an' everybody.

About ten years ago, a pal of mine decided to buy one of those organ-grinder monkeys. He took the critter home an' let it loose.

The first thing the monkey did was bite my pal's ol' lady on the face. Then the monkey bit each of his three rugrats — their hands, arms, heads, backs — an' when he tried to get the bastard away from 'em, it bit him, too.

He tried chokin' the sonovabitch, but it shit on him an' got away. It tore down curtains, broke dishes, knocked pictures off the walls, got in the bedroom where it took a whiz an' a dump on the bed, ripped open all the pillows, killed the family parakeet, tried to fuck the cat, an' finally got itself knocked out with a baseball bat.

My friend then hauled the little prick back to the pet shop. The manager wouldn't give him a full refund, but the forty dollars he did pop for enabled my friend to suffer only a hundred-an'-sixty-dollar loss.

The entire family had to go to the hospital where they all got stitches and started treatment for rabies; his ol' lady was hospitalized for shock an' hysteria. He owned the monkey for less than one hour an' it cost him over two thousand dollars. You think that ain't gettin' shit on by a so-called pet?

Some pets are real nice to have. My neighbor raises pigeons. Every time they land in my yard, we have pigeon stew. If they don't come to visit, I wait till they're flyin' over my house an' terminate their aerobatics with my air rifle. See, I'm really fond of pigeons.

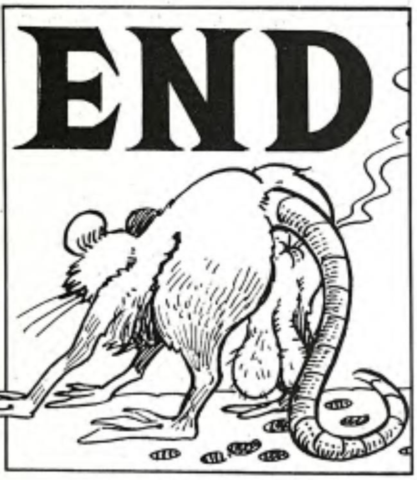
If you have a pet, you might be wonderin' how long it'll last. That all depends on certain factors. If ya haul your dog around in the back of a pickup truck without tyin' him down, chances are he ain't gonna be around long. If ya let your cat out at night, an' I ride by on my scoot while the bastard is crossin' the street — you just lost a cat.

Dogs generally live about fourteen years, although some get older than that. Cats can live anywhere from 15 to 20 years if they're kept off the streets or outta my yard.

Doctors an' dentists always seem to have large fish tanks in their waitin' rooms, probably to amuse patients who sit around waiting six hours to get a one-minute treatment. Goldfish can live from 25 to 30 years, which is about how long it takes the average person to pay his doctor's bill.

Hamsters might make it two whole years, unless Gramps rocks his chair on 'em, the baby eats 'em, or the kid sticks 'em in the blender for a fun ride.

Personally, I hate all pets. ■



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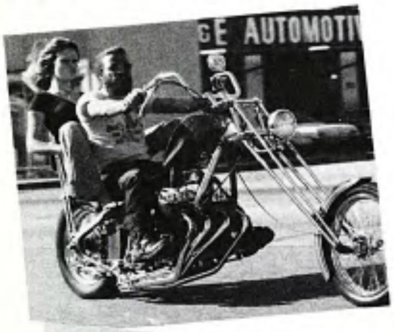

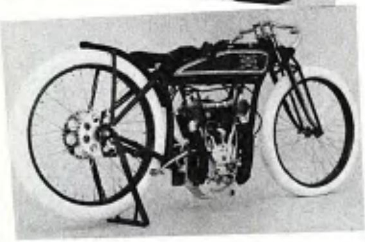

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Monger

Continued from page 10

in all that time have I ever seen anything as ugly as the bitch on the cover of your May issue. What a beast. I've seen 'em cut up, beat up, cummed on, and puked on, but, man, this one's *ugly*.

Phantom
Minneapolis, Minn.

Pigpen

☐ Gotta say thanks for the far-out picture of Pigpen in the April issue. I wish you'd said more about him and his contribution to the band. I've seen them without him, and they just weren't the same. Don't get me wrong. I'll be a Head till the end, but about all I listen to is the stuff up until the European tour album, and those suckers are worn thin! After that, their music just seems more and more watered down every time I hear it, and the crowd seems like just a bunch of fuckin' hippies doin' the only thing hippies know how to do — gettin' stoned.

Anyway, I guess what I started out to say is let's hear it for Pigpen, the real balls behind the Dead — and one helluva righteous fucker.

Quig
Watertown, Conn.

☐ *Easyriders* and the Grateful Dead forever! Tiny's informative article about America's No. 1 band just made my fuckin' day when I read it. Brought back good partyin' memories. Thanks.

Bill Hamilton
Ft. Lewis, Wash.

Willie's Gone

☐ Where'd "Witty Willie" go? I hope whoever sponsored him for the jokes department kicked his ass and sent him back to the syph-sore he evolved from. Or, did he take all the goodies from the evidence room and split like the rip-off he is (was)?

Roger Rotton
Mingo, Ohio

Worth It

☐ No beer in the fridge, down to my last joint, and no money in my pocket. Guess I'll twist up that last number. Wonder if it would be easier to slide on my ass to the living room or use those fucking crutches. Damn you, *Easyriders!*

Bad Bob
Houston, Tex.

Lookin' For Jokers

☐ Are any of the Original Jokers from Winston-Salem, N.C., still around? I'm speaking of the real Original Jokers from back in the late '50s and '60s, in and around Forsyth County (Winston-Salem, High Point, Greensboro, Elkin, Boone). If so, I'd like to exchange past memories and pics for a possible reunion between us older bros.

Steve Griffin
c/o T.R. Vanhorne III
Box 13428
Chesapeake, Va. 23325

Tattoo Removal

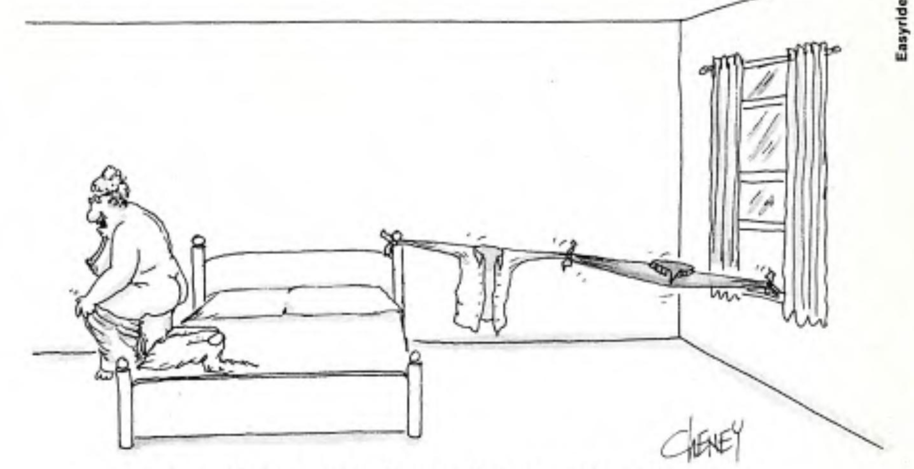
☐ I'm writing in response to a letter in the April '83 issue. You answered Blued and Tattooed's question by saying that you've heard tattoos can now be removed with lasers. Well, you're right and it doesn't leave any scars. The only problem with laser tattoo removal is that it costs two thousand dollars per square centimeter. Of course, that was a few years ago; it may have gone down since then. In any case, I suggest that if you put the fucker on with a needle and string, you probably can't afford lasers to take it off.

Greg Harmon
Citrus Heights, Calif.

Root Tonic

☐ This is to The Bitch, "Wordmonger," April '83: Bitch, cut the ol' man some slack. Pourin' Jell-O on his prick to wash down the taste of jizz ain't doin' the fine organ justice. That shit might just fuckin' start to harden on the poor bastard and then what the hell would he do? Walkin' around with a green, lime-flavored dong ain't in the plan. It'd be like pourin' granny's molasses on your clit. All you get outta that is a sticky crotch, a damned sore jaw, and a sick feelin' in your gut from slappin' at the sugar (not to mention a wide ass from the calories you're chompin').

You seem to be forgettin' he chose you to be his ol' lady. He didn't have to. The least you can do to repay him for the deed is to spend some time keeping him happy. Fill his belly up with some good booze and chews and you're halfway there. Only other thing you gotta do is to love the poor soul so hard and for so long he doesn't have the time or the strength to notice, much less complain, if ya can't always gulp the juice. It ain't bad-tastin' at all, especially when you remember



"I just want you to know, Clarence, that I don't put out like this for just anybody."

Easyriders

it's his way of showin' you he appreciates havin' you there by his side.

Pat
Cranford, N.J.

■ You tell 'em, Pat.

Another View of Dots

☐ I keep reading about dots on the hands in your rag. I've heard all kinds of lies about them, so now it's time to let the truth out: Every dot represents a year done in prison. A tear on the corner of the eye means five years. I know because I'm doing mine now, and I just put on my third dot. Anyone who has been down will know this.

T.J.
Vero Beach, Fla.

Fire Under His Ass

☐ This is in response to "Reach Out" (April '83). As a fellow Preacher reader and enthusiast, I can and do sympathize with Rusty over the loss of one of the best writers your rag has had. His letter lit a fire in my heart and under my ass that had long since gone out. That's why I felt I had to write this letter to all our bros out there. The fire I speak of is the fire of brotherhood and understanding that we, as bikers, must keep burning if we do not wish to see our lifestyle and freedom end.

Toad
Cisco, Tex.

First Aid

☐ I caught Tre's letter about the necessities of immediate first-aid (March '83 issue.) Being as I've been in medicine for these many years, immediate first-aid comes as second nature, but I realized, reading Tre's letter, that there are a lot of good, honest folks out there who aren't aware of what to do. Hopefully, my small bit of advice will help someone sometime.

For beginners, in immediate first-aid we're only interested in preservation of life and limb; stopping the bleeding, protecting the wound. My rationale differs from the ABCs of first-aid only in the limitation of space to present it. The basic necessities to do this are 1. half a dozen sterile 4"x4" gauze pads to protect the wound, and 2. Several "bandannas" (or cravats, as the military calls them), triangular pieces of cloth, 18"x18"x37", or thereabouts. They can be used as tourniquets to stop major bleeding, bandages to hold the gauze pads in place on any area, slings for arms, and as bindings for splints. This very basic kit won't take up much room, but it will sure be useful when ya take a fall. Throw out all those first-aid creams, lotions and potions. They may be okay later, but at the scene they will only cause problems.

I highly and heartily advise everyone who rides to take a course in first-aid and learn the ABCs so that we can help our brothers in need.

"Doc" Post
APO N.Y., N.Y.

Bob Seger

☐ Hey, has anyone checked out the new Bob Seger tune, "Roll Me Away"? I just heard it this morning and listened to the words. It's great! Guess ol' Bob's got a bit of the bikin' spirit in him.

Diz
Mt. Prospect, Ill.

Judas Priest

☐ An open letter to Judas Priest: Last Saturday I left the bar early to be home in time for the Judas Priest concert on MTV. I was enjoying the hell out of the show, waiting for that last encore. So what happened? Did you take too much acid and think you were Wendy-O? Really now, what reason is there for kicking over, tromping on, and beating on a Harley? I thought you guys were righteous. Was I wrong? If you're reverting to punk tactics, leave the Harley out of it.

Bitch with a bitch
Lubbock, Tex.

Earring

☐ At the risk of sounding stupid, I'm thinking of piercing an ear, but I've seen guys with their left ear pierced and some with their right ear pierced.

Is there any meaning to which ear a guy has pierced?

T.J.
Atwater, Ohio

■ Get it on the left ear.

Do Anything For Him

☐ To Silky's Ol' Lady (April '83): You are absolutely right. Recently, I was laid up for two or three weeks (don't exactly remember) because I did a little too much. My ol' man sat with me for two days and nights, worried to death. I pulled through and so did he. I don't think I could have lived to see today if it wasn't for him. I love him more than I have loved anyone in my life. I would do anything in the world for him. I proudly take my place behind him.

Preacher's Ol' Lady
Dunoon, Scotland

Ya missed it!

☐ Say, in what issue did you jokers put the winner of the Dave Mann contest (March 1981, issue #93, for the hand-painted saddlebags)? Or did one of you shitheads keep them?

Nubes
Thornton, Colo.

■ The winner was in issue #99, page 97.

Funny Joke

☐ I'm reading the April '83 issue, right? So I come to the jokes and read the one about Calvin and his colostomy bag and I laugh so hard I almost tear my scar open.

R.J.
New Castle, Pa.

About The HK-91

☐ I got the May issue of your rag today and I'd like to say something about that guy who was, "Trying To Make It In Butte County." He refers to the HK-91 as "cheapo stamped tin" and says that only a lousy marksman needs full-auto. He's wrong on both counts, though I do agree with most of what he said.

The Heckler & Koch HK-91 is a bloody good weapon, even if it does have some stamped sheet-metal parts. It has outstanding accuracy; good enough to be used for sniping if fitted with a scope. It will fire ammo of mixed bullet weights and powder charges, all mixed up in the same magazine, without adjusting the weapon in any way, which the Garand won't do; in fact, the only round I've ever seen that wouldn't cycle the Heckler's action was that sabot Accelerator round. It does have some disadvantages, though. First, it has a lousy, creepy trigger-pull that you're stuck with; nobody can fix it and you just have to get used to it. Second, its rear sight is one of the worst I've ever run across. Third, in most rifles, when the magazine is empty, the bolt locks open to let you know you need to reload; the Heckler doesn't and it's annoying as hell to pull the trigger and

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hear a click. Fourth, if you're a left-hander, the gas escaping from the ejection port will burn your right forearm a bit.

Still, the man has made an excellent choice in the M-1 Garand. It's one of the best rifles ever made and is still going strong 40 years after it was first designed.

Now for that remark about full-auto. He's right, it isn't a substitute for marksmanship by any means. What it is, is a useful tool that can be deadly in the right hands. Full-auto fire can be used to take out multiple opponents rapidly, to inflict multiple wounds on the other guy, and to keep the other side's heads down.

Dewey
Portsmouth, Va.

We Print The Truth

☐ Other biker magazines print what the government wants them to. You print *Easyriders* with your readers in mind, not the government.

Clark Martell
Bensenville, Ill.

Dog Ridin'

☐ About the dog that the SPCA won't allow to ride on its master's scooter anymore: The law reads "in," not "on," so if you go by what the law says, it's perfectly okay.

R.C.
Logan, Utah

■ Ride with a chick — leave the wife at home.

Problems

☐ My ol' lady just left me for a scumbag with a rat Triumph, and my pet cockroach just died, but as long as I've got your rag, I'll maintain. Thanks.

Bandit
Florence, Ariz.

Praise For Dusty

☐ I've never read any praise in your rag for Dusty Sage, and she certainly deserves some. When I read her astrological profiles for me or people I know, it's as though she knows us personally. She's the best I've read in the future department.

J.E.
Los Angeles, Calif.

A Question

☐ I don't normally fuck with writin' letters, but I've got a question. My rugrat found a coin that says, "We ride to help crippled children walk — 1977" on one side and "Jerusalem Temple A.A.O.N.M.S., New Orleans, Louisiana" and "Road Runners" on the other side. No one around here knows what A.A.O.N.M.S. stands for. I thought maybe you would know.

Hatter
Coalton, Ohio

■ I don't. Maybe the readers know.

Keeps Trying

☐ Youse guys have rejected so much of my stuff (stories, poems, drawings, etc.) that I'd given up on youse and was gonna write instead to *Mad Magazine*, but I couldn't find their address so I'm writing you again.

"Pecker" Peckham
APO, N.Y.

"Easy Rider" Poster

☐ I'm having a problem which someone on your staff may be able to help me with. I'm trying to locate the posters of Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper from the movie "Easy Rider." I've checked all the stores in my area and have come up empty-handed. Maybe you could tell me where I can get some prints.

Jeff Jasper
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

■ Maybe a reader will know.

Women On Cover

☐ Hey, did you know that you haven't had a cover without a girl on it since issue number 13?

Dopey Doat
Hillsboro, W.Va.

■ No shit?

Some Info

☐ Just a bit of information for all you dudes out there. Recently, in the hospital where I work, we had two riders who lost fingers to their machines. One was reaching down, while riding and fucking with something, when the open primary belt grabbed a digit and took it off. Within six days, another dude came in minus a finger. Seems the rear wheel was up, the motor was running and somehow he got hung up between the rear wheel sprocket and the chain. He didn't remember how it happened — it just did.

So for your fingers' sake (you only have ten), keep your head out of your ass and your fingers out of the works.

Bruce Parkes
Las Vegas, Nev.

An Offer

☐ Just a few short lines to say I love *Easyriders* and that I would love to take on Spider any time, but could he handle a wild child? I like it long, lean, and hard. I don't bite, I nibble. Think he could take it for twenty hours? I only need four hours of sleep. How much sleep does he need? Maybe he would like a taste.

Wild Child
Olympia, Wash.

■ He said you came to the right place and asked, "Sleep? What's sleep?"

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Lockdown

Continued from page 52

criminal evidence is a violation of their constitutional rights. The suit was brought after testimony in the Patricia Hearst bank robbery trial indicated that such monitoring of conversations was common in all of California's 58 counties. The suit had been dismissed by a San Mateo County judge.

In ordering the suit reinstated and sent back to the Superior Court for trial, the state high court rejected an offer by the defendants to post signs warning inmates and visitors that their conversations were being recorded. "Privacy is not safe if a search or intrusion can be justified merely by proof that the state announced its intention in advance," the court said.

Alabama Wins One

A federal district court ruling that ordered the State of Alabama to free 353 prisoners to ease overcrowding has been overruled by the 11th Circuit Court of Appeals.

According to the appeals court, Judge Robert Varner's order that the state cut loose the prisoners was "impermissibly intrusive on the state's prerogative to administer its prison and parole system."

Back in 1971, state officials obeyed, without appeal, another order in which Judge Varner ordered the release of 277 prisoners.

Hope For Kentucky Sisters

The state of Kentucky has been ordered to submit a plan for bringing education programs, work programs, and privilege systems for women prisoners up to the standards of those offered to men.

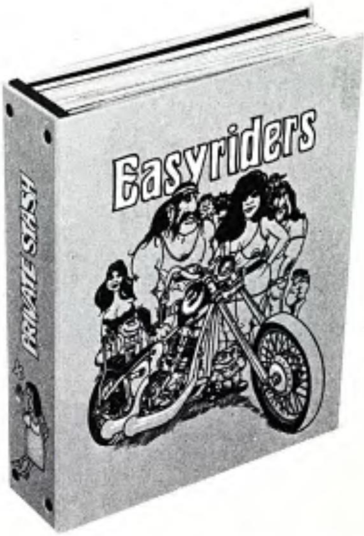
In issuing the order, U.S. District Court Judge Edward H. Johnstone ruled that the Kentucky penal system discriminated against women and noted that women prisoners must, except under extreme circumstances, be treated equally. The state is expected to appeal the decision.

No Right To Starve

Ruling in the case of John Lennon's assassin, a New York state appeals court has ruled that prisoner hunger strikes can be broken by force feeding.

In reaching its decision, the appeals court said that Mark Chapman's right to privacy does not include the right to commit suicide by starving himself.

Van Holden v. Chapman, 31 CrL 2249 (NY APP. 1982)



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Anyway, it's 3 bucks, 3 inches in diameter, and black 'n' white.

Thanks,
Mutha

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Downtime

Continued from page 51

There's no way you can fault the personnel on **Money and Cigarettes:** Ry Cooder on slide and electric guitar, "Duck" Dunn on bass, Roger Hawkins on drums, and Albert Lee on almost everything. And side one lives up to that stellar cast. Clapton's voice (not always his greatest asset) has never been better than it is on "Everybody Oughta Make a Change," the fine old Sleepy John Estes tune done so well by Taj Mahal many moons back. The guitar work is impeccable, Clapton and Cooder slow-handing it all the way in a tight, enjoyable renditions of an old favorite. And tight, by the way, is the word to describe the entire band. These guys play together about as well as you could ask.

Side one also showcases a few tunes written by Clapton, including "The Shape You're In," a fine, rhythmic rocker about a gal who's a bit too fond of the sauce: *Well, my little girl really loves that wine/ Wine will do it to her most every time/If it's red or it's white or it's in between/She can drink more wine than I've ever seen.*

Another tune written by Clapton is "Ain't Goin' Down." The lyrics aren't altogether coherent, but the song clearly has reference to his battle with drugs and alcohol and his determination to stay clean: *It ain't no big deal, we're all lucky to be alive/I myself don't believe in luck or taking chances; I will survive/Every move I make, every twist and turn/You scandalize and humble me; I may be slow but I will learn.*

Rounding out side one is "I've Got a Rock 'n' Roll Heart," a tune that received a good bit of airplay as a single release but which never made it beyond the status of a minor hit. A good blend of clever lyrics and easy rocking, this song typifies Clapton's unpretentious approach to the music he's making these days. And being unpretentious sets him apart from about 80 percent of the rockers today. If you want your ears hammered to jelly by the latest adolescent screamers, look elsewhere. But if you enjoy rock 'n' roll with a touch of class, this album should please you.

Trouble in Paradise/Randy Newman: This is Randy Newman's eighth album, and while it's not really up to the quality of his best work, it's a solid record with a lot going for it. There's general agreement that Newman's best music appears on two landmark records: **Sail Away** (1972) and **Good Old Boys** (1974). These albums display Newman at the height of his powers, singing the tunes for which he'll always be remembered — "Sail Away,"

"Political Science," "Leave Your Hat On," and so forth.

By his own admission, Randy Newman hates to write. That's why he's never been accused of being prolific, and why he comes up with a new release only every two years or so. And **Trouble in Paradise** clearly shows the effort that went into it.

Newman has amassed an impressive array of backup personnel to help him make this album: Bob Seger, Rickie Lee Jones, Don Henley, Christine McVie, Linda Ronstadt, Lindsey Buckingham, Paul Simon, and Wendy Waldman, among others. But anyone familiar with Newman's best albums knows that the merit lies in the songs he writes, not the additional talent he calls on to help him. Indeed, some of his most effective material has featured little more than his own sparse piano accompaniment to his own distinctive, mumbling singing voice. And for all the impressiveness of the names on **Trouble in Paradise,** they fill essentially novelty roles, having relatively minor effect on the music.

The record kicks off with "I Love L.A.," Newman's half-kidding, half-serious tribute to his adopted home town. Each verse offers a wry but heartfelt capsule description of life in the city of the angels: *Rollin' down the Imperial Highway/With a big nasty redhead at my side/Santa Ana winds blowin' hot from the north/ And we was born to ride.* If Los Angeles ever decides to adopt an official theme song, this should be it. Side one is further highlighted by "The Blues" (also released as a single), featuring Paul Simon joining in, and "Mikey's," a tune about a guy bending a bartender's ear and wondering why times changed and left him behind.

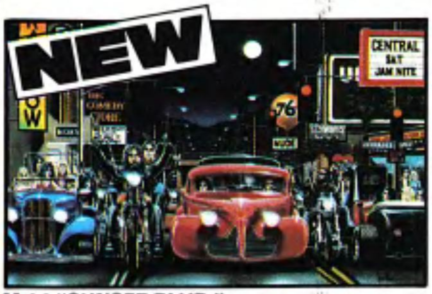
The flip side is as strong as the first, containing "Miami," a song that serves the East Coast much the way "I Love L.A." serves the West Coast. Other standouts include "Take Me Back," featuring a farfasa organ (shades of Sir Doug) and "There's a Party at My House," a funny song about a frat rat who gets carried away at a party.

Trouble in Paradise lacks the consistent humor and satire of Newman's best earlier records, but it's still an album well worth giving a listen to. Newman fans are sure to be pleased and even some non-fans may find themselves being converted. ■

Easyriders

"Hold it, Reginald — quicksand ahead!"

DAVE MANN P·O·S·T·E·R·S



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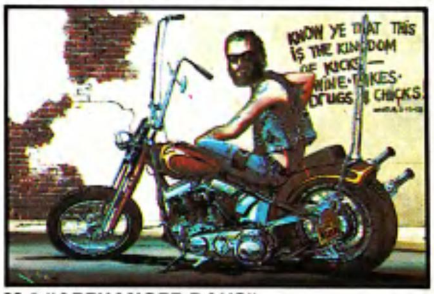

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Chumped

Continued from page 81

was still turning the bill over and over, unable to find the fuckers.

"Pretty tough, huh?" he said.

"Hey, man, there ain't no three two's on this bill!"

He smiled and said, "Sure there are." He took the bill, turned it on its back, and pointed to the picture of the shrubbery next to the White House. "There," he said. Sure enough, camouflaged, but still plain as a blown piston rod, were three little two's. "Got my five bucks?" he inquired lightly.

I didn't know whether to blast the smug bastard or punch myself out for being so fucking stupid. "Sure," I lied. "Just let me go to the crapper for a minute first." Furious with myself for getting into such a spot, I closed the bathroom door, pulled out a pen and wrote two words. . .

"Got my five bucks?" he repeated as I resumed my seat at the bar.

"Sure do, pal, but maybe you'd like to double that five." His eyebrows raised at this. Greed can be a powerful motivator. I went on, "Look, dude, we've never seen each other before today, right?" He nodded his assent. "Well, I'll bet you ten bucks I've got your name written on my arm."

He laughed. "C'mon, man, I don't want to take all your cash. You mean you have my whole name written on your arm?"

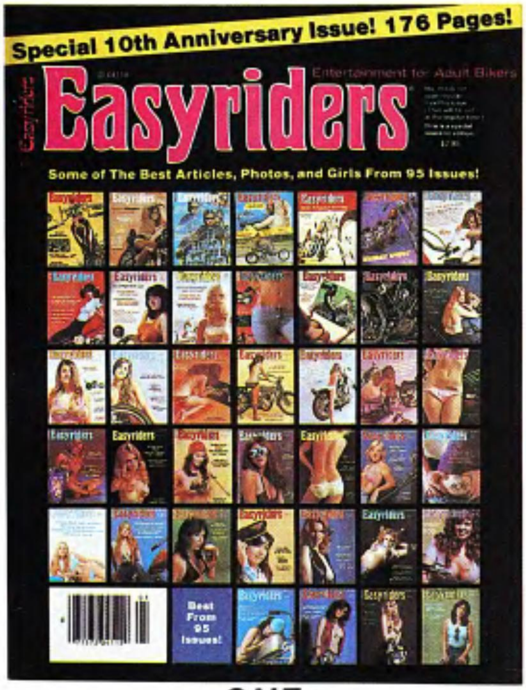
"That's right. I've got your name written on my arm."

"You're on!" he said, slamming ten dollars on the bar. "If you have Beaufort Jack Danielson written on your arm, I'll kiss a fat rat's ass!"

"I don't think you'll find many fat rats around here." I rolled up my sleeve, revealed the words "YOUR NAME" neatly printed there, took his ten, gave him the five I owed him and ordered a much-needed beer. Oh, yeah, I also advised him to cruise to Chicago to find a fat rat.

Yessir, a man's got to be a fool to bet on someone else's bar tricks.

By the way, don't bother looking for the three two's. There ain't any. I don't want to give away *all* my moneymakers, you know. ■



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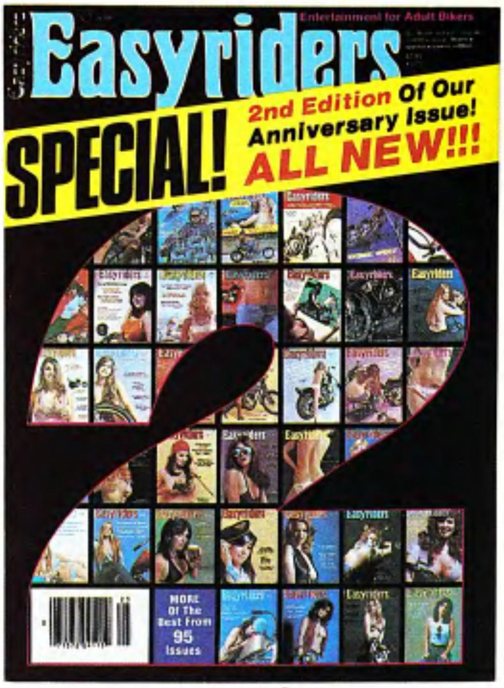

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E	Best Biker Fiction #2	$3.00	$3.50	$6.00			
Prices listed above include cost of postage and insurance fees for all orders. Items to foreign countries are shipped air mail insured. Make all payments payable in U.S. funds only. Thank you. Calif. residents, add 6% sales tax.					Sub Total		$
					Calif. Tax. 6%		$
					Total		$

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AGOURA, CA 91301

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City ______________________

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Choppershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 30¢ per word for private individuals; $2.50 per word for businesses. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. No charge for zip codes. **Easyriders** box numbers are available, with mail being forwarded unopened to advertiser. There is an additional charge of $5.00 per advertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage.
Send to **Easyriders**, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.
Note: closing date for advertisements is the 15th of the 4th month preceding cover date. (There are approximately sixty days between closing date and national on-sale date.)

Notice: Readers are advised to use reasonable caution when dealing with a company or advertiser they do not know. False advertising is fraud and should be reported to the authorities whenever it is encountered.

Tattooing supplies: World's Finest Tattoo Equipment®. This is our 26th year in the tattoo supply business. If you're looking for the best, look no further. Our gear is like a chopper—it's first class. Designs, inks, needles, machines, tattoo books, T-shirts, belt buckles, body paint, photos, body jewelry, everything for the tattoo artist or fan. We stock the largest selection of tattoo-related books found anywhere. Our new, 100-page color catalog is jammed full of new equipment and products never offered to the tattoo trade before. Sorry, we can no longer send catalogs to prisons; you must have an outside mailing address. If you're dissatisfied with your present supplier, why not buy where the bros, pros and good ol' boys buy? Join the #1 supplier in the tattoo world. We value your friendship and your business. We offer a free consulting service to all our customers. We can, and will, give you an honest answer to any of your tattoo problems. Catalog—U.S.A., $3; foreign, $5. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc., Rt. 85, New Scotland Rd., Dept. ER, Voorheesville, N.Y. 12186. (130)

Pins and Patches Unlimited: Club logos, free estimates. Wholesale pins also available (dealers only). Box U, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (130)

Reproduction WWII Nazi motorcycle buckle: Each buckle is individually produced. It is solid metal and is triple bronze-plated for a lifetime of tough wear. Intricate detail of design on face of buckle is sharp and clear. Buckle is 2-1/8" in diameter, and almost 1/4" thick. Belts are handmade from strongest, finest cowhide we could find. Belt is 1-3/4" wide and is available in either dark brown or black. Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable. (Be sure to specify "round" buckle). For picture of buckle, check out the October '81 issue, page 100. Give accurate waist size, and color (brown or black) of the belt desired. Send $16. Price includes postage and handling. Add $4 for overseas air mail. California residents, add 6%. Paisano Products, Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301. (130)

Become a legally ordained minister. The certificate of ordination is granted for life, legal in all states, and the minister is entitled to perform all ministerial services, such as baptisms, marriages, funerals, and the conduct of church meetings. He is entitled to all the privileges and considerations usually granted a minister. For wallet-size ordination credentials and 8½" x 11" wall ministerial credential, send $10 to Rev. Dave, Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (130)

Tattooing Colors: 17 fast-healing and extremely bright colors! For a sample of each, send $21.00 to S&W Tattooing, Box 263, East Northport, N.Y. 11731. (123)

Two T-shirts for Vietnam veterans only! (1) "I'm A Vietnam Veteran" shirt is red with yellow lettering. (2) "We're Heroes Too" shirt is white with black lettering and the Vietnam Service Medal in four colors. Send $8, plus $1 postage and handling for each shirt ordered to Coco Company, Box 451, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (130)

The time is now! Join the National Association for the Advancement of White People. Write David Duke, National President, NAAWP, Box 10625, New Orleans, La. 70181. (130)

Motorcycle mechanic: Train at home for exciting career working with motorcycles. Tools and test instruments included. Send for free details! Motorcycle Repair School, Dept. EUC63, 4400 Campus Drive, Newport Beach, Calif. 92660. (122)

White Power T-shirts: "KKK all the way," SS with skull and twin thunderbolts, "NAAWP" (National Association for Advancemnt of White People). All shirts white on black, best quality, $8. Also, patches, pins, banners, etc. Send $1 for catalog. Box 1, Metairie, La. 70004. (130)

45 rider-collector club now in its 2nd year, 2- and 3-wheelers. Parts, swaps, runs, etc. Send $15 for one-year membership; club newsletter and T-shirt sent to all members. Send to 45 Riders Club, Box 6044, No. Hollywood, Calif. 91603. (130)

For sale: Lots in small towns, all have electricity. $75 to $600 each; some with houses, $350 to $4500; also some small acreages. For complete pictures, maps, details on all property, send $2 to "Owner", Box 1152ER, Sioux Falls, S.D. 57101. (121)

East Coast collection of motorcycle swap meet posters and fliers, approximately 30 pieces, $10; also Harley-Davidson titles only to scrapped motorcycles, $200 each. Henry Johnson, Box 934, Beltsville, Md. 20705. (124)

Leather: Saddlebags, $39; chaps, $79; plus more, including T-shirts. Free catalog. Spider's Den, Box 69, Karns City, Pa. 16041. (123)

Wanted: House mouse, 34 years old tops, experienced, pretty, small. Send photo. Bulldog, Box 1309, South Gate, Calif. 90280. (121)

William "Cal" Callahan: Your brother Don Hlousek needs your help. Please contact his attorney, Howard M. Zeidwig, (305) 764-2500. This is an emergency! (121)

Fantasy Tattoo Studio: Fine, detailed work. Single-needle "our speciality," or multiple-needle work. Also specializing in covering or remodeling crude or poor tattooing. Call for appointment. (805) 487-0366. 2602 Ventura Rd., Oxnard, Calif. 93030. (125)

Vietnam vet needs help. Please write to Ronald C. Conn, c/o Phil, 4500 El Camino Real, Atascadero, Calif. 93422. (122)

French tramp and 1%er would like to hear from you girls. I have been in this damn valley for a month. I am 27, 6'11", 152 lbs. 312 N. 11th St., McAllen, Tex. 78501. (121)

White men, fight! The future can be yours if you have the guts to fight for it. Join us now. Send $1 for full information to S.S. Action Group, Box 503, Westland, Mich. 48185. (130)

Author writing anthology on Bike Week at Daytona. Let's have your experiences, the wilder the better. "Author," c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (121)

Tattooing equipment: Colors, machines, designs. Everything needed to start you in business. Send $1 for catalog to S&W Tattooing Inc., Box 263, E. Northport, N.Y. 11731. (126)

Join the Tattoo Club of the Confederacy. Read Tattoo Life Magazine, full-color tattoo pictures. Send $30, U.S.; $35, Canada; $40, Europe; and $42.50 all others to: Tattoo Life Magazine, 110 Indian Alley EZ, Winchester, Va. 22601. (125)

Easyriders collection. Includes first issue! Excellent condition. Complete except for 3 and 5. Best offer. Also Iron Horse, complete. 219 10th Ave. South, Onalaska, Wis. 54650. (121)

1949 EL panhead, beautiful classic, custom fatbob. Rebuilt 1980, custom paint, well cared for. 1950s style. Best offer over $3500, or trade for later model. Mike, Box 388, Cypress, Calif. 90630. (121)

26-year-old w/m, Harley rider looking for sincere lady interested in lasting relationship. Must like to ride, travel, party, work, and enjoy life together. If you want the same, send letter/photo; I will return the same. If things click, we will be riding together. Box 22664, Oklahoma City, Okla. 73123. (121)

Ex-biker turned trucker, 38, 2 rugrats. Lookin for sex-crazed biker bitch who gives good head, likes country livin', nudity, body jewelry, is very kinky, and can do as her ol' man tells her. Nude flick/phone. Saddle Tramp, Rt. 2, Stratford, Wis. 54484. (121)

Swap meets: May 22, June 26, July 24. I-70 Drive-In, K.C., Mo. 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. (121)

Swap meets: June 5, July 31. Oklahoma State Fairgrounds, Okla. City, Okla. 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. (121)

Don't ride alone: Send meet name, location, and date, along with your name, phone number, and when you are leaving. Will send you names and phone numbers of bros and ol' ladies going your way, two weeks before you leave. Will include names of other meets. Send $2 and SASE to Beque, Box 353-ER, Lawrenceburg, Ind. 47025. (121)

J.B.: Happy anniversary, babe, 6/18/83, and Father's Day, 6/19/83. We all love you—Dingbat, Dummy, & brand-new baby. (121)

James "Truck" McElroy, Saskatchewan, Canada: Have a big happy birthday, 4/15/83, from your sister Pat, Fort McMurray, Alberta, Canada. (121)

Tattooing outfits, supplies, instruction manuals: Lowest prices! Illustrated literature, $2. Bargain Tattoo Supply, Box 242-J, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (121)

Government Jobs: Thousands of vacancies must be filled immediately. $17,634 to $50,112. Call (716) 842-6000, Ext. 3850. (121)

Nazi armbands, $3 or 10/$25; swastika T-shirts (all sizes), $9; Nazi flags 2' x 3', $10 ppd. Money order only. Nelson, 2609 Loving, Ft. Worth, Tex. 76106. (121)

Tattoos by Lou's, in Fayetteville, North Carolina. The South's finest tattoos—the way you like 'em. Hours: noon to midnight, Monday through Saturday. 475 Hay Street, downtown Fayetteville, N.C. 28301. (919) 483-1222. (122)

"Let me come along." I have the prettiest pussy you've ever seen—printed in full size on a soft white handkerchief. $5. Send cash/money order to: Crystal, Box 66255, Mobile, Ala. 36606. (125)

Are you missing monthly white, patriotic, and Protestant news on the conspiracy? Hurry! $5/6 months special offer. Rev. Moltis, Box 3646, Manchester, N.H. 03105. (123)

Tattoo artists and fans: Huck Spaulding says thanks again to all you great people who supported Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. during 1982. We're your #1 tattoo supplier and you are our #1 Easyrider readers. Buy where the bros and pros buy and you can't go wrong. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc. (126)

Meet sexy girls, your area, for dates. Juliet F., Ft. Garland, Colo. 81123-0018. (122)

Since Apple Blossom, I've been in heaven—let's continue to spread our wings and fly forever, together. You are the finest treasure I could ever find. Thanks for being "you." Lauren, you've done me good; I love you & your Hawg. In the wind forever, Cheryl. (121)

Hey, bro, (Patty, that is): Been rolling down the road and searching the skies for a sign to bring you and me together. I love ya. '43 was a vintage year. The Syracuse Kid. (121)

Wanted: Righteous, lovin' lady, for a white, New England-area scooter tramp. No phonies, airheads or losers. If there are any real biker babes left out there, age 20 to 30, who are interested in ridin', partyin' and possibly a serious relationship, send photo/letter to: Irish, Box 137, Groveland, Mass. 01834. (121)

Lookin' for w/m Christian biker into settlin' down with w/f, 26, 5'1", 102 lbs., who's a hardcore Harley freak, digs puttin', country, outdoors, gettin' it on, kids, work, good times, and more. Need to be in the wind again, can't handle this Harley itch. Include flick. Sheri, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (121)

Downed scooter tramp: Will trade one of my kidneys, or one lung, or one of each, for legal services—must be good criminal lawyer. V.E. Blake, C-61030, Box 441, Chino, Calif. 91710. (121)

Harley rider looking for lady to ride, party, & live with. Must be ready to relocate to Virginia. Send photo and phone number to Elliott, Rt. 2, Box 193, Courtland, Va. 23837. (121)

Jack: Made it a year and it keeps gettin' better. Hope there's more! Love, Fern. (121)

Kenny O.: Happy birhday, 8/3. May I share many more with you! Love forever, P.A.W. (121)

Easyriders back issues (approximately 55): Included is Vol. 1, No. 1. Must sell all or none. Send SASE for list and price. Philip Stokvis, 324 3rd Street., Apt. 6, La Salle, Ill. 61301. (121)

Crash: Drop a line. Have address, 383 Tabernash, 80478. J.C. & Steve. (121)

Hi, Wookie: I love you, ya know! Want to get lucky? Babe. (121)

Honey, happy 1st anniversary, May 2nd. This time next year you'll have your new H-D, and a rugrat on the way. I have faith in us. Snuggly. (121)

Tattooing outfits, supplies, instruction manuals: Lowest prices! Illustrated literature, $2. Bargain Tattoo Supply, Box 242-J, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (121)

Two down and out, but not shot-out, bros. We're high-spirited with a good sense of humor. Would like to hear from females who are sincere and have a good sense of humor. Send letter/photo to: Jack "Wolfman" Houseman 60386, and Ernie "Fang" Gabauer 66669, Drawer N, Trenton, N.J. 08625. (121)

One mature ol' lady lookin for an older biker dude, who is lookin' for friendship, a lovin' ol' lady and a home, to build unique relationship. Drop me a line and make my move to New England worthwhile. Financially secure and ready for the right ol' man. All letters answered. The New England Lady, Box 1441, Middletown, Conn. 06457. (121)

Bob: To the best ol' man & daddy ever! Happy birthday, 6/28. Love, Lynn & kids. (121)

AKIA, Texas motorsickle rider on Death Row in Arizona. Needs correspondence. Jasper "JR" McMurtrey, Box B-43391, Florence, Ariz. 85232. (121)

BAD—DMAL—REXI—OXLN PAME—GOOD. Box 511, Salem, Ore. 97308. (121)

Into bondage and discipline, or leather? Then check out a newsletter for your kind of people. Send $2 for two issues. Also include a letter describing your favorite scene, and if published, we'll pay you $10. Write BD Reader, Box 92305, Rochester, N.Y. 14692. (121)

Chemicals: All kinds, including "incenses" at very reasonable prices. Catalog $2. CHON Chemical Co., Box 2298-E, Mansfield, Ohio 44905. (121)

Tattoo: Here's to one year of loving you, 6/3. Star. (121)

Good-looking w/m, 28, 6'4", 200 lbs. Looking for that special lady in northern New Jersey area, 18 to 28 years, with nice body, to ride and party with. Write to E.J., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (121)

Help wanted: Attractive female tattoo artist's assistant, for selling tattoos and cleaning shop. Must be clean. Call or write. Lou's Tattoos, 475 Hay St., Fayetteville, N.C. 28301. (919) 483-1222. (121)

Hammerhead: April is good for birthdays. Thank you for sharing mine, 4/10. Didn't know you were having one, too; but I do now. Happy birthday! Betty Lou. (121)

For sale: Iron Horse Saloon, 9 S. Grandview Ave., Daytona Beach, Fla. 32018. Send inquiries to above. (121)

K-9 Attack Dog training manual: Teach your dog to protect your bike, home, and body. Send $12.95 to Killer Dog Publishing, Box 1015, Beltsville, Md. 20705. (123)

Easy, legal money: Start your own hassle-free business. Earn money for that special run. No envelope stuffing, door-to-door, or any of that worn-out routine. Send for more info today. St. Cloud Enterprises, Suite 262/Dept. 2E, 7439 La Palma, Buena Park, Calif. 90620. (121)

W/m, 34, 6'3", 210 lbs., divorced, no kids. Looking for my own Harley girl for biking and other good times. Must have sense of humor, weight in proportion to height, nice-looking, 20-to-35 years old. No smokers or dopers—light drinkers okay. West Michigan area preferred. Send recent photo with letter. D.E. Smith, Rt. 1, Box 315, Montague, Mich. 49437. (121)

30-year-old 1%er Warlock stuck in Pittsburgh. Long blond hair, blue eyes, long beard, and loves to eat cunt. Needs bucks, flicks, mail and visits. Bob "Mudman" Simon, F7784, Box 99901, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15233. (121)

Ladies, ladies, ladies: W/m, 6', 175 lbs., 29 years young, blond hair, blue eyes, Libra. Lookin' for lonely, sweet, foxy ladies to correspond with and possible relationship. Offering no head games. Must be considerate, loving, caring. I need to hear from you sexy ladies soon. Write "Corky" Wyatt, N-27594, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259. (121)

My panties, worn just the way you like. From me to you. $10 cash/money order. To: Caprice, Box 66047, Mobile, Ala. 36606. (125)

Tattooist: Traveling through N. Calif. to Midwest in July, seeking good people who need ink. Have all pro equipment, colors, & lots of good patterns. 10 years experience, charge half of shop rate. Unattached and looking for good new location for shop, or just new tattoo friends. Will barter. Call Tat-2 Jim. (209) 584-0479. (121)

Help: Would you like to earn $200 in one week? I need someone to make a round trip to Michigan and back with me. All expenses paid. If you are over 23, own a bike, like to travel, live in Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, or Tennessee area, send name, address, and phone number to Shirley Friedrick, 9812 Box Ford Way, Louisville, Ky. 40222. (121)

Skiff: I love you more each day. We'll be back in the wind soon. Your PFM. Mert. (121)

Want some danger in your life? The Crankster Gangster has too much time on his hands. Wants kinky and corrupt lady, with lots of heart and plenty of white pride in her stride, to help me pass the time. I want a lady who craves the excitement only a gangster can give. Flick appreciated! Less than a year left. James Chipman, C-51264, Box A, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409-0003. (121)

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental beauty. $2 brings photos, descriptions, application. Japan International, Box 156-EAS, Carnelian Bay, Calif. 95711. (121)

Missy: You're #1. David. (121)

Attractive w/m, 42, 5'9", 180 lbs., moustache. Financially secure, live in fine apartment, member finest country club. Would like to correspond and later, if things work out, meet a very attractive white, well-disciplined lady. If you are in prison, soon to get out, write. No drug users need apply. Only attractive, serious ladies who want an easy life need apply. Photo, please (will be returned). J.F.P., Box 5904, Dothan, Ala. 36302. (121)

Dee-Dee of Houston: Get in touch. Call me; it's been too long. Tiny, of New Caney. 689-1855. (121)

Downed, white, 34, wanting to know if it's true that there are hundreds of lonely ladies out there. If so, write Jerry McCullough, C-18005, Box A, Room 5184, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409-0001. (121)

Scott Mahon from Galeton, Pa.: Happy birthday, baby! May you ride free and easy for all time. With all my love, Blondie. (121)

How-to booklets: Build inexpensive and effective burglar alarms and anti-theft devices for any vehicle. Complete plans and schematics. Send $2.95. C.T.P., 10228 Earl, St. Louis, Mo. 63136. (121)

Hey, Dan: Fuck you. Write me, ya cocksucker, or I'm gonna be sure ta fuck up your day at least once in July. Your brother, Roach S.C.C. (121)

Dirty Dick: Wherever you are, whoever you're with, you'll be in my heart forever! Crazy Annie. (121G)

Crazy, attractive, lonely lady seeking true love, relationship and fun. I'm 26 years old. Virginia Leah Hughes, Box 87285, San Diego, Calif. 92138. (121)

Bill: We've experienced an intimate secret together since we met 9 years ago. I hope we can experience this secret for many more years to come, 'cause I'd sure hate to lose that special feeling of the friend I've found in you. (121)

Robyn in Hollywood: This ad is for you. I'm your hold-out. By the time you read this, I'll be free again and working toward the day I can call and say, "I'm in L.A." Love always, F.M. aka Ray. (121)

Make offer: 1948 Harley 45. Runs good, factory condition. Roy, c/o Easyriders, Box 52 Malibu, Calif. 90265. (122)

Deb: I meant what I said. I will wait forever for you & J. Write soon; I love you. Hambone. (121)

I need a lover who won't drive me crazy. Teena, 1545 Butte Falls Hwy., Eagle Point, Ore. 97524. (121)

For sale: Indian parts. Just scored truckload of Chief parts. List your needs and enclose SASE. Roman, Box 413, Waterloo, Iowa 50701. (121)

Working biker in urgent need of righteous, older biker lady, 30 to 40, with head together. Honest, loving, loyal, one-woman man. No phonies, cheats, liars or babies need answer. Attractive, not beautiful. One or two kids, maybe. Can offer nothing but honor and respect. Bob Farris, Box 2026, Waianae, Hawaii 96792. (121)

Wayne: Drop me a line. Tom, 184 Woodstown Rd., Salem, N.J. 08079. (121)

Li'l B.K.: It used to be the Hog, the dog, and you! We got rid of the dog—congratulations, you're no. 2! Happy birthday, 4/28/57. Happy anniversary, 5/1/82. Flyer S.C.M.C. (121)

Elton John: Where the fuck you been? Bros—Randy, Bill, Bear—are concerned. Get in touch. 3791 N.E. Stephens, Roseburg, Ore. 97470. (121)

To my Dirty Old Man: We've come a long way in three, 6/30/80. Love you more now than ever. Your Nasty Little Girl. (121)

Bill T.: I will never Armor-All your coat! Happy "tenth" anniversary, 7/21/83. You eat WHAT for breakfast? Love, Patti and Daniel. (121)

Maddog: Happy 31st, babe, 6/24/52. Your wish is my command, and we both know what you'll wish for. I love you now and always, all ways. Your wife, best friend, and favorite Schmuck, the Midwest Bitch. (121)

Sherrie: Thanks for marrying me on 7/16/83. Love to you and our son David. Rob, Warren, Ohio. (121)

I'm a 6'2", 190 lbs. biker with a brand-new Wide Glide. Still looking for my tender half (18 to 27). Send pics. Box 181, Succ. Jean-Talon Mtl., P.Q. Canada H1S-2Z2. (121)

Happy birthday, Cynthia "13" Li'l Italian, 5/9/83. May you live the biker life forever, and may the sun shine on you wherever you go. Bikers rule. Dennis. (121)

Tattooing supplies: Huck says, see our ad this section for World's Finest Tattooing Equipment®. We're your #1 tattoo supplier. Others just think they're fast; We've got hubba-hubba service that's quick like a bunny. If it's for tattooing, we've got it on the shelf. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. (130)

Sweet Cheeks: Happy birthday, 5/1/61, to the best ol' lady a man could ask for. I'm glad you're mine. Kief. (121)

Ladies: Do yourselves a favor and share your time with: Darnell J. Block 01358-028, Box 888, Ashland, Ky. 41101. (121)

Two white bros on max. Ladies, write to Curtis Collins 056155, and William Staley 039984, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091. (121)

I used to play with banks and gals, now I play gals alone—letter form! If you'd like to write for a friendly relationship, please write to Abbey 85455, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501. (121)

Two men confined in Marion's control unit need letters and books—especially books (paperbacks only). Michael Geoghegan 01590-190, and Efren Lozano 70477-012, Box 1000, Marion, Ill. 62959. (121)

Front-mounted Corvair 3-wheeler kits. Free brochure. Eastbay Corvair, 2487 Tallahassee, Hayward, Calif. 94545. (121)

Last year I met a guy named Bob Nester. I didn't know what, but something about him fascinated me. Besides having an excellent personality and a terrific family; being charming, good-lookin', and totally lovable—what could it be? Anyhow, on 7/28 he'll turn 20, so I wanted to send him this message. Happy birthday, baby! Love always, Debbie. (121)

D.O.: The sunshine of my life is loving you. Best 26th year of partyin', puttin', and hard-lovin' times. Sometimes we're hard, but we're so easy. Your Bon. (121)

Tom or Buck: Send word. L. Steele, 550 Sonoma Mountain Rd., Petaluma, Calif. 94952. (121)

Lou Ann Character of Stockton, Calif.: Need to hear from you; it's urgent. Sorry about the past; please forgive! Please write soon. Lee Scott 42796, 2605 State Street, Salem, Ore. 97310. (121)

Sparkles: Happy b'day, 4/18/83. Till the wheels fall off. Love & respect. Sparky. (121G)

29-year-old in jail and lonely. Will answer all letters. Looks and age unimportant. Robert L. Jenkins 161-808, Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21740. (121)

Tattooing Colors: 17 fast-healing and extremely bright colors! For a sample of each, send $21.00 to S&W Tattooing, Box 263, East Northport, N.Y. 11731. (123)

The Kid, G.K.T.: You're my life, my future. You'll be in my heart and soul always. The wind is calling us. Nothing can stop us now. I love you! C.T.P. (121)

Want to trade 9-spoke H-D front mag wheel from '79 Low Rider, for Sturgis front wheel w/orange stripe around outside. Must be perfect; mine is. May even pay small difference for perfect wheel. (817) 799-8903. Ask for C.D. (121)

Dirty white boy/coke dealer from Florida. Seeks correspondence from anyone serious-minded and willing to lend a helping hand. Still have most of my South Florida connections—so the possibilities are unlimited. Let's help each other! Roy Dorman 90067, Camp J. Shark 3 L 9, Angola, La. 70712. (121)

Women: Working, easy-going w/m biker, 37, needs righteous scooter lady, dependable, affectionate, 21 to 30, 110-130 lbs., 5'7", to share cage, crib, and life, while I build my ride. Must enjoy simple life and nature. Cage is just off river. No close neighbors, no hassles, safe and quiet. Going on the road in '84, need backup to party, and ride with till then, and after, if compatible. Friends call me nice and my place paradise—but it gets damn lonely between parties. Just you and me, woman; no games unless we're on the same side. Write and we'll work out details. Danny Mc, c/o R.A. Sanders, 1207 S. Washington, El Dorado, Ark. 71730. (121)

Join now: International Muff Diver Association. Send $4 for complete details (refundable with membership) to D & F Enterprises, 124 Pearl St. Suite 601, Ypsilanti, Mich. 48197. (123)

Hey 'dar, Frenchi: Well, we made it for one year—congrats to us. Hope there will be many more 'cuz I really dig ya. Toutounne. (121)

Swap meets: May 22, June 26—I-70 Drive-In, K.C., Mo., 8:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. (121)

Young 30-year-old, blond-haired, blue-eyed, Vices Bruder (white brother) seeks correspondence, pictures, and visits with young maidens. Got to get some sort of battle plan goin'. Oregon maidens of Aryan descent preferred. Need strong-hearted women to help diversify this time. I'm doing life for murder. Not no sick beef, just normal murder. Visits sure help bust up the time—old friends included. Letters/flicks answered first. Contact John Rickman 45042, Oregon State Penitentiary, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310. (121)

Trikers: The Brothers of the Third Wheel is a club dedicated to you. For information, write: Box 345, Coal Valley, Ill. 61240. (121)

DJN III: Happy birthday, 5/6. I still love you muchly. Your little Neumeister. (121)

Having British wiring problems? Simplify and change to American-made dependability. Easy-to-read wiring diagram, wire-by-wire instructions, needed parts list. For coil-ignition twins. Send $8.95 to Tom Greenbank, Box 85, Highland, Md. 20777. (121)

Tim Tresch: Moved back to F.W. B., Florida, area March '83. Contact Don Stratton, 79 Third Ave., Shalimar, Fla. 32579. (121)

Mac: You make my life as your woman heaven! I love you very much, Michael T. Whirter. Together forever, Butt. (121)

Business or club cards reproduced on brass: Send card and $6.95 to Picture-it Inc., Box 267, Milltown, N.J. 08850. (121)

Seeking meaningful correspondence with mature women. Earl Volpe 87732, Camp J, Cuda #1, Angola, La. 70712. (121)

Bikers' Charity Rally and Bike Show: Two full days of activity at Conneaut Lake Park, plus dresser and custom bike shows. Write for rally and show information. S&M Sales, Dept. ER, Box 148, Clarion, Pa. 16124. (121)

Swingers want biker bros for kinky action nationwide. Call Sherri or Bobbi anytime. (312) 262-9800. Box 345, Kenilworth, Ill. 60043. (122)

Women: I'm in prison and would like to correspond with one special lady. I'm here for quite a while and need a female presence in my life. Write to: Richard Deeds, Box 607, Carson City, Nev. 89701. (121)

Looking for good ol' lady: Being interested in outdoors helpful. 18 months remaining. I have brown hair and eyes. Will answer and consider all. Robert Rush, K-1779, Box 99901, Philadelphia, Pa. 15233. (121)

1953 panhead, full dresser, original condition, $4995. "Suicide," Rt. 6, Box 317D, Benton, Ky. 42025. (502) 898-6010. (121)

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Don "The Kid" Hawley: Happy 19th birthday, 6/16. Through good times and bad times—love ya. Mom, Dub and Sis say, "Hi." (121)

Foxy ol' lady wanted to help me get my shit together. Ex-patch holder, and ex-con, age 37, seeking female, 21 to 32, who has her head together. Write and send photo to Bob, 9832 Flower, #250, Bellflower, Calif. 90706. (121)

Woman, 24, exotic-looking, long black hair, blue eyes, sincere, understanding, Christian. Will correspond with inmate seeking friend. "Tatiana," c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (121)

Rob: Let us know you're alive and well—call. Happy b'day, 7/23/59. I love you. Always, N.D.K. and the Mushies. (121)

Peter "Crash" Berg: Your bros on the Midway are worried! How about a letter, huh? Whitey & Magic. (121G)

Tall, lean, attractive 42-year-old w/m, lonely, doing time till '84. Desires correspondence with together lady for possible meaningful relationship. Send recent flick. Vic L. Short, C-51037, Box 686, Soledad, Calif. 93960. (121)

Ladies: I'm not wealthy, but I'm well-off, and imprisoned. Willing to provide financial support, love and kindness to an 18- to 36-year-old lady, who is sexually outgoing, attractive, and stimulating. Children okay. So if you're lonely, divorced, or a single mother trying to make it alone, please give me a try. No dopers, games, or bull. Must be willing to consider moving to Southern California with my financial help and be there in 1983 upon my release. I'm a Caucasian male, 28, good-looking, good build, 6'11", 180 lbs., college graduate, first offender in for assault on cop (joke), bike owner all my life. Into riding, skiing, scuba, technical rock climbing, camping, backpacking, dancing, and moonlight strolls. Write and send pictures, for personal response and my photograph. Till then, enjoy! Alan, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (121)

Zull: Keep striding and you'll soon be gliding. The ride is in your heart. Happy 17th. I love you. R. (121)

Dick: Happy 33rd, 6/15. Happy 15th anniversary, 6/21. Here's to all the years of lovin' you, and the miles we had to go on different roads to grow, and learn, so we could meet here—further down the road—lovin' and knowin' each other more. May we ride on together free in our love forever. Renee. (121)

Don "Fergiee" McPherson: Let me know where in the hell you're at. Anyone who knows Fergiee, let him know I'm looking for him. Ron, Box 805, Coshocton, Ohio 43812. (121)

Tattooing supplies: Huck says, see our ad this section for World's Finest Tattooing Equipment®. We're your #1 tattoo supplier. Others just think they're fast; We've got hubba-hubba service that's quick like a bunny. If it's for tattooing, we've got it on the shelf. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. (120)

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Captured Cal scooter gypsy seekin' lady w/heart. Age and looks unimportant. Into long putts, tattooing, and moments shared. Kris Liggett 95566, Rt. 1, Box 260, Lexington, Okla. 73501. (121)

W/f, 30, 5'2", 105 lbs., new home, good job. Needs honest, affectionate man, 22 to 38, to settle down with in the mountains of Virginia, or elsewhere. Consider any location with right person. Must be slim, muscular, and long-haired. Prefer light-brown to black hair, brown or hazel eyes. Steady legal income. No cons, 1%ers or drug users. Picture with first letter. Diane Evans, Box 443, Vinton, Va. 24179. (121)

Happy birthday, Nose. Love, Javeline. (121)

Behind these bars with a bad case of the blues. Turn these blues into sunshine again with some letters and photos. All answered. Johnny "Mack" Halsey 298278, Rt. 4, Box 1500, Angleton, Tex. 77515. (121)

I would like to take pictures of biker events in Iowa and Missouri, for possible publication in various bike magazines. Help me become rich and famous—like Pete Chiodo, Dirty Ernie, and Bob Bitchin' (who?). Thanks, and ride safe. Garold Stogdill, 108 E. South St., Bloomfield, Iowa, 52537.

Bungee cords: 4"-24", $3 ppd. Merryman, 920-A Bajada, Fremont, Calif. 94539. (121)

VW Bug troubleshooting flow chart, $2 SASE. Bugspotter, Box 160, Williston Park, N.Y. 11596. (121)

Karen: Happy birthday. Let's ride safe together, forever. Love you always. Boo Boo. (121)

My darling Buff: Remember that I love you very much and I'll wait for you. I promise you that next year, if you're home, I will make up for the years we missed. Love & miss you, Myrna. (121G)

For sale: Harley-Davidson motorcycle—as pictured in the May '83 issue of Easyriders, on page 32. Featuring two 1978 H-D engines. $16,000. Call Chuck at (503) 479-2372. (122G)

Knights of the Ku Klux Klan: Fight for white rights and against government tyranny. Write for information and a copy of our newspaper, "The White Patriot." We also have Klan T-shirts, pendants, patches, flags, and other items available. Please enclose $1 for postage and handling. Box 1, Metairie, La. 70004. (130)

If there are any righteous bros out there lookin' for blue-eyed, red-haired (real) companionship, I'm here; for drinkin, smokin', and what have you. PFC Judy Schiavone, HHC, CFA, APO San Francisco, Calif. 96358. (121G)

Bill MacLachlan, of Morgantown, North Carolina: Seeing your name in the Feb. '83 issue was shocking—you're one of the few and true Scottish people who spell your name like that. You've got to be a relative somewhere down the line. Write me so we can dig up some history together. Leather JD MacLachlan, 1946 W. 52nd Street, Cleveland, Ohio 44102. (121G)

Nancy Inman: Your alibi can help set me free. Mitchell "Skeeter" Medford 94138, A/S-S-2, Rt. 1, Box 323, Enoree, S.C. 29335. (121G)

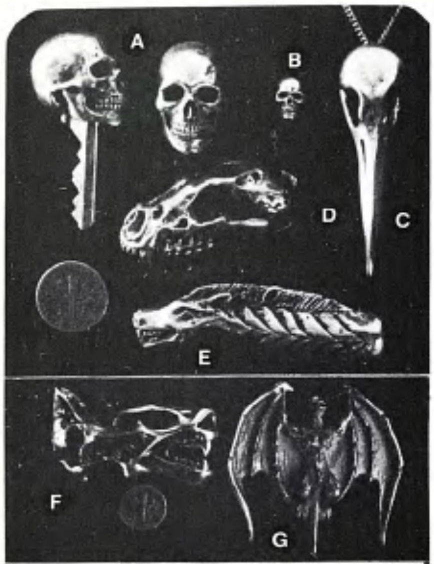
Dave: No matter what happened before, I still love you and need you a lot—please come back home. You have the address; write to me, don't just sit there in Ohio with your thumb up your ass. Come home and get what we both need. "Mr. T," I love you. My love, always, Ann. (121G)

1934 80-cu.in. custom flathead with sidecar. Completely new—$4800. J.C., (408) 338-2801. (121)

Ron Grimble: If you're out there, contact me—Mike Malo, Box 25, Barstow, Calif. 92311. (121)

Eleven years, past; a stepping-stone. Welcome to our new life. Wishing you happiness, sunshine and freedom of heart. Eternally, Billi and Echo. (121)

"Are we boring you, dear?"



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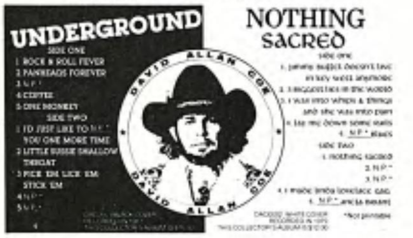

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Good Enough

Continued from page 18

home in somebody's car, so I kicked over my '39 panhead and started home." (He never got the engine right.)

About the only thing you could say about Jake's stories was that they were better than daytime TV — the first time you heard them, that is.

"I was doin' just under 70 when I hit the curve two miles this side of the dam, clipped off the railing, and went down 60 feet into the ravine. That was about midnight."

Cookie got her panties in a sack, winked at Jim who was rubbing the new dragon tattooed on his arm, and somehow got through the door without bursting out of her own pants in the process. Denim is stronger than most people think. Her truck started up in an explosion of noise and smoke, and then she suddenly was gone.

We all knew Jake's next line before it came. "I passed out and lay there until late the next afternoon. Then some guy picked me up and drove me into the hospital. Barkley Hospital — medical center, they call it now. Guy never left his name. I was out cold the whole time." He poked the air with his finger to make his point. Joey blinked and swallowed hard.

Me, I was getting pissed. Maybe it was the rain. Maybe Cookie. But I'd heard this one before and anyway I'd rather hear about Jim's new ol' lady who'd come in unannounced from Bakersfield two days earlier on the Greyhound bus. She was number three this month, and to hear Jim tell it, she was a looker — "model material," he called her.

"Five days in a coma," Jake continued. (Last time it was two.) "Busted four ribs, my left leg, and

"At least you know where the fuck they're comin' from!"

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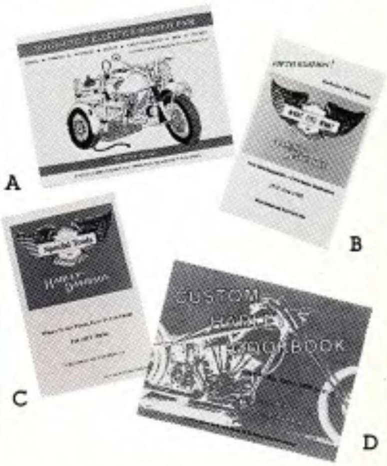

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put a gash on my shoulder that took 18 stitches." No one we knew had ever seen the scar.

Bubba put his elbows on the rack of oil and batteries and struck a match to relight his cigar. Jim bit his lip. I shifted my weight against the counter and Jake did his ball-cap gesture again and continued. "That was back in the days before they invented all them electronic doodads to keep you alive when you're actually dead. No one knew which way I'd go — or who I was."

No one had anything better to do so we stood there. Rusty, jaded with prices and parts, had laid down his pencil and was leaning against the counter, watching the rain. Jim had walked over to the coffeepot with the nonchalance of a man whose shop, full of engines and work orders, had vanished and gone to Mars. Joey was twisting his high-school ring and gazing at the second-hand Sportster he'd come in to admire every day for two weeks since Bubba took it in on trade. Me, I dropped my styrofoam cup in the bin by the counter and lighted a Camel. The rain continued, steady and gray.

"Five days," he repeated. "Five days, out cold."

Dammit! I said to myself, sucking in smoke. Doesn't this old bastard know we don't want to hear this story again? Doesn't he know that the only reason we're still in here is the rain — Joey to look at the Sportster he'll probably never own; Jim to have some coffee and change the pace; Bubba to mind the store and answer the phone; and me to escape the outside scuffle for my time and my money. Doesn't the old fart know?

Jake hitched up his pants, tightened the blue string-tie around his green collar, and rolled the toothpick to the other side of his mouth. "When I woke up, I didn't know a damn thing — where I was, what had happened, how I got there, or if I'd live. The first thing I asked was who had brought me there. No one knew who he was."

In primitive societies, I remember reading recently, man proved his courage by exposing himself to a dangerous test of some sort. Usually in the woods, taking risks. Now, the writer said, the equivalent of that risk is emotional — going crazy. I knew it was so. At the time I read it I'd just gotten back from our shop-

"He told a bunch o' Hog riders his 250 Yamazukisaki could beat any shitty ol' Harley."

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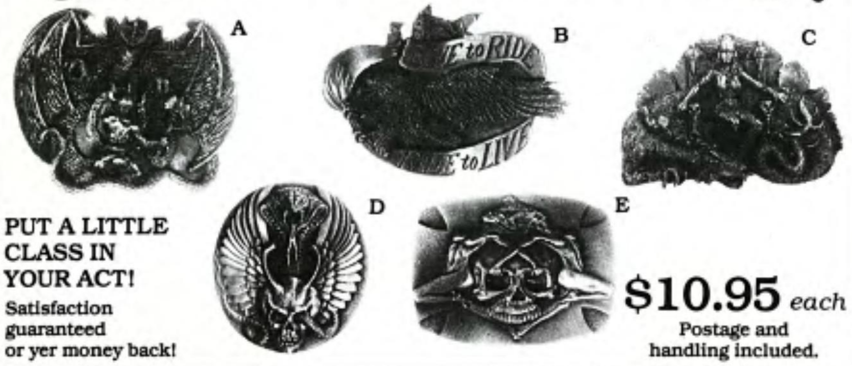

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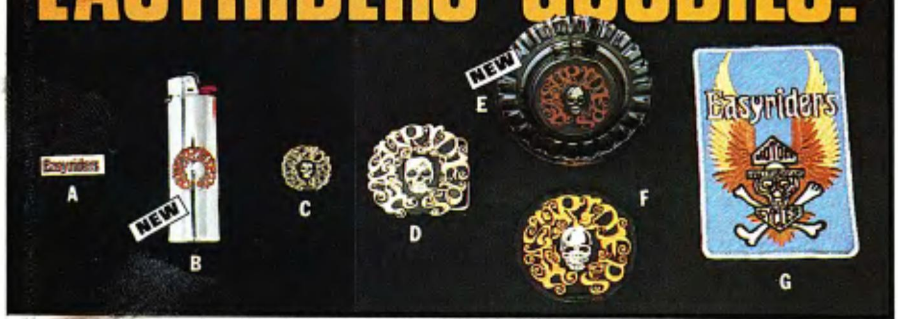

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ping mall, where I'd tried to buy my wife some jewelry for her birthday, only to find that I couldn't afford the prices or stand the people. Now here I was again, in the grip of imminent insanity with nowhere to turn. The rain continued. I lit up another smoke, put my left hand in my pocket, and held the cigarette with the two fingers still there on my right.

"That was over 40 years ago — 1941. Six months later I was back working at the Texaco station near the radio station on the loop. Used to tell that story to folks who'd come in for gas. Eight years I worked there. Then it happened — 1949. My boy was in 2nd grade at the time." I'd never met him, but I knew his name was Rick — killed in Vietnam in 1965. One of the first assaults. The kid had been 23. Jake blew his nose and stuffed his red handkerchief back in his pocket and hiked up his pants.

"It was a Saturday. Guy pulls in. A truck about like that one just left — a junker. Guy wants a dollar's worth of gas. It was all he could afford. So I'm telling this story and wiping off his windshield.

"'That was 1941,' the guy says. 'Right before the war. On that curve by the dam.'"

"'Yeah,' I said, 'how'd you know?'"

"'And it was early in the year, about February, and you went to Barkley, right?'"

Jake turned to Joey, pretending that Joey was this guy in the gas station. "'I've told this story to a lot of guys,'" he said, quoting himself, "'and I don't forget faces. I've never seen yours.'"

"'Yeah, well, I was the guy that brought you in,' the guy says. Imagine that! Rick used to say he'd like to shake this guy's hand, because if it weren't for this guy, he'd never have been born at all."

The rain was stopping. Joey walked around to the other side of the Sportster and got down on his haunches for a better look. Jim started back for the shop, and Bubba smashed out his cigar. Water, I could see through the window, was still dripping from my handlebars, but I could soon wipe off the seat and be on my way. Anyhow, the story was almost done.

"Right then and there I told the guy he could have all the gas he wanted any time, but he just shook his head, paid his bill, and drove off. I never saw him again, but I'll remember that truck forever. Turns out I rode in it once eight years earlier and I never even knew it. Rick

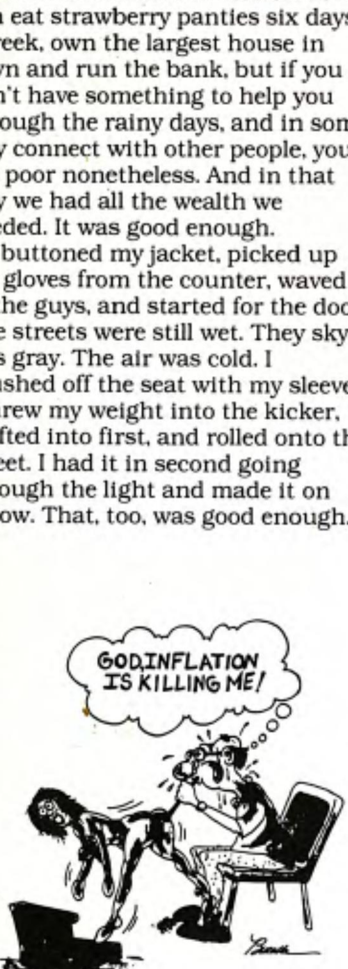
was home playing ball and missed the whole conversation."

He wiped something from his eye and walked over to a bike by the door. Then, inside of me, something happened. I'll never forget. Like a switch. It was then that I knew I liked those guys better than I realized, and I realized that most of the reason we were gathered there at all had nothing to do with the rain. It was for reasons both invisible and real. It was those motorcycles.

Them and something else.

Maybe Bubba's marriage will never improve. Maybe Joey will never raise the cash for the Sportster. And maybe Jim's women will come and go. Me, I'll smoke too much because I don't like my job. And God knows, Jake's boy will never return home for supper. But if things get almost unbearable, we can always collect here again in one of those knots of humanity — or maybe in someone's backyard with cold beer and better weather, and we'll know that those scooters are good for more than just movement. They're a bond, a philosophy, and an endless fountain of stories. You can eat strawberry panties six days a week, own the largest house in town and run the bank, but if you don't have something to help you through the rainy days, and in some way connect with other people, you are poor nonetheless. And in that way we had all the wealth we needed. It was good enough.

I buttoned my jacket, picked up my gloves from the counter, waved to the guys, and started for the door. The streets were still wet. They sky was gray. The air was cold. I brushed off the seat with my sleeve. I threw my weight into the kicker, shifted into first, and rolled onto the street. I had it in second going through the light and made it on yellow. That, too, was good enough. ■



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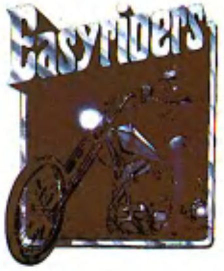

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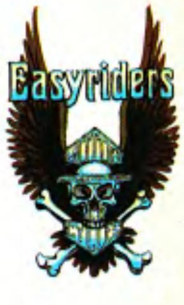

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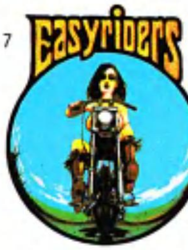

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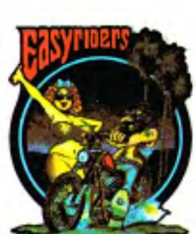

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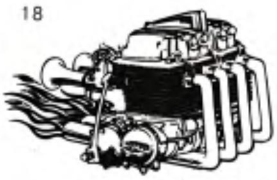

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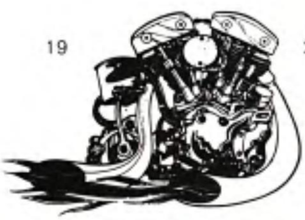

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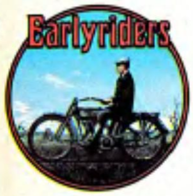

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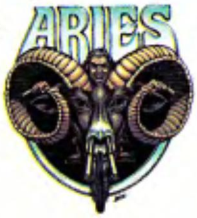

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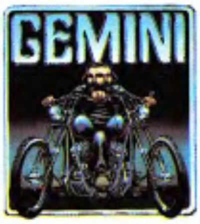

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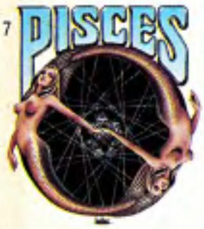

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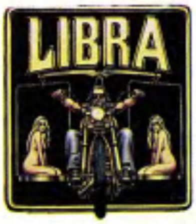

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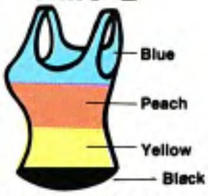

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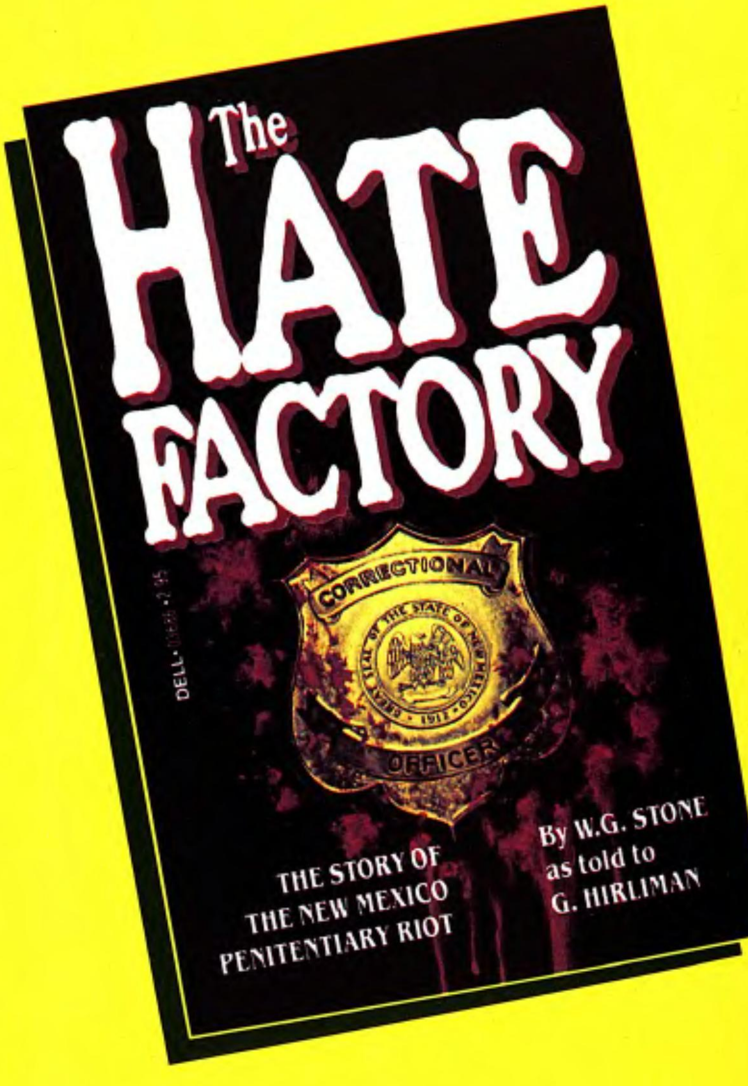
February 2, 1980 — it happened in New Mexico, but it could, some insist it will, happen again — any time, any place where men are jammed together in overcrowded cages and left to rot.

If you have a friend or loved one currently doing time, or if you have ever wondered why our prison system's rehabilitation record is so dismal, you owe it to yourself to read this eyewitness account of the New Mexico uprising.



W. G. Stone was there. This is his eyewitness account.

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A DELL PAISANO BOOK

Old Knucklehead

Continued from page 40

it didn't take me long to realize I was not alone in the cab. After several seconds, I recognized the form on the seat next to me as Knucklehead's. How the fuck? Ah, then I noticed that I had left the passenger-side window down. As I reached across to roll up the glass, I couldn't help but notice that the sorry bastard was determinedly coppin' zees despite the cold, rain-soaked seat.

Now I'm not the kind of person who makes a habit of dragging strangers home, but I couldn't just kick him out in the pouring rain, could I? I didn't know his real name, but I managed to recall that Frank had referred to him as Knucklehead. "Well, ol' Knucklehead, you got a place to sleep — tonight, anyway."

Twenty minutes later, I shook him awake and pointed at the house where me and my ol' lady lived. "This is my pad," I advised him drunkenly. "You're welcome to crash here for a while."

Without making a sound, my new houseguest walked through the front door I held open, headed straight for the living room couch, chose the end closest to the wall, and crashed. I recall thinking to myself, as I staggered toward my own bed, hell, I ain't such a bad dude after all. Little did I know what awaited me in the morning.

* * *

"Get up! Get your damned ass up, you lazy fucker!"

Now, like most bikers, I believe that the Big Dude Upstairs did all right when he made ol' ladies who can do things like cook, polish chrome, chop nice, even lines, and satisfy a hard cock — but why he chose to give those otherwise perfect creatures a voice to talk with, I'll *never* understand!

"Get up, dammit!" she screamed again, even louder than before.

Rolling over to face her, I reached for a cigarette and fired it into life before I gave her any attention at all. "What's your fuckin' problem?" I asked very calmly. I always acted calmly when she was in the process of blowin' her cork. It never failed to irritate the hell out of her.

Pointing toward the living room, she went on yelling hysterically, "What in the hell did you bring that. . .that. . ." she grew red in the face as she groped for a description, ". . .that miserable *thing* out there home for?"

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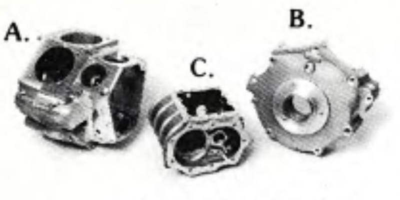

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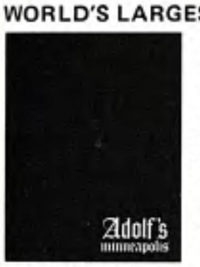

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"Oh, you mean ol' Knucklehead?" I asked nonchalantly. "Well, hell, it was raining like a sonuvabitch when we left the Bandit last night and he didn't have no place to go, so I figured he could stay here with us for a while." I took a long pull from my cigarette and then asked quietly, "Any beer in the fridge?" I already knew there was, but I wanted her to know that the conversation was over.

With a look of utter frustration and disbelief, she threw her hands up in disgust and stormed outta the bedroom muttering darkly to herself.

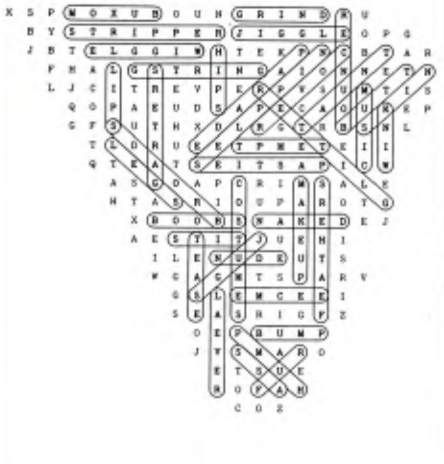
* * *

When I think back on it, I sometimes figure I was wrong to bring ol' Knuckle home that night. Hell, it'd taken the ol' lady long enough to realize that she could run second only to the '53 pan that was chained up in the garage. Now she probably felt that she was about to drop to third, behind my buddy Knuck. On second thought — naw, I wasn't wrong! I didn't even feel wrong that day, weeks later, when me and Knuck came home from the swap meet and found a note on the kitchen table: *Silver, I hope you and that bastard are happy together. I'm tired of being third, so I'm gone and don't bother looking for me!* I didn't bother lookin' — and I still don't think I was wrong!

With her out of the picture, Knuck and me were free to go everyplace together, and I really enjoyed his company. The thing I liked most about him was his even disposition. Hell, he didn't even mind being called Knuck instead of the name his mama had given him — whatever *that* was — as long as I had food and Bud in the house.

One night after me and Knuck had moved to Boulder, Colorado, we was comin' down a mountain road on the way home from a party. I was 'bout half a bubble off plumb and the curves were givin' me fits, to say the least.

Answer to puzzle found on page 55



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Doin' about 45 per, while headin' for another one of those treacherous turns, I heard ol' Knuckle let out with a beery groan — and then I realized that I had nodded out! I gave the steering wheel a vicious turn, but it was way too late! The pickup crashed through the guardrail on the other side of the road, turned completely over in midair, then began rolling over and over down the side of the mountain. The last thing I remember thinking was, How embarrassing! 'Scooter tramp dies in old pickup truck!' I was spared any further thoughts by this big black hole that appeared from nowhere and swallowed me up.

I'm not sure how long I was unconscious. When I came to, I found myself strapped down on a stretcher in the middle of the road, and some idiot in a white coat was bending over me. "Your name — can you tell me your name?" He kept asking that over and over again, and I remember thinking, I'm fuckin' dead and he wants to run a warrant check on me!

Then another voice chimed in and it sounded a lot more serious to me. "Severed main artery. Apply and maintain tourniquet until we reach the emergency room. I'll call in and advise that we're code three with one, and a very heavy loss of blood. Try to find out his blood type!" I heard the first voice reply, "Right," and then I felt myself being lifted inside the ambulance.

As the siren screamed its warning into the night and the paramedic worked his ass off to keep the blood inside my stinkin' carcass, I kept mulling over one question in my fucked-up mind. "How'd you find me?" I asked.

The medic shook his head. "Man, you're one lucky dude. From what the sheriff said, he was just riding routine patrol when he spotted something lying in the road. When he stopped to investigate, he saw the skid marks and the busted guardrail. Then he grabbed a flashlight and found the overturned truck — and then you."

A grin of pride crossed my face. "Ol' Knucklehead!" I whispered.

"Huh?"

"Knucklehead," I replied, "he's the only one who was with me. He must have made it to the road."

The medic laughed. "Knucklehead? Helluva name!"

Fear suddenly shot through me. "Is he okay?" I asked.

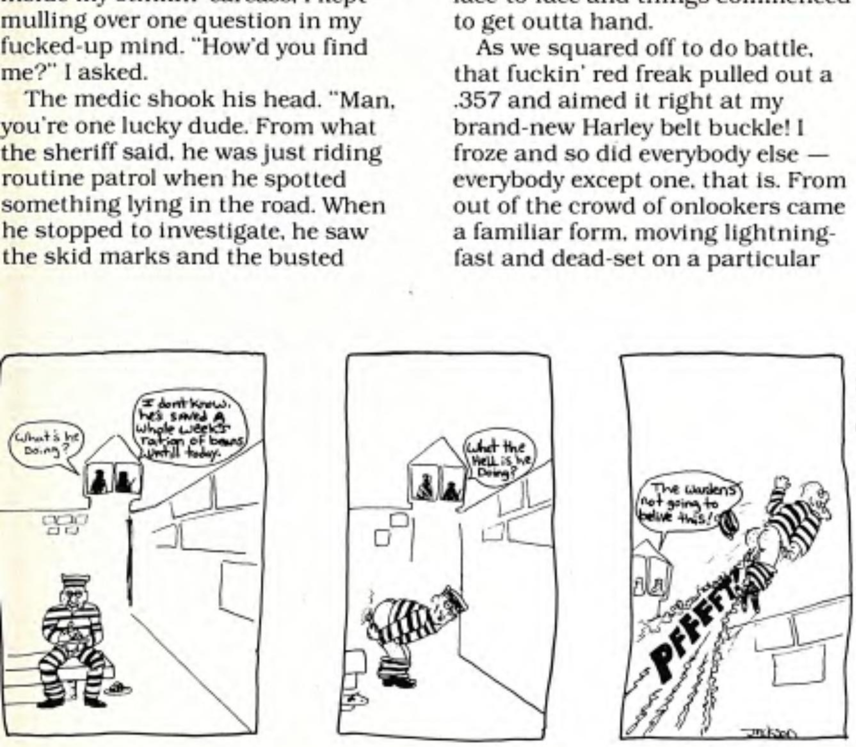
The medic pushed lightly on my chest with his free hand. "Relax. He's gonna be okay. Broken leg, maybe. Gash on his head. But he's in good enough shape to ride in a car — sheriff's taking him in for treatment." As I lay back on the stretcher, the paramedic went on speaking softly, "Yessir, buddy, you're lucky as hell. If your. . . Knucklehead hadn't made it to the road, you'd have bled to death in another fifteen minutes."

Well, if me and ol' Knucklehead were friends before, let me tell you, we were as tight as two fat men in a phone booth from then on.

* * *

A week or so after the two of us had been released from the hospital, we went back to Tucson. Some of the bros got together and threw a little "welcome back" party for Knuck and me. About four hours into the party, this dude named Reds started gettin' rowdy. He'd been poppin' those fender-benders like they were so many M&Ms. Between me and my Jack Daniel's and him and his reds, we soon came face-to-face and things commenced to get outta hand.

As we squared off to do battle, that fuckin' red freak pulled out a .357 and aimed it right at my brand-new Harley belt buckle! I froze and so did everybody else — everybody except one, that is. From out of the crowd of onlookers came a familiar form, moving lightning-fast and dead-set on a particular



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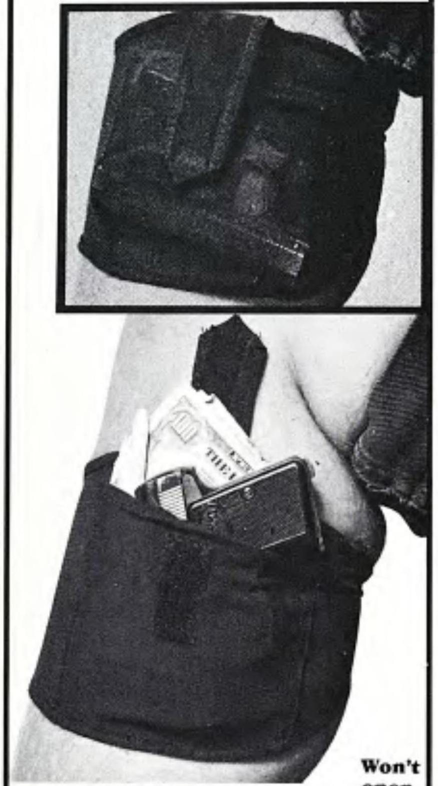

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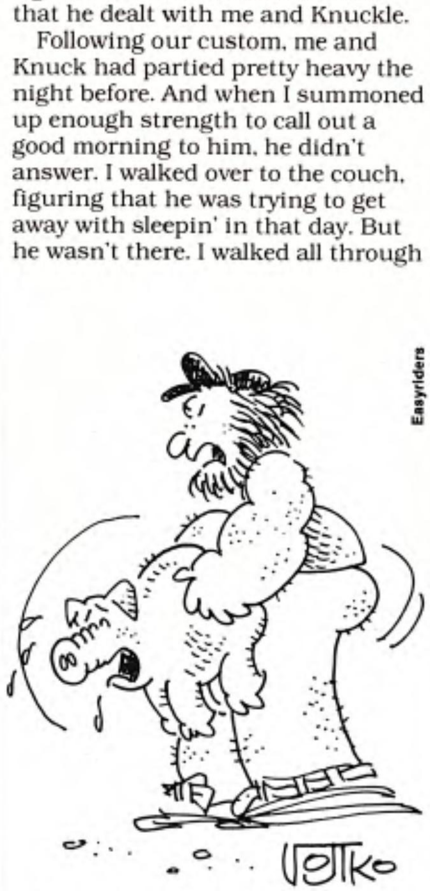
target. Yeah, the speeding sonuvabitch was ol' Knuckle and the target was none other than Reds.

Knuckle's charge knocked the .357 off line with my belt buckle and even though Reds pulled the trigger, the bullet from the big magnum found only the tailgate of my newly painted pickup truck! It took several of the brothers to pull Knuckle offa Reds, but only one to pick up the fallen gun. Twenty-six stitches later, Reds was released from the emergency room. Hoot told him that he wasn't welcome around Tucson — and he also told him he could pick up his gun before he left town. "All you have to do," Hooter informed him, "is stop off at Silver and Knuckle's pad. Knuckle has your piece." Strangest thing — a year went by and Knuckle still had that .357!

You know, there are some things in life that I guess we mere mortals just weren't meant to understand — a lot of things we just choose not to think about at all. Hell, I figured me and ol' Knuckle would go on livin' and partyin' forever. Or at least go down in a blaze of glory, friends forever. You get to thinkin' that way and suddenly the Grim Reaper comes along and deals you a blow right in the ol' nutsack. So it was that he dealt with me and Knuckle.

Following our custom, me and Knuck had partied pretty heavy the night before. And when I summoned up enough strength to call out a good morning to him, he didn't answer. I walked over to the couch, figuring that he was trying to get away with sleepin' in that day. But he wasn't there. I walked all through



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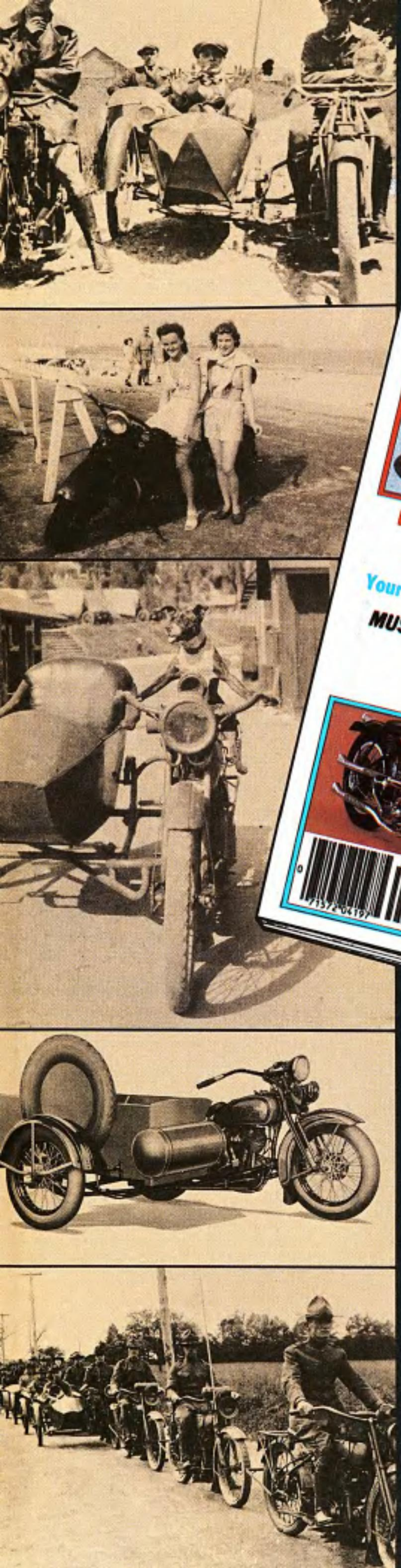

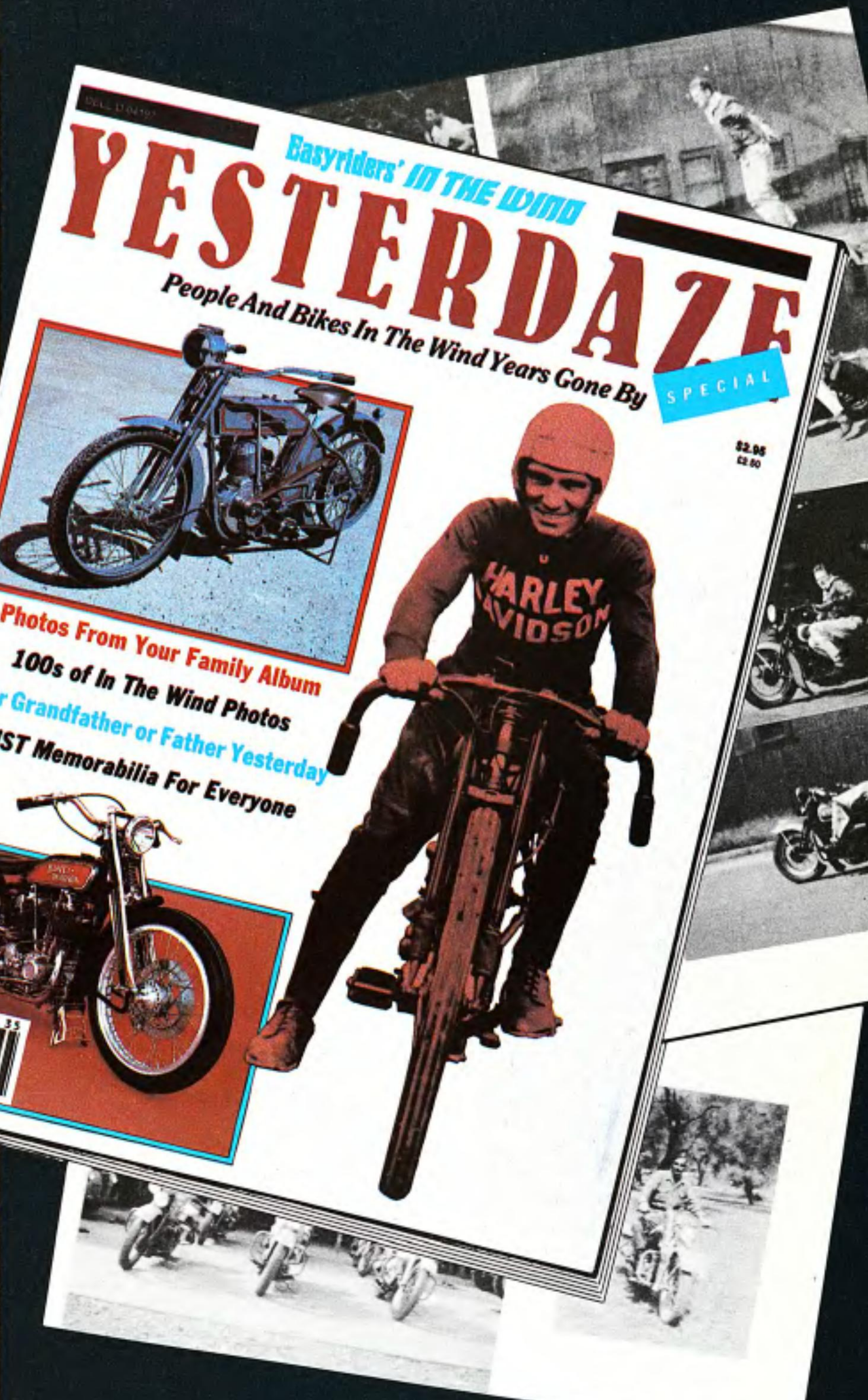

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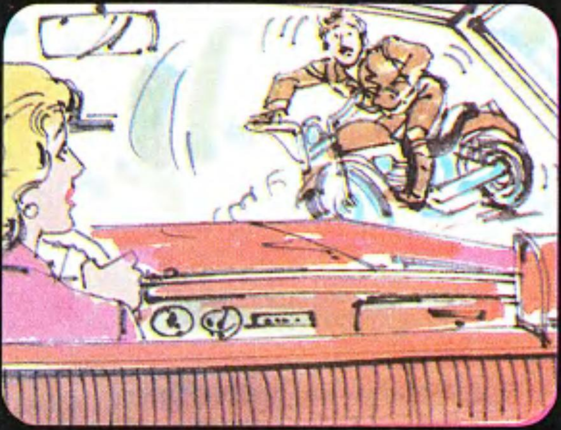

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the house, even checked the front seat of the truck — he wasn't anywhere to be found. Then I walked back through the kitchen and noticed that the door to the garage was partly open.

Stepping through the doorway, I flicked on the light — and there wa ol' Knucklehead, lying on an oil-stained shag rug next to my panhead. He'd really been partial to tha old rug, sittin' on it for hours as he sucked up Bud and watched me working on my bike.

He looked so peaceful there, as if to say, "Hey, brother, I'm still lookin out for ya." And as I fought for sel control, I could hear the echo of the Reaper's laugh of death.

Well, you know, the relationship that me and Knuckle had was a ver personal thing, and I reckon there's a lot of folks who wouldn't agree with what I did next. All I can say is fuck 'em! I rolled Knuck up in that rug he dug so much and put him o the front seat of the truck. Then I tossed a shovel in the back and headed out of Tucson.

Somewhere along the way, I stopped at a 7-11 store and bought two six-packs of Bud and a fifth of Jack Daniel's. Then I drove into the mountains, drinking the bourbon and chasing it with beer, all the while lookin' for a very special spot.

A few hours later, I found the place I wanted, about four miles above the Desert Museum of Arizona. While the blazing sun beat down on my head, I dug the grave deep, stopping only long enough to drink a beer and contemplate old memories.

At last it was finished and I went to get my friend from the truck. As I lifted him from the seat, I noticed a old sissy bar that I had removed from the panhead months ago. I picked it up, too, and headed back to the gravesite. Once there, I placed Knuckle's body in the hole, set two full Budweisers in there, and slowly filled it back in. After that was done I took a large rock and used it to pound the sissy bar into place at th head of ol' Knucklehead's grave — a fitting headstone for one helluva good friend.

Then I sat down and finished off the bottle of Jack.

Later that evening, I returned home and dragged that old couch out into the backyard, soaked it with gasoline and set it on fire.

One last tribute to ol' Knucklehead — a fuckin' right-on friend and the best damn dog I've ever seen in my life! ■

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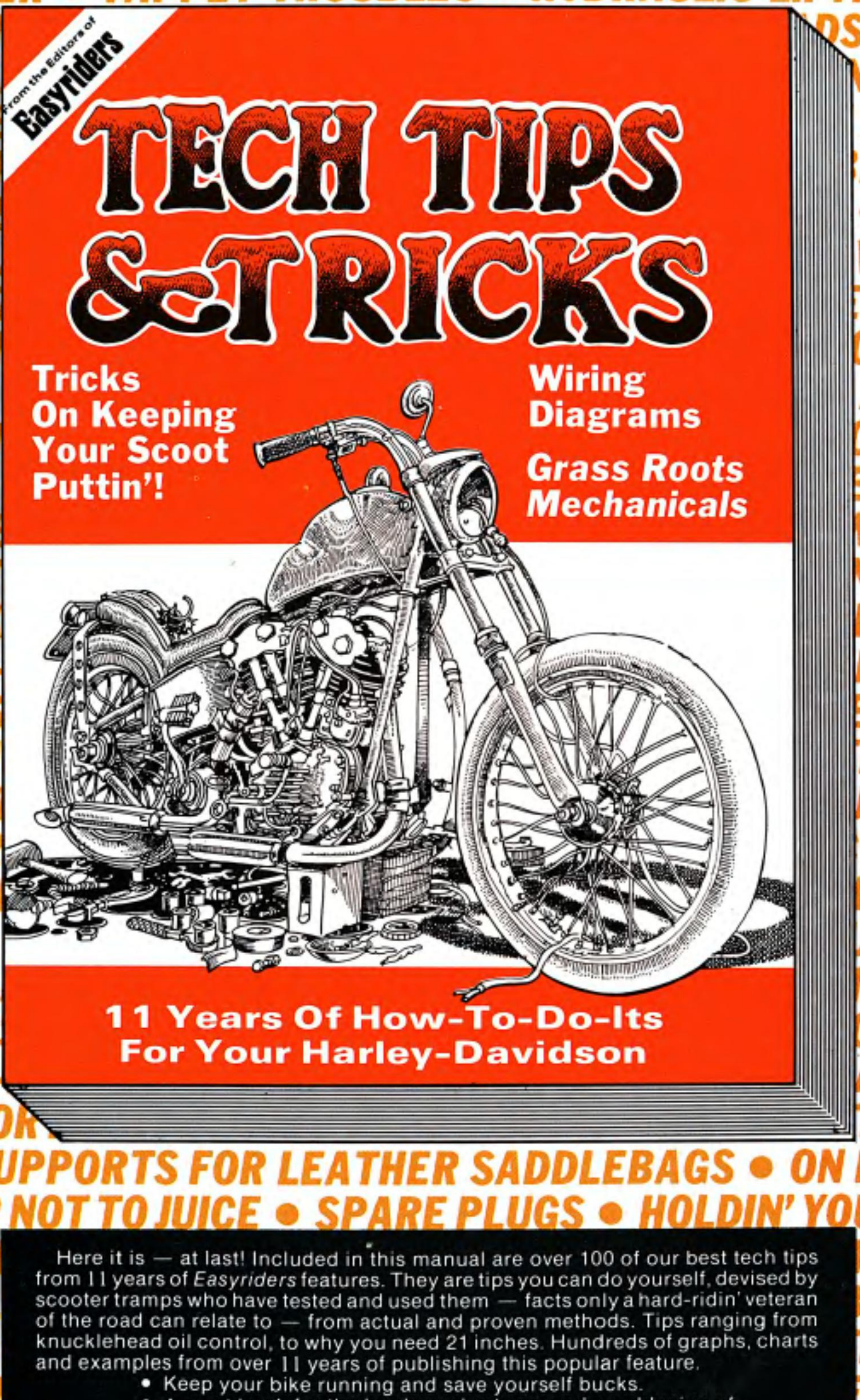

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